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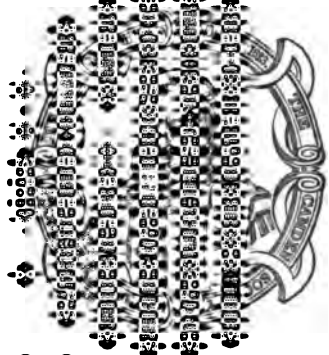

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PREFACE.

THE materials for the following pages are taken from four volumes in the series of Additional Manuscripts in the British Museum numbered respectively 15,800, 22,999, 23,000, and 23,001. The three last volumes formed a part of the valuable manuscript library of Mr. Dawson Turner, dispersed by auction after his death in 1859. The original letters of Dr. Pococke, describing the particular travels now printed for the first time, are not known to exist; the above manuscript volumes contain transcripts of the originals only, evidently made with a view to publication, as they bear marks of careful revision by the traveller's own hand. Many other volumes of like transcripts, made with the same unfulfilled intention, with some original letters, were also transferred to the British Museum from the Turner collection, but these relate almost entirely to his travels over the continent of Europe and in the East.

Apart from his journeyings, the life of Pococke presents little to interest the reader, and may be told in very few words. He was born at Southampton in 1704, a son of Richard Pococke, described as sequestrator of All Saints church, and headmaster of the Free School in Southampton. After receiving some education in his native town he proceeded to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where it is recorded that he took a degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1731; two years later, when precentor of Lismore, the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him.

Shortly after this date, that is, at the end of the year 1733, we meet with the first written evidences of his passion for travelling, in a series of original letters written to his mother and bound up in a volume, numbered 19,939, among the Additional Manuscripts. These are all addressed to "Mrs. Elizabeth Pococke, at Newtown [or Newton], near Newbury, Berkshire;" the first is dated from Genoa, on December 10, 1733; from there we trace him to Rome, between January and May in the following year, thence to Venice, Milan, Turin, Lyons, and back to Dover on June 30. Holyhead he reaches on July 13, apparently with a view to resume his not very exacting clerical duties in Ireland.

The following is the last letter he wrote to his mother on this journey:—

Holyhead, July 13th, 1734.

I writ to you from Chester on the 9th, the day we got there: the 10th we set out for Holyhead, stop'd at Holywell, din'd at Rithland, and lay at Aberconway. 11th we din'd at Beaumorris, a way I had never been before—a litle clean town: L^d^ Buckley's seat close to it, a fine situation and pleasant gardens on the side of the hill; we saw the house and gardens, and a gentleman had us into the cellar and gave us beer and wine: there are 32 hogsheads of ale on one side and 32 of beer on tother; good stables, &c. My lord and family are at his ladie's grandmothers in Merionethshire; the lady is an heiress of the name of Williams.

Mr. Pasher was not here; he is a mixture of a gentleman, a librarian, and steward in some cases, has an exceeding good character, is Mr. Pasher's 3^d^ son, batchelors standing at Lincoln when his father died, and since has been w^th^ that L^d^. I apprehend his submitting to such a condition is because he will not take the oaths. There's a chapel in the house and prayers twice a day. His Ldship being an Irish peer, I think Viscount of Cashil, is member for Beaumorris.

We had with us 2 masters of ships, Germans, Hamburgers, that talkd English, and diverted us much with their riding, &c.

We go off in the Carteret packet boat about two a clock this afternoon.

Pococke's next tour abroad appears to have been undertaken about two years later. It was preceded by a little jaunt, of which he has left a description among his manuscripts headed "A Journey from Ireland to Oxford in 1736," which runs thus :—

I landed at Holyhead on the 25th of April, 1736. The first place we came to was Bodedar, six miles when the strand is passable; it is eight miles when it is not. The church, and two others near, belong to Jesus College, and so does the church at the Head. A mile or two on this side Llangeveny I passed very near the house where Owen Tudor was born, and a little further by an almshouse for ten poor persons, who have £5 a year each, if I mistake not, five men and five women.

26th. We crossed over the river Conway out of Carnarvonshire, and came in to Denbigh, where are remains of a strong castle on a hill. The church is near it, and near the old church is the shell of a new one, long built but not covered; 'tis but a small town. I was told that between Denbigh and Ruthen there is a church on the road with fine painted windows, found not long since under ground. We came five miles to Ruthen, a pretty little town on a hill; the church was collegiate, the minister is now called warden; it is old within, but the side next the town and one end are beautifully cased with hewn freestone. In it is a monument to the memory of Dr. Goodman, dean of Westminster in 1601, who founded an hospital for 10 men and 2 women in the churchyard, and also a school: his nephew was bishop of Glocester, both born in this town, and at this time there is one of the family here who is in trade.

Ruthen stands on a little hill in the vale of Cluid, so called from the river Cluid that runs through it into the sea at Rithland. The vale is about a mile broad, and a most delightful part of Denbighshire, and very full of inhabitants, the hills on each side being finely improved. Passing through this vale into a worse country we travell'd over some dismal hills to another fine large vale, thro' which the river Dee runs to Chester, and travelled ten miles; on the

27th. To Wrexham; a midling town with one broad and short street, in which there is a handsom town house built on eight arches on each side, with pillars of one stone of ten feet high; they are of freestone, and

there are two arches in the front. But the great ornament of this town is the church; the tower is a most beautiful Gothick building, with a turret at each corner, and adorned with statues in niches, and is esteemed one of the four wonders of Wales. There is a good piece of the Lord's Supper over the altar, and another of king David over the door. In the chancel are buryed Hugh Bellot, first bishop of Bangor, then of Chester in 1596, his couchant statue is on the tomb; S^{r} Henry Power of Bersham, made Viscount Valencia about 1642; Daniel Jones, clerk of the parish, with this epitaph—

Here lies interr'd beneath these stones
The beard, the flesh, and eke the bones
Of Wrexham clerk, old Daniel Jones.

In the churchyard was buryed Elisha Yale in 1721. Among other lines of his epitaph are these three remarkable ones—

Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Africa travell'd, and in Asia wed,
Where he long lived. At London dead.

After dinner we travelled ten miles in this beautiful vale to Elsmare, going over the Dee on a good bridge of two very fine arches, and entered into England at the bounds between Flintshire and Shropshire, two miles from Elsmare. Wrexham is eight miles from Chester, and I passed pretty near at an equal distance from Whitechurch, Malpas and Oswestry; that is about seven miles from each. Five miles from Wrexham we passed by a second wonder of Wales, which is Olton churchyard, in which the yews all round are to be admired in rows of ten each at 10 feet distance; it is a very pleasant village on a hill. The third wonder is to the east of Wrexham, which is Gresford belfry, in which are eight bells; but there being 12 bells at Wrexham—a very fine sett with 52 tunes on the chymes—given by S^{r} Watkins William Wynne, this is no longer a wonder. The fourth wonder is Clangothen bridge, over the river Dee to the south of Wrexham; the arches are very high, and the peirs, or pillars, that support 'em are hewn out on the rock on each side of the river. I omitted one thing between Conway and Denbigh, which is the tower of Hendon church; it stands about 30 feet distant from the church, and is built on a rock, which is, I believe, ten feet higher than

the lowest part of the east wall of the church. Elsmear is so called from a mear or lake at the foot of the hill on which the town stands; the lake is at least two miles round. The town is on the side of a hill finely situated, and on the top of the hill was a castle with an entrenchment, and now the summit is a bowling green, from which there is a delightful prospect. The town belongs to the duke of Bridgwater, who is baron of Elsmear, and it is leased out for lives renewable: the duke has 6 or £7000 p^{r} añ: in this county. The fish of the lake is leased for £6 a year to a gentleman who makes presents of 'em. On this lake Mr. Kynaston of Oatly Park has an old seat, with a fine situated garden on a declining ground to the lake. Here are two bayliffs put in every year, a certain number being nominated by the burgesses and by the duke, out of which two are to be approved of. The duke, by his steward, has probate of wills and the granting of administrations. The church and churchyard are pleasantly situated over the lake, and in the chancel the Kynaston family are buryed, where are some marble monuments with couchant statues to their memory. This town did formerly belong to the Derby family, and was called with the estate about it the Barony of Elsmere; and the inn, the Royal Oak, is now called The Barony of Elsmere, because the Courts Baron were held here, as appeared by an inscription on it, now plaistered over.

28th. I came to Shrewsbury by noon. In the way I saw two more mears or ponds, about a mile round; for this country being full of small hills, the water falling from them, and some springs it may be rising between them, make these lakes. Shrewsbury is situated on a peninsula made by the winding of the Severn. It stands on a rising ground, between which and the river are fine meadows, some within the walls and some without them. The peninsula may be three miles round, and the town walls two; there is a walk on the town walls almost all round the town; the walls are built with hewn stone, with battlements and turrets also at certain distances. There are pleasant walks in the meadows by the river side, some of them planted with limes, which, together with the fine river, make it a most delightfull scene. There are great remains of the castle, and at one corner a high mount, from the top of which is a most beautiful prospect; a fine, plain country, at a distance bounded by low, well-improved hills, insomuch that it is one of the finest views I ever

saw, and I think it may be called the Paradise of England: it resembles much the towns in Flanders, as it is a peninsula and has a bridge over the river at each side of it; it resembles Lyons, which is indeed an entire island; and as it is on a rising ground from the river it is not unlike Avignon and Arles, but I think it is beyond 'em all. Here are four parish churches, in which is nothing remarkable, only the monument of a native, S^{r} Thomas [*blank*] in St. Jeddes, who was Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in 1692. On the south side of the water are the remains of the abby of Holy Cross, which is the parish church of St. Giles. Here is a well-endowed free school, with four masters; one has £120, the second £80, the third £50, and the fourth £30 per anñ; if I mistake not they are to be of a certain college in Cambridge, and to be burgesses' sons of this town. The school is in so little repute that many schools in country towns about are prefer'd to it. On each side of the door is the statue of a boy; . . . . . Shrewsbury is but 12 miles from Newport, in the road from Chester to London. This town being one of the highest to which the Severn is navigated, tho' it is navigable 30 miles higher, is the reason why it is in so flourishing a condition, as it supplies the country about with many goods brought from Bristol; and many people come here to go by water to Worcester, Glocester, Bristol and Bath, and so take coach or other carriage from Worcester to London.

29th. We set out in a covered wherry for Worcester, 34 miles by land and above 50 by water: fine meadows on each side the river, and low hills covered with wood. Several brooks that run thro' a reddish soil, and the river it self washing away the banks, make the Severn very dirty, and occasions that muddy colour which continues as far as Lundee. We dined at Bridgnorth, in Shropshire, where there is a bridge over the river; this town is finely situated, consisting of the upper and lower town; the lower town lies partly on the river, and the greater part on the other side of a high hill, which rises in a perpendicular cliff of a reddish stone, and there are vaults and even houses cut into the rock. This hill ends in a point to the south, from which a narrow vale runs along, where the greater part of the lower town is situated. On the hill are two churches, so that the situation of this place is very extraordinary, and has been compared to Jerusalem. We came to Bewdly, 8 miles farther, in

Worcestershire (this county, Shropshire, and Staffordshire meeting a little higher); it is a small town on a flat. About 9 we came to Worcester, and on the

30th. I went to view the city, in which the cathedral is a good building, but most famous for some great persons buryed in it, as king John, whose sepulchre is behind the choir, tho' a monument is put up to him below the altar, like William Rufus's at Winchester. On the south side of the altar is Prince Arthur's chapel, the fine Gothic work of which appears in the ile on the side of the choir. The tomb has this inscription on it. . . . .

Here follows a lengthy and minute account of the interior of the cathedral, which lack of space and other reasons compel us to suppress. In the next month the following letter shows him to have reached Dover on his way to the Continent:—

Dover, May 23, 1736.

We breakfasted on Thursday at Dartford, dined at Rochester, and lay at Canterbury. 21st. I went and saw a Danish fort call'd the Dungeon, from John the Dane, who made it; 'tis a mount, and the town wall by it has a strong rampart thrown up against it, having turrets at equal distances. A litle further is a large square castle built of flint and well cemented mortar, with sort of square turrets at the corners and at equal distances which do not come out above two feet farther than the building, and near it the old gate way with an arch turned with Roman brick about an inch and ½ thick, as they usually made them: the tradition is that this castle was built by Julius Cæsar, but till I saw these bricks I thought it to be rather a later work; the walls are very thick. We set out at ten, and came to Dover at two. We had in the coach the wife of a captain of a ship and her maid to Canterbury, and all the way the daughter of an officer who is going to Paris to the Duke of Kingston's, with whom her father is. Duke Hamilton lodges at her mother's in London. L^{d} Anne is turned off, and Mrs. E——ds keeps now a parson. I saw her in her fine coach and six in London, and her litle boy, her only child, in it. The Duke of Kingston is to stay 4 months longer in Paris, where he has mostly lived some years past; he's 23. The other

passenger was one Mrs. Lyndsey, a Scotch woman, who was bred withe English nuns in rue St. Victor, in . . . . .[a]; lived afterward 8 years in Italy, and had the care of Lady Beleu, Lord . . .[a] mdastes' daughter, who died at 20 in London three years ago, and left Lord Beleu a widower. She is now going to live as a pensioner in the same nunnery. As she knew all the persons we were acquainted with abroad, so she was very good company. She seems to be near 50, of whom I had this account of one Black who left Rome a litle before we came to it, and where I heard of him. He was an Englishman, bred first in Spain, then in Rome; became a Protestant minister in London, where, having been guilty of some crimes, he was forced to fly, went to Florence, leaving his wife in London, who had some fortune; but he had spent all to £300. He sent for her to come with her cash, for that he was to have a place of £500 per an. under the Pretender. She came. He went to Rome under the name of Smith; wanted to get a pension of the Pope to turn again; but disappointed and having spent all, his wife came to London. He went to Spain; was put in the Inquisition; writes to his wife to intercede with S^r^ Rob^t^; he sends her to the B^p^ of London, who excused moving on account of his character. She has heard no more of him, and so probably he is provided for; and she keeps lodgings opposite to C^t^ Kinski's. Faranelly was son of a miller at Naples, put to learn to sing by some nobleman that heard of his voice, who call'd him from Farina. After dinner we walked to the castle of which the Duke of Dorset is Constable, S^r^ Bazil Dixwell deputy-governor, and Cabmask his deputy. There are nine gonners who gaurd in their turns; 'tis a jayl for the Liberty of the Cinque Ports: 'tis s^d^ to be built by Julius C.; is a mile round, and has three ramparts, one within another, in the innermost is the castle call'd the King's Lodge, now uninhabitable. King Charles the First met his Queen here, and here K. C. 2^d^ met his sister, the Dutchess of Orleans, when they all lodged in this castle. The well to it is 350 feet deep, and there is a well from the very top of the castle, that it might not be in the power of an enemy to cut off the water; in the middle court is a chapel said to be built by King Lucius with a square tower over it. Against a pillar in the east corner is a stone under which are these words, "Petrus Creony orate," &c. Henry, Earl of Northampton, was

[a] MS. torn.

buried here in 1614 ; in 1696 he was removed by the Mercers' Company to East Greenwich Hospital Chapel, which he founded with the consent of the Archbp of Canterbury, the Duke of Norfolk, and my Ld Romney, which said earl was constable of the castle, all which is signified by a stone there. At the west end of the church is an octagon tower, supposed to have been a pharos, 14 feet 5 in. on each side; 'tis within a square of 13 feet 7 in.; the walls are nine feet thick; there is a row of Roman bricks all up at about four feet distance. The building batters in much for about 20 feet from the bottom, and then goes up strait. There are two sallee ports out of the castle, and there is one way under ground which certainly goes down to Dover, and some say probably that there is also a way to Canterbury. We were shown a sword four feet long in blade, which is called Julius Cæsar's, and two keys, one 18 in. t'other 22 in. long, which are delivered to the deputy governor on his taking possession, together with a brass horn said to be employed in calling the men to work when the castle was built. In the 8gon mentioned sometime ago iron spears were found, thought to be the heads of darts, some of which I saw. The brass peice of canon made by the Dutch in Henry the 8th's time, and presented to Queen Elizabeth, wants 2 inches of 24 feet in length, tho' they say 'tis two inches more than 24 feet. On it are these words, "Breech Scuset al Muesende wal Bisric Geheten Does Berch endel Boest murin bal van mil Genneten," and in another part, "Ian Tothuys van Utrecht, 1544, sans autre." There is Liberty on it, and some releifs relating to the history of the distress the Dutch were then in from the Spaniards. There is a very strong double outwork at a salee port to the west, where the castle is most weak in its scituation. 22d. We went to Deal, which is one of the Cinque Ports. The castle there has a large fosse ; is surrounded by six outer half moons and six inner ones; is under the Duke of Dorset, who puts in a captain, who is Sr Jno Norris's son, and a lieutenant, who is our namesake. There is such another castle, but not in good order, on the other side of Deal [Dover?] which is called Sandgate. The town of Deal is pretty large, consisting of about three long streets, and depends on the shipping which ride in the Downes opposite to it; and therefore consists mostly of publick houses ; and is called Lower Deal, which has a chapell of ease to the church of Upper Deal, which is a mile from it in the country ; is five miles from

Sandwich, 15 from Margate, which is on the North Foreland, on the other side of the bay, at the bottom of which Sandwich stands. The South Foreland is the head of land which is between Dover and Deal. A mile from Deal is Warmer and its castle on the seaside, which has a fosse and five half moons. This is under the Duke of Dorset, and has a captain, the Lord Middlesex, and a lieutenant and gunners. Mr. Harry Turner, couzen to S^r^ Harry, was captain, but on some divisions in the county was turned out two years ago. 3 miles from Deal is Ringjoul, a small village which we passed thro' going and returning. We got our things aboard ship, which came by the carrier, and found Mrs. Lyndsey gone this afternoon to Calais, and our selves under the misfortune of waiting longer by reason that our baggage was not come. I believe it will be best to enclose your letters to Mr. Hoare, writing to him the first time to desire him to give you leave. 23d. We went to one of their two churches. There is a seat all round the communion table, and one in the middle of the east end with a canopy and cushion, I thought, might be for the Archb^p^, but a gentleman with a rod who had his passage only thro' the rail and by the communion table took his seat there, and I concluded it was Mr. Mayor with his worshipfull aldermen round him. Being amused with going, we missed prayers in the afternoon. I went up the castle hill, and after we went together to the fort to the top of the cliffs, where our engineer took a draught of the town and castle, thence we went to the Priory, where a draught was taken of four remains of it, viz. the large church now turned into a brewhouse and victualling office for the navy, at some distance two large buildings, one of which might be the refectory and the other the library, and a gate house; the three latter are the dwelling house, barn, and stable of a farmer. On a hill over Dover are two or three large fragments of walls, call'd the Devil's Drop, which I conjecture to have been very antiently a light-house; but the sight being intercepted from the west by a hill to the west of it, they probably built that other 8gon one in the castle more exposed to view. From this hill we had a prospect of a great deal of France, as I conjecture, near as far as the embouchure of the Soame; and going down to the fort (which has three bastions, only two sides of it being high cliffs, and is a great defence of the harbour, and cannot be hurt by the enemy) we saw English land at a great distance, which I

thought to be too far off for that point where Rumney stands, and, consulting the map, thought it could not well be that head of land which is south of Arundel, and not very much east of Portsmouth. We are to set sail at six to-morrow morn, and if this goes without any more in it you may conclude we did. If a letter from Calais arrives not on Fryday you may be sure of it on Sunday.

Pococke's next letter is dated from Calais on May 24; thence we track him to Ostend, Brussels, Rotterdam, and Amsterdam; in August he is at Hanover and Hamburg; later in the year at Stralsund, Berlin, Leipzig, and Dresden. Prague he reaches in January, 1737, Vienna in March, Buda in May, Trieste in July, and Venice in August. Here the volume containing these letters ends, but it seems likely that from this point his Eastern travels began, for his biographers inform us that he set forward on them in 1737, and did not return to his own country until 1742. He published the first volume of his experiences in the following year under the title *A Description of the East, and of some other Countries.* Vol. i. "Observations on Egypt." In 1744 he was made precentor of Waterford, and in 1745 he brought a second volume of observations on Palestine, Syria, and other lands, dedicated to Lord Chesterfield, whom about this time he attended to Ireland as his chaplain. Shortly after this he became archdeacon of Dublin, and was promoted to the bishopric of Ossory in 1756 by the Duke of Devonshire, when lord-lieutenant. He died very suddenly in September, 1765, shortly after his translation to the bishopric of Meath.

It is unnecessary to review at length the vast amount of interesting matter to be found in the following pages. An abstract of the contents of the first manuscript volume of materials will sufficiently indicate the nature of the information to be gained by a perusal of this narrative of the learned Doctor's travels in England.

The volume commences with Pococke's landing at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, with a description of his visit to Bishop Wilson. He goes thence to Ramsey, accompanied by the bishop, making notes on the inhabitants, their manners, customs, habits, trade, &c.; thence to Peel, Castleton, and to Liverpool, which the writer fully describes, with its wonderful increase since his former visit—new churches, infirmary, exchange, then in progress, docks, trade, &c., &c.; thence to Nantwich, Cheshire, describing the salt-springs, works, &c.; thence to Wednesbury, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Betley, Healy Castle, said to have been the residence of Baldwin the Giant; notices the stoneware made in Staffordshire, the pipe-clay being brought from Poole and the flints from Lincolnshire, with the manner of making the china, stone, and other ware; visits the pottery villages, Audley Green, Bezlam or Burslem, Tunstall, &c.; describes the civility and behaviour of the inhabitants as one of the most agreeable scenes he ever saw. From thence he goes into Cheshire, to Lawton salt-works; Winsford, over Northwich, Warrington, Nantwich, Frodsham, Rock Savage, the seat of Mr. Cholmondeley; thence to Keswick, Ambleside, Grasmere, &c., in Cumberland, giving full descriptions of the places and lakes; Dalemain, near Penrith, the seat of Mr. Hazel; describes the deer belonging to the Crown, which are under the care of an officer called a bow-bearer; he next visits Bowness, at the mouth of the river which falls into the Windermere Lake, famous for antiquities which have been found; describes some which were purchased by Mr. Bertie; from thence to Kendal, Kirkby Lonsdale, which gives the title to Lord Lonsdale, Overbarrow, the seat of his friend Mr. Fenwick; thence to Thurland Castle, formerly the estate of Mr. Tonstall, who was killed at the battle of Flodden Field; to Hornby Castle, the seat of Colonel Charters, formerly that of Edward Stanley, Lord of Mount Eagle, who built an octagon tower to the

chapel in commemoration of his escape from the battle of Flodden Field; and gives particulars of the northern custom of rush-bearing, with garlands, &c., at St. Jamestide. He next reaches Bentham, in Lancashire, crosses the river into Yorkshire, to Clapham, Giggleswick, and Bolton Hall; describing some curiosities at the latter place, of the time of Henry VI., who lived there during his misfortunes; thence to Carlton and Skipton where he describes the castle formerly belonging to the Earls of Cumberland, repaired by the Countess of Pembroke, after it was nearly destroyed by the Parliament army; also describes the family monuments in the church; Bolton Abbey, the Free School, founded by the famous Robert Boyle, and another by the Cliffords; thence to Addingham, where the old Roman Road passes from Manchester to Aldborough; thence to Cullingworth and Halifax; notices the gibbet law and an ancient altar, formerly in the house of Sir Henry Savile (at Bradley), the famous scholar, who was Warden of Merton and Provost of Eton; thence to Wakefield; notices the chapel built by Edward IV. in commemoration of his father, Richard, Duke of York, who was slain here; also a free school, built by George and Thomas Savile; thence to Leeds, with full particulars of the town, its churches, and other buildings, monuments, antiquities, trade, &c., &c.; Temple Newsam, formerly a commanderie of the Knights Templars, then the seat of Lord Irwin; Kirkstall Abbey, Arthington Hall ruins; the monuments of the Gascoigne family in Harewood church; also of the Neviles, Lascelles, and other families; thence to Knaresborough, Harrowgate, Aldborough, York, Bramham, Pontefract, Wentworth Castle, Rotherham, Worksop, Carberton, to the Duke of Kingston's park at Thoresby, the house being then burnt down; thence to Clumber, the seat of the Duke of Newcastle, to Rufford Abbey, Southwell, Newark, Bottesford, Beauvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland; Stamford, Caistor, Hinchinbrook, Buckden

Castle, to see the Bishop of Lincoln; thence to Huntingdon, Godmanchester, Cambridge and London.

Another series of letters then commences, giving an account of his travels in Devonshire, Cornwall, and Somerset. We part with our traveller on this excursion in November, 1750; and on the 9th May, 1751, he makes a fresh start from London, and passes through Buckinghamshire, Northampton, and Nottingham, again into Yorkshire. We then obtain glimpses in his company of Lancashire, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Shropshire, and Wales. The present volume concludes with the announcement of his arrival at Dublin on the 19th of June.

Dr. Pococke sets before us such matters as seem most worthy of note in a plain, unvarnished way; and his details are so exact in some points that the reader will hardly forgive him for not being equally circumstantial in recounting other experiences which he must have undergone, but upon which he is almost silent. A few words here and there on the appearance and ways of life of the inhabitants of some of the remote districts of Cumberland, Yorkshire, and elsewhere into which he penetrated would have added vastly to the human interest of his subject; at present we can call to our recollection but one instance where this side of the picture is given. On Pocock's arrival at Newchurch, in Lancashire, he tells us that he had sent his horses on there by a boy about thirteen years old, of whom he goes on to say:—"He was a pretty handy youth, and giving him of the provisions I had brought, he came and sat down close by me on a settle. He told me that oat-cake and butter-milk was their common food; that on a festival they had a piece of meat and a pye-pudding; that his father paid six pounds a year, kept a horse, three cows, and forty sheep; that his father and he wove woollen both for their clothing and to sell; and on asking him if he would go along with me, if his father would give him leave, he

expressed his readiness to accompany me, which I mention as an instance of their simplicity, and of their manner of living in these remote mountainous parts." We could readily have spared one or two lengthy accounts of the "improvements" effected in the parks through which the learned doctor rode for a few more touches like this. Hardly a word have we either about the numerous inns at which he must have stayed. To judge by the novelists of his time an unfailing spring of amusement was to be found in the study of one's fellow-sojourners at the large inns then so numerous along the old coaching roads; and the names of such inns as Pococke frequented, with a few words on the kind of accommodation to be found in them, would have given an air of greater reality to his narrative. If, however, the following sketch of our traveller be a correct one, it is unlikely that he took any pains to form acquaintances on the road, or that he felt any desire to study the characters and pursuits of those temporarily lodged under the same roof with him. Richard Cumberland writes thus of Pococke:—"That celebrated oriental traveller and author was a man of mild manners and primitive simplicity: having given the world a full detail of his researches in Egypt, he seemed to hold himself excused from saying anything more about them, and observed in general an obdurate taciturnity. In his carriage and deportment he appeared to have contracted something of the Arab character. Yet there was no austerity in his silence, and, though his air was solemn, his temper was serene. When we were on our road to Ireland, I saw from the windows of the inn at Daventry a cavalcade of horsemen approaching at a gentle trot, headed by an elderly chief in clerical attire, who was followed by five servants at distances geometrically measured and most precisely maintained, and who, upon entering the inn, proved to be this distinguished prelate, conducting his horde with the phlegmatic patience of a sheik."

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DR. POCOCKE'S JOURNEY INTO ENGLAND FROM DUBLIN

BY THE WAY OF THE ISLE OF MAN, 1750.

Liverpool, July 1st, 1750.

I LANDED from Malahyde near Dublin at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, on the 25th of June. I rid eight miles across the island to Bishops Court, to pay a visit to the bishop, and found his son, Dr. Wilson, there, just landed. I dined. The bishop is 87, a prelate of great vivacity and politeness, and his understanding not at all impaired. He has been 53 years Bishop of Man, and refused the bishoprick of Down. He wears his grey hairs with a velvet cap, and commonly wears a square cap over it. His feet are a little enfeebled with the gout, and his sight not very good.

27th. Dr. Wilson rid with me eight miles to Ramsay, one of the principal towns to the south-east. We went along by the edge of a fine vale, called the Curragh, which crosses the island, and is a fruitful as well as beautiful spot of ground. For an account of the island I refer to the present bishop's account of it in Gibson's Cambden. Rey computes that there are now near 30,000 souls in the island. In the towns, especially at Douglass and Castle Town, are many who thro' misfortunes have taken refuge here. They now drive a great trade by selling all sorts of goods, especially spirits, which are run to the neighbouring kingdoms, and this, as well as the great plenty of those liquors, has much debauched the manners

of the inhabitants, especially in and about the towns; but the country people are very happy, having all copyholds of inheritance at a very small rent and paying a fine on a death. The present bishop has established an annual convocation of the clergy on Whitson Thursday, in which constitutions are proposed and considered, and such as they make are confirmed at the meeting of the States on Midsummer day. The young men, who are educated at the academy at Castleton for the ministry, are frequently taken in to the bishop's house to be under his eye, and study divinity for two or three years before they go into Orders, and the example, conversation, and instructions of such a prelate must be of great advantage to them.

28th. I took leave of this eminent prelate, who presented me with his works:—a catechism in English and Mancs, the Gospel of St. Mathew in Mancs, and the Instruction for the Indians, writ at the request of General Oglethorp. I travelled eight miles westward to Peel, a small town on the north side of this island. Opposite to it is an island about half a mile in circumference, to which there is a way by a neck of land left dry when the tyde is out. This island is fortifyed as a castle, and the old cathedral in it, the east end of which is in repair. In the body of this church is a remarkable epitaph of Bishop Rutter, chaplain to the Earl of Derby, who was beheaded, and had accompanied his dowager in her confinement in this island. He was a man of wit and pleasantry, was first Archdeacon, and enjoyed the see but a short time.

In hac domo
Quam a vermiculis mutuo accepi
Confratribus meis
Sub Spe Resurrectionis ad vitam Iaceo
Samuel Permissione Divina Episcopus hujus Insulae
Siste Lector
Vide ac Ride
Palatium Episcopi
Obiit iii° die Mensis Maii 1660.

From Peel I went eight miles to Castleton, and about half-way saw the famous artificial round mount called Tinwald, where the lord of Man is install'd, and the States meet on Midsummer-day; it is in this shape, with steps up on the east side; on the top (which is about eight feet diameter) the lord sits, the bishop on the right and the four barons on the left; on the next step stand the Keys or Parliament men, and below the people.

Castleton is at the south-west corner of the island, and is the capital of it, and may be half a mile in circumference. The harbour is bad, and they have little trade. The castle is the curiosity of the place, well built of fine stone found near the town, only rough hewn. The Earl of Derby lived here, and they show the room in which the Countess was confined. The flat roof is of a forreign oak, probably from Norway, and covered with lead. There is a library here for the Academy, in which is an altar, brought from Nethera Hall, near Whitehaven, with an inscription on it, and the bishop has founded a small parochial library for every parish minister. The governor resides in this town. A little to the west of it is a bason, called the port of Derby, which is difficult of entrance; and at the west point of it is a small island, called Lagrous point. About a mile to the west in the way to Douglass is Ballasulla, where are ruins of the old Abby of Rushein, a mean building, but pleasantly situated on a rivulet, and well sheltered. I returned to Douglass with the student the bishop had sent to accompany me from Bishops Court. He and Mr. Moore, the minister, sup'd with me.

29th. I breakfasted with Mr. Moore, sauntered, writ. Mr. Vashon and Mr. Reeve dined with me; I drank tea at Mr. Reeves; he carried me over to Mr. Haywards, the Speaker of the House of Commons of this island—an ancient minery this house is built on, and I saw the chapel and his pretty improvements, drank a bottle

of wine with him, with the Comptroller, the Prime Minister of this island. Took leave of Mr. Moore.

30th. Set out at nine; came into Liverpool harbour about midnight.

July 1. Walked three miles to Mr. Halsers at Grosby, a clergyman who has about forty West Indian boarders with him. I made my self known to him, went to church, dined with all the boys. I preached in the afternoon, came to Liverpool, Mr. Halser with me, saw the town, and spent the even with me.

Boulness, near Carlisle, July 14th, 1750.

I writ to you the first instant from Liverpool. That town I saw on the second, which has greatly increased of late years; insomuch that there was but one church in it, St. Nicholas, near the river at the lower end of the town. Then they built St. Peter's at the other end of the town, about thirty years ago; after that they built St. George's, a fine church and steeple, with beautiful Corinthian pillars supporting the roof. And they are building a fourth church, St. Thomas, all of the hewn free stone they have in this neighbourhood. They have also a very fine charity school, for seventy boys and thirty girls, cloathed, fed, and lodged and kept to labour; which has risen under the conduct of Mr. Blondel, first a captain of a ship, then a merchant of this town; it is an half H and in the front is this inscription:—

Christianae Charitati Promovendae, Inopique Pueritiae Ecclesiae Anglicanae Principiis Imbuendae Sacrum.

They have also an infirmary for thirty persons, strangers as well as townsmen, as there are vacancies, supported by a general subscription, and in the same figure, tho' a plainer building than the school. They are erecting in this town a most magnificent exchange, which will cost near 20,000*l.*; it is the design of Mr. Woods, a

member of the Antiquary Society, who attends here the execution of it; and they have a good custom-house, a wet dock and a dry one, which have been made at a great expence. At the corner of the town next the sea is a very fine situation, commanding a view of the sea; it is called the Ladies Walk, and is divided into three parts by two narrow slips of grass and two rows of trees. They compute in this town above 40,000 inhabitants; and, notwithstanding all their other expences, they have not brought water to the town, which may probably cost them between 3 and 4000 a year, to bring it in hogsheads. They have a great trade to the West Indies, send some ships to Guinea, and I suppose are the next town in trade to Bristol. They have no less than eight manufactories of glazed earthen ware, which is reckoned among the best in England. I went up the river Merzy five miles to Estham, and rid seven miles to Chester.

3rd. Writ letters—dined—waited on Col. Butler, Mrs. Thornhill, and Mrs. Oliver; drank tea with them; went to the play, and sup'd.

4th. Waited on the same company; walk'd with them to the wall and to see sights; dined; saw the ladies set out for London and Col. Butler for Bristol. I walked to the Cathedral, the Castle, and on the walls.

5th. I set out to see Beeston Castle, eight miles off; it is the high rock which is seen to the left going to Whitchurch, and is, I believe, 200 feet high; and on every side but the east almost perpendicular. On that side it is defended by a wall and seven turrets at some distance from the Castle, so as to extend from the strong part on the north to that of the south side, to the east and south of the Castle is a fossee cut in the rock about 30 feet deep. The north-west corner of the hill is a natural fortification. It is said this Castle was destroyed by Oliver, and a very strong place it

must have been before the invention of gunpowder: there is a well in the Castle and another in the precinct, the former, they say, was six score yards deep. I rid seven miles to Nantwich on the Wever, which has its name from the salt springs, of which they make salt —*wich*, in British, signifying salt, and *nampt* a valley. They dig wells, and pump up the water, which is very salt, so as to bear an egg. There are many of these springs, between the Wever and the sea, and it is to be supposed that they are made by the water passing through rock salt, of which I think I heard they did dig some in this country. There is a great manufacture here of knit stockins and tan leather gloves. From Nantwich I set out towards Newcastle-under-Line, and in two miles came to a large village called Webunbury. I observed in this country the common people have their little gardens before their houses, full of carnations, which they keep in neat order, and some of them appear very beautiful. I came beyond this village into Staffordshire, and passed near Betley, a village at the foot of a chain of low hills, which encompass a small vale, in which there is a small lake; a little further we pass to the right of Healy Castle, a ruined building on a height over the vale: there is a tradition that Baldwin the Giant lived in it three or four generations past, as the country people express it. We came to Madely Hill, where we first met the vein of that clay for which this country is so famous, and is us'd in making the common earthenware, bricks, tyles, and pipes for conveying water, and this, doubtless, gave rise to the making the stone ware in this country, for which they have none of the materials on the spot: the composition being a calcined flint, from a fifth to a sixth, and pipe clay brought from Poole; the flints they get from Lincolnshire and other parts; these are ground, put in water, and stirred, and this water is passed through a lawn sieve, then they boyl it to a consistency, and work it after the common way of making pots; such things as can't be wrought with the wheel, as some boats, statues, &c., are cast in moulds made of calcin'd alabaster. The manner of casting the former is curious: they pour the liquid

into the mould, which is of the size of the vessel, and in a short time it soon setts round the mould, and then they pour off the rest. This white stone ware is only glazed with salt; the bakeing, &c., is after the manner of other ware. The red ware, in imitation of china, which they call the dry red china ware, to distinguish it from the glazed, is made of the red clay found here; but as it does not take among the common people, there is but little demand for it; they make garden flower pots of it, which are beautiful for the ladies' apartments. The colour'd glaze stone ware is not of so fine materials as the white, which is also in very different degrees of perfection, which much increases the price. Such of all sorts as are not perfect are call'd wastleings, and are sold very cheap to hawkers. The common earthen ware unglaz'd as garden pots and the glaz'd of that kind is a very poor business; they bake 'em in kilns built in shape of a cone, which make a very pretty appearance, there being great numbers of them in all the country beyond Newcastle. Newcastle-on-Line is a small well built town, situated on a heigth under a Llin or lake; they have a handsome church and market house, for it is the market town and capital of the Pottery villages; there are some few potters here, and one I saw at Limehouse, who seem'd to promise to make the best china ware, but disagreed with his employers, and has a great quantity made here for the oven, but he cannot bake it with coal, which turns it yellow, wood being the fewel which is proper for it. I took a piece of what he had perfected here, but he makes what he calls japan'd ware, and of this he has made boxes for ladies' toilets and several other things; he also makes statues of elephants, lyons, birds, &c., in their natural colour, but they are of the stone ware glaz'd; they have also what they call tortoise shell, and another kind they call enamelled; one sort of it is painted on white stone in colours, and does not do well, but they have another sort which is glaz'd red, blue, or green, with raised flowers on it coloured; those raised flowers are cast in moulds, and put on, so that they frequently come off: but these last are very beautifull; and at one place they make a dark blew glaze, at

another yellow, which, when they are quite plain and well done, look very much like china-tea-pots; they also colour the stone without any other glaze but the salt, as in the white; they make dove colour and brown, but they only colour the outsides of the dishes; I told them if they coloured the inside too, they would look more like china, and would probably take for breakfast dishes.

On the 6th I went to see the Pottery villages, and first rid two miles to the east to Stoke, where they make mostly the white stone. I then went a mile north to Shefly (?), where they are famous for the red china; thence to Audley Green a mile further north, where they make all sorts, and then a mile west to Bozlam,[a] where they make the best white and many other sorts, and lastly a mile further west to Tonstall, where they make all sorts too, and are famous for the best bricks and tiles; all this is an uneven, most beautiful, well-improved country, and this manufacture brings in great wealth to it; and there is such a face of industry in all ages and degrees of people, and so much civility and obliging behaviour, as they look on all that come among them as customers, that it makes it one of the most agreeable scenes I ever saw, and made me think that probably it resembles that part of China where they make their famous ware. From these manufactories, I returned another way to Chester, and descended a hill into the shire, at the bottom of which is Mr. Lawton's of Lawton; and going across a heath we came to Lawton salt works, and passing thro' Sandbach where there are remains of an old cross in the church yard, lay at Middlewich, a little town over the small river Whelock; this place is maintained by a market, and by being a great thorough fare.

7th. I went two miles to Winsford, passing over a rivulet half-way which is not in the map; here is a bridge over the river Wever, and large vessels come up from Frodesham for coals, all this country being full of coalpits; and the coal rises very large and burns

[a] Burslem.

exceedingly well. In a mile we pass thro' a litle town, called Over, and coming on the forest I saw at a distance a house, called the Chamber of the Forest, which I passed from Northwich in my Derbyshire tour. We came to Kelsy hill, and at the foot of it to Kelsy and so through Tarvey to Chester.

8th. I rid in the evening twelve long miles to Warrington. We went at the foot of the low beautifull chain of hills which extend from Nantwich along to the west of the Wever, and end at Hebby tower; the south part of them is mostly that forest I passed over the day before: about half way we came to Frodesham near the mouth of the Wever, a small market town which has something of the appearance of a village; to the south of it is a Castle on a stream which is not marked in the map; we saw to the south Rock Savage, and at the foot of it the mansion house of Mr. Cholmondley, and rid through a very pleasant country to Warrington, a considerable town on the river Mersey, chiefly supported by being a great thorough fare, and by the merchandizes which are brought to it from Liverpool, in large flat bottom'd boats; they have a manufacture of sail cloth here; near the town is a smelting house for copper ore brought from Cornwall, which turns to account here, by reason of the great plenty they have of coal; it is first burnt 12 hours, then cast, afterwards ground and burnt about 12 hours more and then melted a third time and cast into pigs: some of it is sent near to Holywell to be beat into plates, and some to Chedle in Staffordshire to make brass. They have boxes of iron 18 in. long, 9 deep and 7 broad, in which they throw the dross, which is cast to that size, for building and making very beautiful walls, and when it is cast in another shape serves to pave courts. Mr. Paten is building a grand house at the end of the town of brick, with window cases, &c., of hewn stone.

9th. I set out for Manchester, called 12 miles which measures 19. I came through Blackbourn, Ribchester, Preston, Lancaster, Ulverston, Farness, Ravenglass, White haven, Glenfoot, Alanby and

Itchin to this place. I have but one day further more to go, when I turn my face to London, where I hope to be in three weeks, and shall stay a week there, and you will hear from me once a week, tho' I have now kept this too long.

Dumfries in Scotland,
July 16, 1750.

I writ to you from Boulness near Carlisle on the 14th, in which letter I gave you an account of my journey to Manchester. That town is situated on the confluence of the Irke and the Irwell. To the south of the Irke is another town, called Salford, where there is a church and a market cross; but the markets are now held altogether at Manchester; these in reality are only two villages, there being no Corporation. Manchester was formerly call'd Mancester, is the old Mantunium, or Manucium, which was a Roman station, and some inscriptions have been found there. There are two churches in the town. Christchurch, commonly called the Old Church, is collegiate, and there belong to it a warden, four fellows, four singing men, and four choristers; it is a handsome Gothic building, and of a very light architecture within, and the stalls of the quire are of fine Gothick sculpture. The new church is called St. Anne's. Besides these there are two chapels, one of which is at a little distance from the town. The collegiate church was first founded by Thomas West, brother to Lord De la Ware, with one master or keeper, eight fellows, four chaplains, six choristers; it was afterward refounded, as at present, by Queen Elizabeth, confirmed by Charles 1st, and the statutes of it drawn up by Archbishop Laud. The hospital was founded by Humphrey Chetham, in the beginning of the last century, for sixty poor boys of Manchester and some neighbouring towns, who live in a collegiate way, under the government of feoffees, who put in a master and librarian. They are only taught to write, read, and cast account, but formerly some of them had grammar learning. There is a hall, a fine library, and handsom apartments for the meeting of the governors. Adjoyning

to this is the free school founded by Hugh Oldham, the second founder of Corpus Christi College, Oxon, by the president of which the three masters are put in, and there are houses abroad for the masters. They have an infirmary for the sick here. The exchange is a heavy building: and they have some courts which they call squares. The number of inhabitants are computed at about 35,000, and the number of burials is only about 500 a year. There is a great manufacture here of linnen and cotten, which for spinning and reeling employs most of the country round for many miles. I must not omit among the curiosities Mr. Bury, one of the manufacturers, his green house, full of many curious exotic plants. There is a church at Salford, and a market place, which is not frequented. I drank tea with Mr. Parnell, master of the Free School, in com pany with Mr. Lawson, second master, late scholar of Corpus Christi College; and rid six miles to Bury, a small town very finely situated on the Irwell, and a good living in Lord Derby's gift, now filled by his brother Mr. Stanley, who has lately built a spacious parsonage house with a front hewn-stone; there is a manufacture here of woollen cloth.

9th. I rid ten miles to Black bourn, and from the hills had a fine view of the country to the south-east, and saw Bolton on the river which falls into the Irke. It is a town which thrives by the cotton and woollen manufacture. On these hills I saw some coal-pits and a quarry of good free stone near Black bourne. At this town there is a fair free school in the churchyard; and Mr. Hoadley has a grand house here, who I think made his fortune by the cotten and linnen manufacture carried on here. I ascended the hills, and on the top of them had a glorious view into Lancashire towards Wigan, Preston, and the sea on the one hand, and towards Clithero, Gisborn, Pendle hill, and York shire on the other. I descended to Ribchester Bridge over the Ribble, and soon came to Ribchester, the old . . . . . where many antiquities have been found, and in digging a well they have lately found the ruins of a

building. There is a sort of a mole near the river which they call Anchor hill, as they say they found anchors there, and that the tide came up to this place, which now flows only a little way above Preston.

There is an inscription at a corner of a wall in the town, which is now turned to the wall, so that it cannot be copyed.

In the neighbourhood are several pieces of antiquity, which were found here, as at Salisbury Hall, a relief of an oxe's head, at Lady Betty Warren's house at Dinke an inscription and some reliefs. The altar in the church is sett off from the east wall with a partition which makes a vestry behind it, according to the rule in Queen Elizabeth's time, that the Communion table should be in the middle of the church. This estate is the mannor of the Dutchess of Norfolk, heiress of S^{r} Nicholas Sherbourn, who brought to the Duke six or seven thousand pounds a year: and also Stonyhurst I saw near, which is over the Ribble, a fine situation and was the principal seat of the family. From Ribchester I went seven miles to Preston, one end of which comes near to the river Ribble; it is a fair built town situated on an eminence, which extends near to the river on the west, but there is a fine rising ground to the south of it separated by a valley which commands a fine view of the river with a descent to a narrow vale on the river, on which heighth if the town had been built it would have been a glorious situation and they might have had hanging gardens down to the river, the situation being much like that of Shrewsbury: it put me in mind of Chalcedon called the city of the blind-men because it was so near to the finest situation in the world, Byzantium the present city of Constantinople. There is but one church in the town, and the town-house is a pretty good building. The Earl of Derby has a new fronted large old house at the end of the town, in which Lord Strange is coming to live. This town subsists chiefly by its being a great thorough fare, and by many families of midling fortunes who live in it, and it is remarkable for old maids, because these families will not ally with tradesmen, and have not sufficient fortunes for gentlemen. Above

the town on the other side of the river is S^r^ George Houghton's house, and two or three miles beyond it on a hill an old seat of the family called Houghton house, from which they say the father of this present knight cannonaded the king's army, and afterwards fled abroad. When the king's army about 6000 came against the rebels here, who it is said did not exceed 1500, they came out to the low ground, to the south-west of the bridge and fired on them as they advanced beyond the houses. The king's horse march'd round to the north-east and passed a gutt in order to get possession of the bridge, which the rebels observing, retired precipitately into the town, and from the top of the houses did great execution on the king's troops, but when they observed they were setting fire to the town they surrendered.

10th. I rid twenty miles to Lancaster, passing through a very poor town called Garstang ; and saw to the east the smoak of some iron-smelting houses, which are erected there on account of the great plenty there is of wood. We saw to the west the great moss or bog of Piling. Lancaster is very pleasantly situated on the river Lune, generally thought to be the ancient Longovicum, where the soldiers called Longovici were quarter'd, and many Roman antiquities, medals, &c., are found here. The church and castle are situated on a hill to the west of the town ; in the former is an handsome bust monument and an elegant epitaph on Justice Eyre, father of the late L^d^ Chief Justice, who dyed in the Northern Circuit and afterwards (being first buryed in this church) was removed to Salisbury, and his son erected this monument to him here. The castle is a large building round a court, there is a round tower in it which if not Roman seems to be a very ancient work, the arches are all fine, and they have some modern memorials here in relation to the history of the Castle that I fear are not well founded; but in the middle of the court they have lately found a well, which is about thirty feet deep, four feet one way and near three the other, made with large hewn stone, in which they have plenty of good water that never fails and rises

within seventeen of the surface, and when they cleaned this well they found two or three Roman coins in it. This castle did belong to the Dutchy Court of Lancashire but it is now the County Jayl, having been used as such and so confirmed by an Act of Parliament which settled all such places in the publick as had been used for jayls Below the church yard are the remains of an old ill built wall, said to be Roman, commonly called Wery-wall, which seems to be the ancient enclosure of the lands belonging to the castle, in which site it is probable the church was built. Lancaster is of late become a very thriving town, much improved in trade and buildings, for which they have the convenience of a very good light yellow free stone. The river Lune is famous for salmon, which they send abroad salted and pickle it for home consumption. I set out in the afternoon and went three miles to the Strand over which we crossed into Fourness to Cartlone near Cartmell, where there is a mineral spring and a great Latin School; and from that place across to the land to Flukborow, and then crossing over another strand we came to Ulverston. This country of Fourness is very mountainous to the north, and here the Britains were secure for a long time against the Saxons.

11th. I went through a small town called Dalton to the Abbey of Fourness which is situated in a narrow vale on a rivlet, one of the most retired place in the world; the church was of great magnificence; only the cross isle and quire now standing, in which are the stalls for the abbot and two monks on each side of him: the chapter house, the abbot's lodgings, the mill, the oven and every part of it were very grand; the west part of the church remains to show the ancient magnificence of it. I observed a tomb to the north of the church with a stone over it, which I conjectured might be an entrance to a vault; and I saw the tomb of a Knight of Malta. There is a mansion house built out of the ruins of this monastery. The Peel or Pile of Foudrey is the remains of a fort built by the abbot on a rock in the sea. To the south of this place I went to see

the iron mines, of which there are about seven different works in this country; there are three sorts of ore, the finest is the kidney ore, the next is in shoots called , and a third sort is of a blueish hue, but all of a red colour. From the mines we went near Kirkby, and there they have a light slate which is esteem'd the best in England. We crossed over the Strand to Millum Castle in Cumberland, the seat of the Huddleston family since the time of Henry the third, and they were called in the country Lords of Millum, and in the church are some of their tombs, especially one of S^r^ Robert, who was wounded at the battle of Agincourt, and there is a wooden statue not fixed, which they say is of the valet who found him in the field. The estate is now come to two heiresses, one of them married to S^r^ Edward Williamson. There are fine vaults in the castle, and the chimney in the great hall opens in the wall below the room above it, which was probably built before the invention of flews from one chimney to the other, for there is another chimney to the room above, directly over it, and this part of the castle seemed to be very ancient. Going on I observed a fine amphitheatre opening between the hills, and crossed a rivlet near Whidbeck and stop'd at a large village called Bouth or Boude. We crossed the Esk having high mountains to the east and north-east. Over the Esk is a pleasant situated seat of S^r^ John Pennington, called Moncaster hall, and to the south of it in the plain Langely Park and an old house belonging to that baronet. A little beyond the Esk to the north-east are the remains of an old castle call'd War Castle, which is within half a mile of Ravenglas, to which we came this evening.

Carlisle, July 19, 1750.

On the 12th of July I set forward to Whitehaven. Ravenglas is a small town in which I believe there are not above thirty houses, mostly of poor people, and tho' there is a cod-fishery not far off, yet there is not one boat of any kind belonging to the town. 'Tis

true there is no harbour, but they might draw up their boats or bring 'em up the river at high water. The situation in other respects is charming, and some Roman antiquities have been found about this place. I passed over the river on the other side of Ravenglas, and came to the river Irf, which produces a muscle in which pearls are frequently found. We came to Egremont, where there are remains of an old castle on a hill, and I observed towards the foundation a particular way of laying the stones so as to form an half lozenge in a horizontal direction. We passed near the old mountains of St. Bees, and by several iron mines lately opened, and came to Whitehaven, which is a very thriving town in the coal trade to Ireland, all the property of S^{r} James Lowther's, and they have built peers to make a safe harbour for shipping. The coal pits are to the south of the town, on the side of the hill, which makes the conveyance very easy down to the houses, where they either lay them up for the ships or shoot them directly into the ships that come under them. The fire engine to raise the water is very curious; the largest piston is 42 inches, but at some other colliery they are making a piston of 60 inches diameter. I shall not go about to describe this engine, which has been publish'd. The foul air is very common in these pits, and in order to carry it off they enclose a shaft and place three or four wooden pipes in it about four inches square, which are carryed up to the surface, and all the foul air going into this shaft is conveyed up the pipes, to which there are small funnels at top, about two inches diameter, by which one may perceive the air comes up; on them they lay a plate of iron, with holes made through it: if they put a candle to it, or any flame, the air takes fire, and continues burning: 'tis observable that the fire put to it must be at four or five inches distance from the place where it comes out, or it will not take fire, which seems to prove that in this case it requires the air above to mix with it to make it take fire. It is also necessary that the pipes which convey it should not be more than four inches square, because if it was the air below might take fire, and they find by experience it will not

when they are of this size, it being probably too much condensed as at first coming out. The air has been sent in a wet bladder to the Royal Society, and set on fire before them, and men will take it into their mouths and set it on fire without any hurt, and they dry their tubs before the flame. Some time ago they had a pit in which the foul air was so bad, and they could by no means carry it off, that they apprehended working with candles or lamps would set it on fire, as one pit had been set on fire by that means. In this pit they had a very ingenious contrivance of working it by a light made by a steel wheel and a flint. They have funnels like chimneys in many of the pits to convey away the air. The largest fire engine is near the sea, where there is a passage into a coal pit on a level with the shoar, by which one person wheels along the coal; and it is this pit that they worked several yards under the sea, till they came to a stony break, beyond which they did not think it would answer. The coals here abound in a yellow marcasite, which contains in it sulphur and vitriol; these coals they pick out, and having a yard enclosed with a stone wall five or six feet high, they fill this with these coals, and the rain coming on them the vitriol is washed off and runs into cisterns in houses made for that purpose. They continue putting on coals, that as the vitriol washes off from the old coals it may be supplied by the new; this water they boyl in a large square leaden furnace, for the vitriol would eat into any other mettal. They put in a great quantity of iron, the dross of the forges, which is all consumed by the vitriol; when it is sufficiently boyled, they pour the water into large cisterns, and as it grows cold it shoots into coperas or vitriol, which is put in hogsheads and sent abroad. In S^{r} James Lowther's house is the famous altar, the finest which has been found in Britain, and printed in Cambden, beginning thus: GENIO LOCI, &c.; it was found at Netherhall, near Elenfoot, in Mr. Sinhouse's fields, in whose possession it was for a considerable time. Going from Whitehaven northward I observ'd the place on the hill where they burn such tobacco as is seized. All the antiquities are removed from Mr. Fletcher's house, nor

could I be informed of any caverns mentioned in Cambden to be called Picts holes. Near Dissenton I saw the ruins of Hay Castle, a square building on a litle artificial heigth, with a fossee round it. Some from the name have thought that Moresby is the old Mortimere, where the Equites Cataphractani were garrison'd. We came to Workington at the mouth of the Derwent; it is divided into the old town, near the castle, and the new town, on the harbor. This place is also thriving in an export of coal, which is near as good as the Whitehaven at the south of the town; it burns rather faster, and has more stone in it. That of the north side belongs to Mr. Pelham, is not so good nor so much work'd. I rid along the shoar to Elenfoot, at the mouth of the river Elne, and I observed that about the shoar there were several loose stones in a line, as if the remains of a wall, for the defence of the shoar, thought to have been built by Stilico to prevent the landing of the Scotch. Elenfoot might be made a litle harbour. There is a hill about half-a-mile to the north-east of it, on an advanc'd ground, and a very fine situation, commanding a view of Scotland and all the coast to it, of the coast as far as St. Bees, of the fells of Cumberland and Lancashire, and of all the valleys in which the several rivers run, from the east to the sea, and of the Isle of Man, which makes it one of the finest situations I ever beheld. On this spot are the remains of the Roman town, supposed to be the old Valentia, the fossee of which is visible, and many antiquities have been dug up there, most of which are at Netherhall, at Mr. Sinhouse's, where I was shown the several inscriptions by that gentleman with great politeness, and entertained that night at his house with the utmost civility. Among the reliefs not mentioned by others is a man on horse back, in red stone, and another of a naked woman, and a building supposed to be a bath. The following inscriptions I do not find to be copyed:—

This is imperfect.

VIL SER
QVINANAT
GALATI, DEO
BVITO A, A7Ↄ
XIΓA MNΓ
MORITVI
DESIRE
RIS7NA

IOM
COHTHIS
CVI PRAE
MAEN
VSAGRP
TRIBV
POS

The following is not well copyed.

DIS DEABVSQ
PROS. PAVLVS
ACILIANVS
COH I DEL M

On the left side of this is the relief of a man with a helmet on his head, a shield in the left hand, and a spear in the right.

Kirk Oswald in Westmorland,
July 21st, 1750.

On the 14th of July I went from Netherhall, near Elenfoot, by the sea coast, three miles to Allanby, a very small fishing town in this bay, but no harbour ; from that place I went about eight miles to Holm, and saw the remains of the old Abbey; it was a grand church, of which they have made a modern one, by building between the pillars of the body of the old church. Crossing over the Wina here we had a view of the bay, which is supposed to be the Moricombe of Ptolemey, into which falls another river. We passed at the north-east angle of the bay, called the Wampull: we came to Boulness, towards the end of the Picts wall, at the opening of the Solway Frith, the old Itunæ, into which the river Eden falls. I have formerly given you an account of every thing between this and Carlisle, as well as of that city. Not being able to ford over into Scotland, or go in a boat by reason of the high wind, I went on the 15th to Carlisle, and spent the day with Chancellor Waugh.

16th. I set out with his son to go into Scotland, to the Duke of Queensborough's ; we went northward, and travelled seven miles through a fine country to Artery or Arthurst, having passed the river Leven ; in half a mile we came to Longtown, where Lady Withrington has built an almshouse for poor widows. About half

a mile further is Netherby, near the river Esk. This must have been a Roman town, from the great antiquities which have been found here. Cambden thinks it was Æsica, where he saies the Tribune of the first cohort of the Astures was in garison against the barbarians. The town seems to have been strong in a natural situation, where the farm house now stands, near which, as without the town, they lately found Roman baths, which have been destroyed; but the drawing of them was sent to the Antiquaries Society. At this house are several inscriptions and reliefs; of the later is a relief of the Genius of Rome, three feet long, holding a patera in her right hand over an altar and a cornucopiæ in her left hand. Another is a head with a Persian bonnet, which some have mistaken for another head, and it is so engrav'd in Horsley. Of the inscriptions, if I am not mistaken, the following has not been published :—

DEO
MOGONTI
VITIRE VLA

This, which is on an altar, is not published in any author. I copyed it thus :—

DEAE SANCT
AE FORTVNAE
'ONSERVATRICI
MARCVS AVREL
SALVIVS TRIBVN
VS COH . AEL. HIS
PANORVM
ꝏ II - I E Q
V S L M.

Which inscription Baron Clark of Scotland has explained in the following manner.[a]

[a] *The Explication of the Altar at Netherby*, by Baron Clark

"The reading is this:— Deae sanctae fortunae conservatrici Marcus Aurelius Salvius tribunus cohortis primae Æliae Hispanorum mille equitum votum solvit libens merito."

One great difficulty in this way of reading is as to the *cohors equitum*, for a *cohors* consisted of foot, not of horse, and therefore it may be better to read — ↀ E Q. milliaria equitata. Vegetius furnishes us with an authority for this; since speaking of the Roman soldiery, he says, the first cohort of a legion was called milliaria, and consisted of 1105 foot and 132 horse.

There is another way of reading this, which is: Marcus Aurelius Salvius tribunus cohortis primae Hispanorum [cum] mille equitibus, or thus, [et] mille equites votum solvunt libentes merito; but I prefer the reading, milliaria equitata.

As to the cohors prima Hispanorum, there are three or four other inscriptions in Britain which mention it, particularly one found in the Roman camp in Airdock, in Perth shire, and mentioned by Mr. Horseley in his Britannia Romana.

The letters ↀ E Q can receive no other signification than milliaria equitata or mille equitum, for the character ↀ is put for m, which was the ancient way of writing the letter M; this is evident from a Roman inscription in the College of Glasgow, where 4000 is represented by ↀ ↀ ↀ ↀ. The altar was found in the outer room of a bath, for it seems it was a part of the religious worship performed to this goddess, that the priest and the people should be purified by water. There is an inscription on an altar in Richmond shire which makes very much for this conjecture; it is on an altar erected to the Goddess Fortune upon the building of a bath that had been destroyed by fire, *vid.* the inscription in Mr. Horseley's book.

I shall now only add that Netherby is not the place called in the *Notitia* Castra Exploratorum, as Mr. Horseley conjectures. It is more probably the place called Æsica, and that the Castra Exploratorum were at Burnswork Hill, where there are two Roman camps on the sides of it, and one on the top, besides another at Middleby,

near them, which Mr. Horseley calls Blatum Bulgium: see his account of the inscriptions in Scotland. As to the ancient Æsica, I believe it took its name from the river Esk. Esk, or Yasc, in the old British language, signifies a river or water, there being five of this name in Scotland.

The cohort above mentioned was called Ælia, as a compliment bestowed upon it by the Emperor Ælius Hadrianus, and there are several instances of this kind in other inscriptions: even the city of Jerusalem, upon its being rebuilt by the same Emperor, was called Ælia.

N.B.—There has been a dispute among the learned men, such as Lipsius, Terentius, Casaubon, and Salmasius, whether or not a body of horse could be called Cohors equitum: see their notes upon Suetonius in *Vita Claudii*, cap. 25th. They generally agree that a cohors consisted only of foot, but this inscription might have settled the dispute if the first reading be right.

From this place we went about a mile to the east, to what they call the Strength of Liddel, over the river Liddel or Lid, which is the bounds between England and Scotland, to the confluence with the Esk; then for a litle way the Esk is the bounds to a place called Scotch Ditch, which, running from this river northward, is the bounds both between the two kingdoms and the estates of the Duke of Bucclough, in Scotland, and of Lady Withrington, in England; there the only bounds are ditches, till one comes westward to the river Sark, which is then the bounds till it empties it self into the sea. This Strength of Liddel seems to be a work of the Middle Ages, a litle heigth fortified with fossees, and a mount, which is very strong, at the south-east corner: this place is mentioned in some of the Scotch historians. We went about four miles over heathy ground to the river Sark, which is the bounds between England and Scotland.

Perith in Cumberland, July 22nd, 1750.

I came into Scotland the 16th of July, when I crossed over the river Sarke and came to Greatney Bridge, where we took some refreshments, and rid about six miles to the north to Bernis, near Middleby, which was a Roman town, and is thought to be Blatum Bulgium; the fossee of the town remains, and on a stone in one of the houses I saw these letters

AXSAN
CONIS

We went to Midleby, where there is a hill which had been fortified by art, and what they call a strength. We then went on to that famous hill Burnswork, which appears at a distance with a square top like a lake. We ascended this hill, which commands a glorious view of the country round as well as of the sea and the western coast of England and of all the country of Annandale, and especially of those lakes which are made by the rivers to the north-west. This hill has two summits, and, tho' it is high, affords very good pasturage. There is a camp on the north side, and another on the south side on the very foot of the hill. The people say that to the south was made by King Charles the First his army under Duke Hamilton, and they certainly did encamp on it, but there is no doubt but that they are both Roman works. They are about half a mile from east to west, and a quarter of a mile broad from north to south. That to the south has three entrances to the north with ramparts before them to defend the entrance. There is one entrance to the west. To the other there are three entrances to the south, and I could discern a barrow only to the middle one. They are supposed to be castra æstiva of Blatum Bulgium, and some think they are Castra Exploratorum, and it is probable they were encamp'd on the north or south side of the hill according as the weather favoured. We descended from this beautiful hill, and passed through a village call'd Todory Pill, where I saw the ruins of an

old tower or castle, and came to Eacle Fechon, where we took some farther refreshments, and went on towards Dumfries. We crossed the river Anan, and passed by Hotham Castle, very finely situated over the river. We crossed a ridge of hills and came into Nithsdale, and arrived at Dumfries, which is pleasantly situated on the river Nith, which winds so as to make a peninsula of the town and the fields to the north of it. The principal street is broad and well built of the red free stone in which this country abounds. There are two churches in the town, one of which, if I do not mistake, is for an episcopal congregation. They have an old building here called the Nework, which, as well as I could be informed, served formerly as a warehouse. There are some little remains of an old friary in the town, famous in history for being the place where Cummins (who was suspected by Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, to have been treacherous towards him in his conduct with the English) took refuge and was murdered by the king's command, on which the king was excommunicated by the Pope, and the chapel for ever interdicted in which the murder was committed; on which St. Michaels, at the east end of the town, was built for the friary, which has a handsome steeple to it. There is a fine bridge here over the Nith into Galloway. This bridge and a waterfall made by art to keep up the river for some uses, make a very beautiful prospect from the side of the river. Boats come up to the town, and ships of forty tuns within two miles of it, and they have here a great trade in tobacco. This town maintained its loyalty in the last rebellion, and severe contributions being raised on them, 'twas made up to them by the Government. Over the river near the town is a small mount, which would not hold at the top above thirty people. It is called the Moot, and it is supposed that the heads of the place held their meetings here and promulged their laws to the people. There is a very fine prospect from it of the country round. I saw from it Lincluddin, an old nunnery, and near it is a monastery called Holy Rhood, and at some distance from Dumfries what is called New Abby, and in their records Abbatia Dulcis Cordis. Not

far from Dumfries is a chapel called Christo, where S^r^ Christopher Setin is buried, who was beheaded (tho' a Scotchman and no subject) for treason by Edward the First. At Markland, in the shire of Galway, six miles from Dumfries, are chalybeat waters, esteem'd good for the appetite and spirits. Moffit to the north-east and forty miles from Carlisle is much frequented for its mineral waters.

17. I set out for Drumlandrig, the seat of the Duke of Queensborough, and came down into that fine vale in which the river Nith runs: gentle risings to the south, higher hills to the north, several country seats with improvements round them, with groves and clumps of fir trees over the whole valley, make it for about five computed miles or eight measured miles one of the most beautiful spots I ever beheld. We crossed the foot of the hill which stretches to the river, and going to the south of the Nith passed by a mount to the left, much like a Danish fort, now planted by the duke; this is called Tiber's Castle, and, from the name, they have a notion that it is a Roman work. Drumlandrig is the road from Glasgow to London, 42 computed miles S.W. from Edingburgh, and 12 N.W. from Dumfries. This fine improvement is a very beautiful situation. There is a gentle ascent to the house of about half a mile, which is on a flat on the side of the hill, with a descent from it of 100 feet perpendicular to the rivlet; the hills rising up every way, except to the north, are covered with wood and cut into ridings. The house is something in the castle way with a mixture of Roman architecture in a bad taste. They were at first hanging gardens, but the present duke has turned them all into slopes, except the upper one, which is thirty feet high, and could not be so easily formed into a slope. His Grace has likewise planted this part with forest trees, and made a large piece of water at the bottom by keeping up the rivlet. There are 20 acres in the garden and 700 under plantations. The prospect to the north is of the valley and hills and high mountains. The old seat and burial-place of the family is six miles off at Sanchers where the present duke's grand-

father, who built this house, lived, entertained his company here, and rid home at night. The silver and lead mines belonging to the duke and Lord Hopton are about twelvè miles from this place.

I was informed that there are remains of a Roman road from Drumlanrig, twelve miles to Aloan foot, where it meets the road from Netherby, which goes fifty miles by Kirkle, Eagle Fechon, Lauherby, Wanfrey, Lough Cautie, and Erechstein.

Keswick in Cumberland,
July 21, 1750.

On Thursday the 19th of July I set out at noon for Rose Castle, the seat of the Bishop of Carlisle, and had the honour to dine with his lordship. This castle is pleasantly situated on the river Caude, and Cambden saies it is supposed to be the old Congavata, where the second cohort of the Sergi were in garrison, to whom I refer for the history of this place. From it I went two miles to Highgate, which was a castle belonging to the family of the Richmonds, and a gentleman of the name of Brougham, brother to the late commissioner, marrying into that family, this estate came to his son, who had near finished a fine house and offices adjoyning to the old castle, which commands a pleasant view of the deep valley on each side of it. This young man is lately dead and gave the whole estate left him by the commissioner to his mother's relations. I lay at Hesket. On the 20th went to the monastery of Wetherhall on the river Eden, where the handsom gate-house remains and some other parts of the monastery: they say it was a nunnery, and that the priests who attended it lived in the gate-house. About a quarter of a mile above it are some curious grottoes cut out of the rock: the ascent to them is difficult, to a gallery in which there are windows and a chimney cut through the rock, and three rooms all about seven feet high, the rooms are about twenty feet long and twelve feet wide, the gallery is open at top. They call these grottoes the safeguard of Wetherell, and the country people say, one of the name of Constantine retir'd to this place who refused to succeed to the kingdom of Scotland; so

that probably it was a place of security in time of danger as well as of religious retreat. Nothing can be imagined more beautiful than this high ground over the river covered with trees, and the opposite side belonging to Corby Castle, improved by art, and by no means inferior in its natural situation and ornaments. I crossed over to this castle, which belongs to the Howards, a Roman Catholick family and next heirs to the Earl of Caerlisle in case his branch should be extinct, as the Howards of Greystock near Perith are to the Duke of Norfolk's family in the present line. Some part of the old castle is remaining and a chamber in its first state, but the greater part is new fronted and offices built. The situation is a high rocky cliff over the river, to which there is a winding descent, which first leads to some grottos cut out of the rock close to the river, then to the left is a cascade and water works adorned with grotesque works and statues; from this there is a broad grass walk all along by the river, with wood on both sides, and there are several openings towards the cliff, with statues in them mostly groupes relating to the ancient fabulous history and adapted to the circumstances of the place, and at the end of this walk, which is near half a mile in length, is a summer house of good architecture. I went farther up the river to Warwic, where I dined. The church here is very old with pilasters round the east end, I conjecture that it was built a considerable time before the Conquest. Mr. Warwic, a Roman Catholick, has a pretty improvement here of fish ponds and woods with walks in them, especially one beautiful shady walk about a quarter of a mile long. I went a mile in the way to Caerlisle to see what I imagined might be a camp on Warwick high moore; it is a slight fossee of an irregular figure, taking the advantage of the ground, it is about 600 paces in circumference. They talk of Oliver's encamping here, and it is possible it might be a parc for his cannon. They told me there was a small entrenchment on Warwic low moor about twenty yards square. Warwic is thought to be the old Virosidum, where the sixth cohort of the Nervii were garrisoned. There is a strong natural situation for a town; both about the church and on the other

side of the road, but no remains are to be seen. I crossed the Eden over a fine stone bridge, and went through a bad country and bad roads to Kirk Oswald on the Eden where the river Rouedale falls into it, passing near Croglin where there is one of the large schools, in which the children are found in everything for ten pounds a year, in cloaths and books and drugs.

Kirk Oswald belongs to Hugh Morvil, who was the chief person in taking away the life of Thomas a Becket, and the sword he made use of was kept here for many years. There are remains a little way out of the town of a very fine old castle.

21st. I set out southward and in some time ascended up to the high ground. I came to those stones which are commonly called Long Meg and her daughters. I carefully numbred them and found there were seventy; the long one to the west being three feet one way and four feet the other and about twelve feet high, and between this stone and the circle are two large flat stones. The most probable conjecture is, that these stones were erected, according to Bishop Gibson's opinion, on the investiture of some Danish king. I saw on the other side of the river Lasenby, out of the hills over it called Lasenby Fells, those large red flags are raised, which are in such great plenty in this country. Going on by litle Salkeld and passing by Laganby, over which there is a bridge across the Eden, we ascended to a heigth opposite to Edenall, the seat of S^{r} Philip Musgrave, opposite to which I observed two large stones set up, probably over some burial-place. We turned to the east, and I observed on the heigth opposite to this place, where the Eimot falls into the Eden, that there are many stones all over the fields, some of 'em lying as if they were enclosures to houses; the place is called Middletons, and has much of the face of some town of the middle ages. All this height commands a glorious view of the Eden, the Eimot, Wingfield Park belonging to Earl Thanet, and of the country on the Loder. I went on to Culgarth, and crossing the heath to the north-east came to the quarries called Craudundel

on a rivlet, where on the rock I copyed this inscription LEGII AVXXW (?) There was another inscription on the other part of the rock which was lately broken off, but I saw on a piece of the rock which is left this sculpture,

IIAVGCT (?)

I heard of no other antiquities about this place. The first is almost the same in Camden, the second is in the Account of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire, and differs very little in Cambden.

C ,, VARRONIVS
ESSVS · LCGXXVV
·EL · LVCANVS
R. LEGII AVGC, T

A village called Newbegin stands a little lower on this river, where there is an old mansion-house of the Crakanthorps, in which there is an hall fitted up in a very curious manner, with wainscot adorned with inlaid work about the time of Queen Elizabeth, and on each side of the beams are several very pious inscriptions, for instruction of the family. We rid from this place to Kirkby Thoro, having enter'd Westmoreland when we crossed over the rivlet to Newbegin. I here experienced the civility and hospitality of Mr. Atkinson, the minister of the place, who showed me every thing relating to the antiquities of this place, which is supposed to be the ancient Galatum, or Galagum, of which there are now very few remains; only on each side of a lane, which leads from the green to the high road, is a field in which they say are some signs of an old entrenchment; that to the west is called Wellop Castle, and that to the east has the name of Maborough Castle: this place is in the old road to Carvorran, which is described in the last edition of Cambden, and the present name is supposed to be owing to the worship of the British god Thor. I here found the following

imperfect inscriptions in the garden wall belonging to the minister's house:

In the cornish of an altar.	On the altar.
FORTVNAE	ANTONA
SERVATRICI	STRATONI
	XVI'S

And in a wall south of the church, and facing the green, on an altar—

IOVI SERAPI
L. AIFENVS VAL

In the church there is a great curiosity, which is one of the ancient rood lofts, in which they exposed the tutelar saint of the church, and it is said played some tricks with it, by making it turn the head and move; there are no stairs up to it, and the very bellows remain which are said to be one of the instruments of their *art.* ["Pious fraud," added in a different handwriting, not Dr. Pococke's.]

A litle to the east of Kirkby Thor, I passed over a rivlet call'd in the map Swindale Beck, and soon came to Crakanthorp Camp, about a mile to the west of the village of that name; it is on each side of a vale, which has caused some people to call it two camps; it is about four hundred yards long from east to west, and three hundred from north to south, having three entrances, with trenches before them on every side, except to the south, where there are only two. I was informed that there is another camp on a common about two miles to the north-east of this. We forded over the Eden, and came to Bolton, where over a north window of the church is a relief of two men on horse back tilting, and under it an inscription, with a cross at the beginning of it. I could not get up to it to read it, but conjecture it is a monument to some person killed in tilting. We went two miles to Cliburn, where there is an old mansion house in ruins, belonging to Lord Lonsdale. We then came to Clifton, to which one goes by a lane from the common; at

the end of this lane the Duke [of Cumberland]'s forces came up with the rebels in the dusk of the evening, who lined the hedges, and killed about fifteen of the Duke's men, and then went off to Perith. On the left hand is a barn and two houses; 'tis said they fired from this barn, but I was assured the barn was locked, and they were not in the barn; the Duke lay in one of the houses. I had forgot to mention that about the place before-mentioned, Middletons, the country rose against the rebels in their return, with all sort of country weapons; it is said the Duke of Perth was with them, and that one of them advancing and fireing and the country people coming on, they turned back and went another way.

From Clifton we descended to the bridge over Eimot, where the most northern road from Apelby joyns with this, which crosses the Eden at Temple Sowerby, and passes by Brougham Castle. As soon as we passed the Loder, we came to what they call King Arthur's Round Table, which is thought to have been a place for combat; the middle part is about fifty yards diameter, then there is a fossee about five feet deep and ten yards wide at the top, and without that a mount round of about the same breadth, as for the spectators to stand on, and there is an entrance from east to west. The country people have a story that S^{r} Lancelot Ducane killed here the giant of the name of Braidforth. A little to the south-west of this, on a heigth, is a great piece of antiquity called Mayburg: the entrance to it is from the north; it has been said to be in the figure of a horse shoe, which, I believe, is owing rather to the shape of the mound which is round it, being less, probably, at the entrance than in the other parts, which is all overgrown with wood, and the stones from the neighbouring fields seem to have been thrown on it; it is about an hundred yards in diameter, and the mount round it is from fourteen to twenty-six yards broad, and is steep on the outside. Sixty yards from the east side is a stone set up not of a large size, and another about fifteen yards from it, and there are two remaining towards the bounds of it. I should conjecture that this piece of antiquity was a very ancient, open

place of worship. From this I went by Iamand, where there is an old castle, and this place gives the true name of the river, which is not known by the name of Eimot by the country people; and here it is probable according to St. Dunelmensis and Hoveden from him, Constantine, King of the Scots, and Haeval, King of the Western Britains, enter'd into a league with King Æthelstan in 926. The antiquities of Mayburgh being probably of a much older date; tho' one would imagine there had been a wall round it, because a tower of the castle of Perith is said to have been built with the stone that was taken from this place. We came to Barton, where Dr. Langbayn, Provost of Queen's, was born, and founded a school, which some time ago was in great repute, and boys were entirely provided for, as mentioned before, for ten pounds a year. Over the school door is this inscription:—

ΕΑΝ ΗΣ ΦΙΛΟΜΑΘΗΣ ΙΣΙ ΠΟΛΥΜΑΘΗΣ.

We soon came to the village Pooleh, on the river, a musket shot above the beautiful lake called Ulles Water, on each side of which there is a strip of fine land at the foot of the high mountains which appear very romantick; the lake is a mile broad, and the part which is seen here is four miles long, it then makes a turn to the west, and extends four miles further. There are in this lake char, perch and eeles, and a grey trout, the same, I suppose, as the Lough trout in Ireland; some of them they told me weigh twenty pounds; and they have one fish particular to this lake, called skelles; it is commonly of the size of a herring, but they have been known to weigh two pounds and a-half. At this place there is a bridge over the river, and on the other side there is a high, beautiful hill, lately planted by Mr. Hazle. There appears to have been a castle on the top of it, which commands a fine view of the lake, river, and mountain, and altogether this is one of the most delightful, retired places I ever saw. I went to Perith, on the west side of the river in Cumberland, seeing at a distance Dacre Castle, from which

the family of the Dacres had their name, having been the seat of that family. We passed by Dalemayn, the new built seat of the Hazels or Hassels, and arrived at Penrith, near the Eimot, under a hill, called the Fell of Perith, which, being of red stone, gave name to Penrith (the red hill). I have formerly given you an account of this place. In the church is an inscription which gives an account that in 1598 there died of the plague at Kendal 2500, at Richmond 2200, at Carlisle 1190, at Penrith 2200. On the 22d I went three miles to the north-east, to those grottoes over the river call'd Isanparles ; one of them is like a natural grotto, and, they say, had iron doors to it, and seems to have been a place of refuge in dangerous times ; the other is a modern alcove seat cut out of the rock. The country people talk of Isis as if he was a giant of the country. There are high cliffs over the Eimot, beautifully covered with wood ; and the way to this rock is a beautiful descent, half-way down the cliff. Opposite to this is the church of Brougham, commonly called the Nine Churches, because they say it has faln down nine times, and has been as often rebuilt. We returned about a mile up the river, and crossed it to Brougham Castle, which is a very large building, in which there have been some grand rooms, chiefly built to an old square castle, after the model of that in the Tower of London. This was the estate of the Earls of Cumberland, and now of the Earls of Thanet. To the south of the castle the fossee of the old Roman town Broviacum appears very plain, and may be about two hundred feet square.

About a quarter of a mile to the east of this castle is a pillar with this inscription:

"This pillar was erected anno 1650 by the Right Honourable Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke, and daughter and sole heir of the Right Honourable George Earl of Cumberland, and for a memorial of her last parting in this place with her good and pious mother the Right Honourable Margaret Countess Dowager of Cumberland, the 2d of April, 1616. In memory whereof she also

left an annuity of 4*l.*, to be distributed to the poor within this parish of Brougham every 2d day of April for ever upon the stone table hard by."

Kendal, in Westmoreland, July 25, 1750.

On the 22d in the afternoon I set out from Penrith in the road to Carlisle. I observed the beacon on the hill over Penrith, which was lighted on the return of the rebels, and raised the country. There is a rivlet brought from the Petterell to Perith to supply the town with water. I observed on the top of the hill, about a mile from the town, a circular barrow with stones round it. In about four miles we came to the place, which is called Old Perith, but by the common people Castle Shields, situated on the Petterel: it is thought to be the ancient Petrianæ, where the Ala Petriana was quarter'd. It is 140 yards from north to south, and 100 from east to west, but extends farther to the south, beyond the house, which is built within the site of it. It is on a hanging ground near the river, and towards the north-east corner are signs of the foundations of some buildings, one of which seemed to have been an ancient temple. To the east is a long, deep canal, which always affords plenty of good water, and is doubtless a Roman work. I saw some stones about five feet long, which had been laid so as to make a tomb under ground towards the river, in which some bones were found, and what they took to be an iron candlestick. Before we came to this place, I met with this inscription on an altar at William Basted's at Lough:

IOM
COH
II GALEQ
I DOMIT
VS HERON
D NICOMEDIA
PRAEF

From this place I crossed the country to the west of the Carlisle road, and, going near Scales and Highgate, we came to the river Caude at Beebridge, where there is a beautiful lawn and fine hanging ground over the river covered with wood. We went a mile up the river to Severan Bridge, where I lay; it is not far from Caldbeck, where there were formerly copper mines, and as the water comes in upon them it is drawn off by what they call water shafts, sixty feet deep, by pumps which are work'd by wheels, turned with water, thirty feet in diameter. These pumps raise the water within fifteen feet of the surface, and then is carried off in channels under ground for about half a mile, the channel being made by sinking down shafts at about 30 feet distance, by which the earth was brought up that was work'd out to make this conveyance of the water, which afterwards runs off in an open channel into the river.

23. We went on mostly through commons, eight miles, to Wigton, a small town on a stream which falls into the Wampul, that empties itself into the sea about three miles to the north of Holm Abbey. This town is chiefly supported by the thoroughfare to Scotland and Carlisle, and they have a little manufacture of stockings and sailcloth. I saw here in the wall of the parsonage house a relief of Pan, with his pipe in one hand and what I took to be a cornucopiæ in the other. Coming to this place I saw before a farmhouse to the right in the common an altar with an inscription on it, so imperfect that I do not insert it. From Wigton I went a mile to the south-east to the old Roman town, thought by some to be Castra Exploratorum, where the Ala Augusta Gordiana was quarter'd. It is about two hundred yards square, situated on the small rivlet called Wize, which, if I mistake not, falls into the Wina, that runs by Holm. Where the ground is not naturally strong there is a double fossee; it is rather an eminence, tho' not on a hill. There are several old roads go from this town, as one to Caerlisle, another to Elenfoot, supposed to be the old Valentia,

where the first cohort of the Dalmatians was quarter'd. In a farm-house to the north is this inscription:

DM —VNDVS
MABLI EQVIS
NIVSSEC— ALE AVG
S. ES. II

There are some reliefs about the walls much disfigured. Among them one seems to be a sea horse; and on a square stone is the cone of a pine which I conjectured might be the top of the pillar from which they measured their miles. In the common to the south-west are several barrows, and one of them was very lately opened, but nothing was found, probably because they did not go deep enough. I set out from this place towards Ierby, and in about a mile cross'd a rivlet, which I suppose falls into the Wina, and came to coal pits. We ascended the hills and passed by several limekilns, the stone of these hills being a white lime stone, in which they find some petrified shells. We descended the hill, and, crossing the Elne, ascended to Ierby, thought by some to be Arbeia, where the Barcarii Tigrenses were in garison, but I could not be informed of any remains of antiquity there. But on enquiry I learnt that to the east on the hills on Ancautree Moor there is a camp a computed quarter of a mile round; and on Stockdale Fells, further that way, there are old copper mines, but neither those nor the mines at Caldbeck are now work'd. Ierby is a very poor town, mostly inhabited by farmers. I went on over the hill and came to Iselbridge, over the Darwent, and, going over the hill to Cockermouth, I saw Pap Castle almost opposite to it, on the north side of the river, where some Roman antiquities have been found. Cockermouth is very pleasantly situated on the river Cocker, which falls into the Derwent, a little lower, and the vale above Cockermouth is esteemed a most pleasant spot. There are two heights in the town which command a fine view. The church is built on one of them, and the castle over the river on the other, which is a large ancient building, and now belongs to the

Duke of Somerset's family. This town is in a thriving condition, having a very considerable trade by supplying the inland parts with many commodities which come by sea.

I set out for Keswick; not the direct way, but over the hill to Eversbridge, which is over the Darwent, near the place where it comes out of the lower lake, commonly call'd Basingthaite Lake. I travelled along the north side of that lake, which is about four miles long and a mile broad; it was a most delightful ride, being a fine country along the side of the lake at the foot of the high hills; on the other side the hills covered with wood come to the lake; and at Thornthaite, on that side, are lead mines; and between Darwent Lake and the lower lake the Darwent runs, winding through a beautifull country; then the view opens, of the Upper Lake and every way round of the high mountains, with lower hills within 'em, and round Keswick are the most beautiful low hills, highly improved, in wood, arable and pasture ground. Keswick is situated near Darwent Lake, between two rivers, one of which falls out of that lake into the lower lake; the other, called Gretagh, runs from the lakes which are between Keswick and Ambleside. Keswick is in the parish of Corsthwaite, and the large parish church is near a mile from the town on the other side of the river, in which the Ratcliffe family are buryed, who had their title from this Darwent water. The town of Keswick chiefly subsists by being a thorough fare, and by some great fairs which are held here, chiefly for the selling of leather. The Derwent Lake, half a mile south of the town, is most beautifull, there being a rising ground towards the north-east part covered with wood; there are four or five beautiful islands in this lake, two of them covered with corn, the rest with wood, and all encompassed with hills and high mountains. The lake is about three miles long, and may be near a mile broad; at the further end of it a rivlet falls into the Derwent, called Borrowdale, which gives name to that country; and at a place called Bormhill Grange there is a salt

spring which is much frequented by the common people, as a purging water.

In this country of Borrowhill among the mountains, which are very difficult of access, are the mines of waad or black lead, esteemed the best in the world, for I have been informed that there is a coarser sort in Corsica, and they say in New England; it seems to be a mixture of the chalk and fuller's earth, and is supposed to be impregnated with something of lead; it is very good for cleaning rusty iron; it does not suffer in the fire, and is made use of for crucibles. It is much doubted whether it was known to the ancients, and consequently whether 'twas the pingitis of Dioscorides or melanteria; it is called her waad, and the modern writers have given it the name of Nigrica fabrilis; it is found in lumps in the ground, in which they dig holes, and find it mostly in small pieces, the largest commonly found are two or three pounds weight; but I was informed that Mr. Crosby, at the Tower, modeller to the Royal Academy, has a piece, if I mistake not, of forty pounds weight: it commonly sells for about six shillings a pound. Mr. Crosby and some Jews have it in partnership, and give 1500*l.* a year for it; but 'tis said they open it but once in seven years, and then get out sufficient to supply all the world; some of it is too hard, and that the Jews mostly grind, and make up in a paste in cakes, and sell it to Holland, and it is this which makes all the bad pencils, which are sold out of England, wearing off very fast, and making a bad stroake. When they have done working, they fill up all the holes to hinder persons from coming to it, which they do notwithstanding, and there have been many prosecutions about it; but some times a number of men come arm'd by night and open the mines, and take away what they can get; so that it is to be had all over this country by people they do not mistrust will inform against them.

The red lead, I was informed, is found in veins between the strata of free stone.

Echard, p. 799, mentions copper mines being discover'd at Keswick in Queen Elizabeth's time.

Halifax, July 30th, 1750.

On the 24th of July I went from Keswick to Ambleside, twelve computed miles, which is about twenty measured. We crossed over high hills and came down into a vale, not half a mile broad, which extends to the south within four miles of Ambleside. The first part is well cultivated, and in about two miles there is a low rocky hill, which stretches almost across it, with some hillocks before it, and the foot of it extending for a mile southwards with little risings on it like burrows, all affording a most beautiful prospect, from the mixture of wood and rock, the mountains on each side of the vale being very high, in some parts adorned with wood and many cascades rushing down from them; on one side of the hill runs a river which comes from the mountains; on the west and north side is a very considerable stream called the Gretah, which runs into the Darwent lake at Keswick, coming out of the lake or water called Wiseborn, which is near three measured miles in length and being very narrow in one part, a pier is built in the middle, and a foot wooden bridge across it, and so it has the name of the upper and lower water: beyond this the vale is well cultivated, and there is a gentle ascent, to the west of which is a high green hill, with some patches of the rough rock, I thought it looked like the lower part of Pike Teneriff, as it is commonly represented. Having gained the height, we descended a great way into a most beautiful valley, well cultivated, having a large stream to the right, hastening down in many cascades to the plain beneath. This plain is adorned with many little hills and rising grounds covered with wood, as well as the greater part of the sides of the hills, the rest being cultivated in tillage and pasture, with a beautiful opening to the north-west, finely diversifyed with rising rocks, wood and improvements. At the end of this vale is the Lake of Grasmere with an island in it, and

on the north side the village and church of Grasmere; this lake is about two miles in circumference and empties it self by a river that runs eastward, which direction the valley takes, and in less than a mile falls into another little lake, rather larger, called the Reidale, which has two rocky islands in it, covered with wood and a beautiful small rock adorned with shrubs, and one single tree growing out of the point of it. This brought us to Reidale, the seat of the Flemings, baronets, and now in the possession of the nephew of the late Bishop of Carlisle, from whom it descended. This lake empties it self by a river running south ward, which is now the course of the vale, and in a little more than two miles falls into the great Windemere Lake, passing by Ambleside before it has performed half its course; nothing can be imagin'd more beautiful than this last vale, which in part is flat, and consists of fine meadows and woods of rising ground and hillocks adorn'd with trees, and when it comes to Ambleside, the feet of the low hills on each side, as they are in comparison of the high mountains at the north end of the vale, almost meet, and all is so beautiful with hillocks, wood, houses, pasturage and corn, as exceed any thing I ever saw. Ambleside is on the side of the hill, and tho' a market town it appears like a large Swiss village; a considerable rivulet passes through the town, over which there is a bridge, which with a great noise tumbles down from the hills to the east, from which I conjectured it falls near 500 feet into the river; towards the top are several considerable falls, almost perpendicular, one being about twenty feet, another forty and another sixty, and the water has wore the rock into a cavity where it runs down, and has formed deep holes at the bottom. It runs in a narrow dale between the hills, which is so covered with wood that unless one descends to the brow of the cliff one does not see the water. Below these falls it may run near 300 feet of perpendicular heigth into the river. There are red and fallow deer in the mountains near, belonging to Mr. Hazel of Dalemain near Perith; there are also red deer on a mountain towards White-haven called Scoffeild-Rana, they belong to the king, and are under an officer

called a Bow-bearer. The males of the red deer are distinguished for the first seven years by a particular name for every sort ; the first, they are called a calf, the second, a chub, the third, a bracket, the fourth, a spade, the fifth, a stager, the sixth, a stag, and the seventh, a hart. The female is called the hind. If the king hunts a hart and it escapes he is called a royal hart, and there is a penalty for any one who kills him. Every year is distinguished by an additional branch to the horn, and after seven years it begins to bend a little towards the face, so that when they grow very old they bend in very much, and they are said to live 100 years. The fallow deer are distinguished by their horns only for six years ; the first, they are call'd a fawn, the second, a prich, the third, a sower, the fourth, a sowerel, the fifth, a buck of the first head, the sixth, a buck. The female is call'd the doe.

Ambleside is twenty-eight miles from White haven, seventeen from Perith, and twenty-eight from Lancaster. At the mouth of the river, which falls into the Windemere Lake, is a place called Bownis, where many antiquities have been found, and there is a fossee which encompasses a piece of ground of about 100 yards one way and 160 on the other, which was probably the old .
About a quarter of a mile from Ambleside, to the north-east in a bog on the hill called Gale moore, was found about six years ago a spear, an halbert, a sword, and battle ax, all in brass, which were purchased by one Mr. Bertie, of Cumberland. At a place called Witherslate, in Lancashire, there is a salt spring which is used medicinally, and I was informed there were crayfish in most of the rivulets here, and tench in a standing water call'd Basebrown, in Great Langdale. All the mountains have different names: Clay-hill is one of the highest ; Fairfield is another. Two miles beyond that is Helvellen, to the north-east, and beyond that is Cotstecass, over Ulles water, on the mountains called Ribserees, which is one of the highest: there is a cave and a great eccho in it. Near the mouth of the river which falls into Windemere Lake a river

empties it self, called the Brether; this receives two rivulets, which from the villages and their respective vales are called Litle Langsdale and Great Langsdale. In the latter they have a quarry of slate and flags, which rise in very large pieces. The Brether and Little Langsdale, part of the lake, and Winster divide Lancashire from Westmoreland. But as fine as the country is about Ambleside, the Lake of Windemere and the ground about it exceeds it in beauty: it is ten computed miles in length, which, I believe, may be not much less than twenty measured, and it may be in some parts near two miles broad; the first half extends from Ambleside, from the north-west to the south-east; the other part makes a turn to the south-west. Between these two parts of the lake is a large island, consisting of thirty or forty acres, and some other small islands, which cover the south part of the lake. In the great island one Mr. Floyer, a Roman Catholick, is lately come from Coventry to live in a retired way. The islands and the low hills all round the lake are beautifully improv'd in pasturage, corn fields, and with woods; and the higher hills appearing over them make it one of the most delightful scenes I have beheld. Towards the north end there is a horse-ferry across the lake; this water empties it self into the sea at the Bay of Lancaster. We went to this island, where the owner would have entertained us with great hospitality, but we crossed over to Windemere. This lake is famous for the char, and abounds in jack, perch, and eeles, and the large lake-grey trout. On the west side of the lake another rivulet falls into it, from Hested water or lake, which is about a mile long and a quarter of a mile broad; near it is a small town call'd Hawkshead; to the west of that water is a larger call'd Konigstein, which is five computed miles in length. At Winander, it is said, King Eathered slew the two sons of King Eitwold.

From Windemer we went over the heaths for about three miles, till we came into the country call'd Kendal, in which the river Kan and the rivers which fall into it run, and it is a beautiful country. Kendal is a large town, and has a great trade in those

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linsey woolsey stuffs and cottons which are made ¾ wide, at 5*d.* and 7*d.* a yard, which are sent to the West Indies for the use of the slaves. They have also mills for making snuff, paper, and for rasping logwood, and near the town is a house for finishing box irons, which are cast at some distance, and are a manufacture carryed on by patent. There is only one large church in the town, and about half a mile east of the town, on an eminence, is the old castle, now in ruins. They compute that there are about 20,000 people in this town, which is in a very thriving condition, insomuch that four carriers, with several pack horses, are constantly going between this town and London, two of which go by Lancashire and two by Yorkshire. A small mile below Kendal is a farm-house called Watercrook, the river washes three sides of the ground about it, and it must have been some ancient Roman place, for many foundations of buildings, coins, and other antiquities have been found there, and I saw in the yard an altar with a festoon on two sides of it, the other being cover'd by the walls, so as that I could see no sign of an inscription; but I copyed a very imperfect one in the garden.

I went about three miles in this fine country, and then passed over the high heaths, five more, to Kirkby Lanesdale, finely situated on the Lan, which gives name to the Dale, and that a title to Lord Lansdale, who has an estate in this country. This town has some little manufacture of the linsey woolsey.

On the 26th I crossed the Lan, and came in two miles to the Lee, over which is Overbarrow, the seat of my late acquaintance, Mr. Fenwick, of Lincoln's Inn, whose sister's son now enjoys a large estate he left him and a fine new built house. This gentleman received me with great politeness, and presented me with the book written by the late Revd. Mr. Ranthmell, giving an account of the antiquities of this place, which is supposed to be the old Bremetonacae ; it is a place of natural strength on three sides, and I saw what I took to be the remains of an old fossee, now overgrown

with wood to the east. A Roman pavement, an inscription to Sangon, and some utensils, were found here. I passed in a mile through Tonstal, and soon after saw the ruin of Thurland Castle, formerly the estate of a Tonstal, who was killed at the battle of Flowden field, and whose monument is in the church. Two miles more brought us to Hornby Castle, the estate of the late Colonel Chartres, and now of his grandson, Mr. Weemse Chartres, who had begun to make some improvements there. It is a very fine situation, on an eminence over the river Wenning, and was a fine old castle, and the habitation of Edward Stanley, Lord of Mount Eagle, who it may be concluded from his name on it much improved it. This lord was at the battle of Flowden field, and made a vow if he escaped to do some good work ; accordingly he built an octagon tower to the chapel in the village, on which there is this inscription :—E. Stanley, Dñs Mount Egle, me fieri fecit. Half a mile below the town, where the Wenning runs into the Lan, on a rising ground, was a priory, now entirely ruined, and Lord Mount Egle before mentioned was buryed there. At the foot of this hill is a fine spring, which rises up out of the sand, and is inclosed by four stones, which seem to be of the time when the monarchy was in a flourishing condition. The old castle is almost all pulled down, and a modern house built some time ago; but a tower in the middle is repaired, a turret added on the top, and crowned with a fine gilt eagle. I here observed some garlands in the church, and asking the meaning of them I was informed of the northern custom of rush-bearing, which is about St. Jamestide. They fix a garland of flowers to a pole, and tye a bundle of reeds wrapt up in a cloth to the pole, a sufficient quantity according to the size of the church, which are carried by girls, who go two and two, and most of the parish with them ; they carry them to the church, put up the garlands on the skreen between the church and the chancel, and strow the rushes in the seats to keep their feet warm in winter ; this ceremony is concluded with some feasting. In these counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and the north

part of Lancashire, they wear shoes with wooden soles, and many on working days go without stockings. The people of Lancashire and Westmoreland are handsom, and towards the south part of Cumberland; but I think the race on the other side of the mountains are not so well featured.

Wentworth House, in Yorkshire, Aug. 8, 1750.

My last was of the 30th of July from Halifax, in which letter I gave you an account of Hornby Castle. In the afternoon of the 26th I travelled eastward along the Wenning, and crossing over it at Bentham, from Lancashire I came into Yorkshire. There are two villages of that name: at the eastern village there is a well endowed free-school, rebuilt by Mr. Collingwood, and they board here for six pounds a year. We crossed over the heath, and came to Clapham, and coming to the brow of the hill over the vale in which the Ribble rises, a very romantic and agreeable scene opened of high craggy rocks to the left, almost perpendicular, and a fine, uneven, improved country to the south. Out of the foot of these rocks there come three or four considerable streams, large enough to turn a mill; one of them has been remarkable for ebbing and flowing very suddenly and frequently, but I find cannot be reduced to any certainty, and people have been puzzled to find out the cause of it, which may be that at certain times the water may bring up a great deal of sand, and fill some cavity and stop the rise of the spring, and when that sand subsides it may then flow again plentifully. A little further we came to a most pleasant village, called Giggleswick, under these rocks, and very beautifully situated over the Ribble; it is adorned with trees, and there are many good houses in it, and on the other sides are well-improved rising grounds. Crossing the Ribble a little beyond this place, we came in a quarter of a mile to Settle, a little town situated under a high rocky hill, on the lower part of which four stones being placed, they serve as a sun-dial to the country for three or four miles southward, as they know what hour of the morn it is when the

shadow comes to them from nine to twelve. At the top of this hill is a bowling-green, and on the brow of it a delightful situation for a belvidere. Settle is a pretty great thoroughfare, and has a small manufacture of knit stockings. We passed this day near a high hill called Inglebarrow, at the foot of which, near Ingleton, I was informed there was a very curious large cave. On that mountain grow two uncommon plants, the Rosa radix and the Ladies' slipper: on some of the mountains near Settle grows a sort of dwarf bramble, the berry of which they call cloud-berry, and the common people cnute-berry, because they say King Canute when he was in exile in these parts lived on them. This country abounds in dog's mercury and in pimpinella and burnet, which grows wild; there is also a great deal of a large campanula, some blue and some white, and a small dwarf blue campanula, which is very beautiful.

From Settle I went, on the 27th, up the Ribble about three miles, where below a bridge there is a fine cascade, which in two or three breaks falls down about twenty feet; we then crossed the hills to the south-east, and coming in sight of Malham Ptarne [Pond] we went up the hills to the south, and came to what they call the Clatering Syke or Rivlet, which comes out of the side of the hill towards the top of it, in which water that hardly covers the ground there are abundance of Trochi eutrochi, and of the anomiæ shells, as well as masses of them in a thin stone; the case is, there are strata of them in a soft stone, and the water washes them out. These productions do much puzzle naturalists. The trochi are many of them like shuttles, some are round and plain, with little knobs on them like a vegetable shoot, and they are joynted, and separate, and some of them when separated appear square, others round, which are call'd St. Cuthbert's beads; some are an oblong oval, which they call shuttles: the country people call them fairy stones.

From this place we descended to Malham Ptarne, a piece of water which may be near two miles in circumference; there are very good

perch and other fish in it, and the water runs out in a rivlet, which soon divides into two parts, and is lost among the stones, going under ground by what they call two swallows. There are other holes in the mountains which are deep, and litle torrents run into them after rain, and some streams always, except in very dry seasons, and so this water goes under ground and comes out in large streams at the foot of the mountain, and all these are called swallows; and these streams from the Pond are supposed to come out from the east of Malham, where the river Aire comes from under the mountains. Going about a mile to the south we came to what they call Malham Cove; for near that village of Malham, to which there is a steep descent, there are very high perpendicular rocks, which extend to the west, and making a turn to the south, from that stupendous rock falling to the south-east, called the Cove, which is 285 feet high. About 100 feet below the top it forms a sort of an arch, which projects, and occasions the name it has obtained of a cove. At the bottom of it a rivlet comes from under ground supposed to be made by the swallows on the moors. This at Coln fourteen miles off is seen appearing like a white tower. From this place we went near a mile to the east to a natural beauty, still more extraordinary. There is an opening between the mountains which may be between 4 and 500 feet high, half the way up it is very steep, the upper part perpendicular, forming three or four narrow terraces, where it contracts almost to a point; there is an opening which leads to a sort of amphitheatre encompassed with these high perpendicular rocks, with an arcade on each (side ?) so that the rock hangs over, and at the further end there is a fine cascade which may fall about 30 feet perpendicular, and afterwards about as much more in several breaks; this comes from another opening, and advancing you expect to see another cascade at the end of that, but the rocks lock in such a manner that you do not see the end, but one is surprized to see a cascade gushing out of a hole on the left side through which the water has forced its course and fall about twenty feet. This altogether is one of the most

surprizing and beautiful things I ever saw. To the north towards Peictel head are lead mines called Richgrove. To the south-west at Downand they find a sort of christal they call Downand diamonds, something like Bristol stones, but not so hard, and at the foot of Pendle hill near Coln, tis said they find petrifyed crabs. At Bolton hall the same way they have some remains of Henry VI., who lived here some time during his misfortunes, as a pair of bootes made of fine brown leather and lined with an uncommon furr, some spoons that belonged to him and some other things. At Caulton near Kirby Malham dale is the seat of General Lambert's family, where he was born, and in the church is the monument of his son, the last of the family, in which it is mentioned that he was descended in a line from his ancestor in William the Conqueror's time, to whom he was allied by marriage. We went on to Gargrave, where Mr. Rawthmeal, the publisher of the Antiquities of Overbarrow, places a Roman camp, which he supposes to be Julius Agricola's; but on a strict enquiry I could not find it out. On the hills to the north they told me there were ruins called Norton-tower, which they say was to defend the pass. We came to a small town called Skipton, having passed near the village of Carlton, which gave title to a branch of the Burlington family. At Skipton there is a fine old castle formerly belonging to the Earls of Cumberland and to the last of the family who enjoyed it in her own right, the Countess of Pembroke, who repair'd it after it had been destroyed by the Parliament army; it has a grand appearance on the outside and has something of the look of Windsor, and the old furniture remains in it of the Countesses time. In the church are the monuments of the family. First, Henry Clifford, first Earl of Cumberland, who died in 1542; then Henry his son, the 2^{d} Earl, who died in Brougham Castle in 1570; George and Francis, his brothers, successive Earls of Cumberland. Their sister the Countess of Pembroke died at Brougham Castle, and was buried at Appleby. We went to the west, to Bolton-on-the-Wherf; it is the estate of the Earl of Burlington.

28th. We went to see the remains of the old abbey, which was first founded at Emesy, by William Meschines and Cecilia his wife in 1120, and removed to this place by Alicia Rumelee their daughter in 1151. The church is large but irregular, and there is a grand tower built to it in 1156. In the front of it is this inscription: In the yer of our Lord MVCXXRU (?) begann this foundation, on who soul God have mercy, Amen. The grand old gateway is converted into an house for the steward. On the spot of the convent is a free-school founded by the famous Robert Boyle. In Skipton is another founded by the Cliffords; at Settle is another, and almost in every little town: it seeming to have been the humour about a century or two agoe to found such schools for their tenants and others. I here parted with Dr. Taylor, a physitian of Settle, who had accompanied me from that place. I travelled a little way on the south side of the Werf to Adlingham. Lower on that river is Ilkley, supposed to be the ancient Olicana, where the old Roman road passes from Manchester to Aldborow. There is here a famous alum spring, which is of great use in drying up both scrophulous and also old sores, where the constitution is strong enough to bear it. We crossed the moors on the river Aire to Selsden, where there is an old house or hall of the Earl of Thanet. The moors we passed are full of coals, and a horse-load of twenty stone of sixteen pounds each sells for four-pence at the pits. We went along the meadows, and at a little distance from the Aire came to a small market-town called Keightley, situated on a stream called Keightley Beck, or rivlet, which is the northern name for small rivers. This town has a manufacture of woosted, calimancoes, shaloons and stockins; and there is a mill setting up for making the small wares of Manchester.

We ascended the hills and came over the moors to Cullingworth, crossing a stream, close to which rises a mineral water, which from the taste and colour I thought was chalybeat, but I was afterwards told that it rises out of the coal mines, and was not drank, unless to kill worms. I rid on near a mile and came to another stream.

which was whitish, and tinged the stones with a red colour. They told me it was a saiyer (or sewer, as I suppose) from the coal pits. It has a chalybeate taste, but, as there is some marchasite in most coals of a vitriol quality, so it is used phisically only for the purpose mentioned. Enquiring whether they made coperas, I was informed that in some mines there was much of what they called a brass stone, which they sold to a merchant in Hallifax, probably to make copperas. We descended a great way down towards Hallifax, having that fine vale in our view which is watered by the river Calder, and passed through Elingworth, where the Roman road went from Manchester to Aldborrow, and came to Hallifax, situated in a hole on a rivlet call'd the Haleac, and almost entirely encompassed with hills or high ground, especially to the south, on which side the hills rise over it, not unlike the Mount of Olives over Jerusalem, and all the hills are full of coals. The streets are narrow, paved with hewn stone, as St. James's Square. The town is not above a measured mile and half in circumference. Some time ago they computed that there were 8000 souls in the town. They have only one large church, but in the parish, which is of great extent, there are twelve chapels, which are donatives in the disposal of the rector, from 20*l.* to 100*l.* a year, and they have portions of tythes. There are a few Quakers and some Presbyterians in the town. They still show the stage built of stone on which they used to execute with the maid, after the Scotch custom. For when first the woollen manufacture was established here the colliers and others were a very uncivilized people, and stole their clothes from the hooks, and in order to terrifye them a law was made that if any were found guilty they should be executed that way, and they keep the knife in the jayl which was used for this kind of execution. They have a great manufacture in serges and cloths and a very plentifull market, and are all people of business, and tho' it is so large a town it is no corporation. I walked round the town, and on the 29th went to church, and the lecturer desired me to preach, which I did, and Mr. Sleagan, one of their top mer-

chants, invited me to dine. Went to church in the afternoon and drank tea with him, and after I left him found the agreeable young lady he was married to was Counsellor Selwin's sister. I spent the even with the rector Dr. Leigh, who was married three years ago to Mrs. Chenevix sister, whom he has lately buryed without a child.

30th. I went two miles over beautiful low hills, having on every side a delightful prospect of fine improvements on them, and of the finest vales, the high hills and moor or heath country ending about these parts. We came in two miles to Eleen on the Calder, went a mile up that river and passed near Greteland; on the hill of that name near it an altar was found which was formerly in the house of S^r^ John Saville at Bradley, about a mile further, but I found it was removed. This was the house of that famous person who was Warden of Merton, Provost of Eton, and the publisher of St. Chrysostom. I could see nothing about the house, but these two dates 1577 and 1598. I saw in the road a stone with these marks on it, SS · XT, but it seemed to be a rough mountain stone. From Bradley we ascended the hills, and passed by some potteries of coarse ware, for which they have a proper clay here. We descended to Huttinfield, a little town, and came up the hill to another called Almondbury, vulgarly Ambury, about a mile to the south-east. It is what they call the Castle Hill, which is a very strong place. The whole top of the hill is strongly fortifyed. To the north a narrow steep part of the hill is defended by fossees near thirty feet high; the rest of the summit is divided in two by a fossee; a plain part below about thirty paces broad is defended likewise by a fossee, and so is a narrow part which extends to the south-west. There seems to have been a winding way up as from the town of Almondbury. This place is thought to be the old Cambodunum. Returning to the town I went on towards Wakefield, and passed by a pretty improvement of S^r^ John Kays. Wakefield is situated on a rising ground, where a small rivlet falls into the Calder, which runs at a little distance from the town. There is one fair church in it with

a steeple, which is seen at distance from the east. The town may be about a mile in circumference, and there have been many good houses built in it of late years, the manufacture of serge and cloth being carried on here very briskly. I walked a mile to Heath, a very fine high situation over the river, and round a green. There are several very pleasant houses built in the green by gentlemen of fortune. But what led me here was to see an academy, established about the year 1740, where they are taught every thing for education, except rideing, viz. Latin, Greek, Experimental Philosophy, French, Dancing, Fencing. The boarding price is ten guineas a year, and they pay for what they learn. When the master has his compliment, 130, the others board abroad, but are subject to the same rules; however, the greater part of them that go to this place are bred to business. From this place I descended a mile to the south-west to Sandal, which is a mile from Wakefield. In the road to this town is the spot where Richard Duke of York was slain in battle, the father of Edward IV., who caused a cross to be erected on the spot, which was thrown down in the Civil Wars of the last century, and now it is enclosed with so litle distinction as that it appears only to be a small triangular field by the side of the road. Edward IV. also built a chapel on this bridge which now remains, I suppose to pray for the soul of his father and of those slain with him, which is still standing, and is a beautiful piece of Gothic architecture, with history pieces in relief over the three doors, a print of which has been engraved. On the Free School here is this inscription, "Schola Reginae Elizabethae builded by George Savile and by Thomas Savile his son."

31st. I went six computed miles to Leeds, which is finely situated on the river Aire, a town of great trade in every branch of the woollen trade, but principally in cloths of the price of 2*s.* 6*d.* to 7*s.* a yard. The market every Thursday and Saturday, in summer at 6, in winter at 7 in the morning. On one side of the street, where four rows of forms are placed and extending about 200

yards in length, on which they have their cloth, and great sums are contracted for in one hour with very few words, the buyer asking the price, then bidding in answer, and the other then setts his price, and the buyer, if he likes it, orders it to be sent to such a place. A bell rings before the market begins, and to put an end to it, and this is a curiosity many people go to see. They have also a very fine market for all sorts of provisions, and especially the shambles are well provided. I went to see the three churches in the town. St. John's was built by Mr. John Harrison, alderman, whose picture is in the church. He built likewise a charity school, a free school, and an hospital for 40 people, and died in 1651.

The new church is an handsome Dorick building with a spire. In St. Peter's is buryed Thoresby the antiquarian, who writ the Antiquities of Leeds, and died in 1729; but I find no account of the Savile family here, as some books mention, I suppose by mistake. The coal pits come close to their houses; and there is a large fire engine for raising the water. This advantage and the great command they have of water is of great service to their manufactory. Two miles below Leeds is Temple Newsom, formerly a commanderie of the Knights Templars, and now the seat of the Lord Irwing of Scotland. They have in all this country from Skipton and on to the south-east a sort of causeway made of hewn free stone, about 18 inches broad and a yard long, which are laid across the ways, so the road is but three feet wide and not very secure for horses not used to it, tho' not apt to slip by reason of the softness of the stone. On these they ride when the roads are bad, as they are in most parts after rain.

I visited Mr. Wilson, the antiquarian, and went to visit another curious person, Dr. Milner, a physitian, who was out of town. I went two miles above Leeds to Kirkstall Abbey, commonly call'd Cristal, founded in 1147 by Henry Lacy, Baron of Pontefract, for monks of the Cistertian Order, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It is on the river, and the church is a very grand edifice, and particularly the tower, which is about 35 feet square, and seems to

have given the hint for the tower of York Cathedral, which is probably the largest and the finest in the world. It seems to be of much later date than the body of the church. There are three chapels on the east side of each of the cross isles, and there are eight arches which separate the body of the church from each of these isles. The stone which covered the altar now standing is eleven feet long and five broad. There are signs of a fish pond to the river, and remains of great buildings to the south of the church, and the gate way is turned into a farm house. From this place I crossed the country towards the river Wherf, and saw on the other side of it at some distance a remarkable hill called Clarendon High Cliff, and on this side the river Arthington Hall, now a ruin, and ascended up to Harwood, and in the church I saw the fine monuments of the Gascoigne family, and particularly of that judge S^{r} William, who committed the prince, afterwards Henry V. to prison. On the monument are the couchant statues of him and his lady; he has a plain cap on his head, with short hair just coming over the fore top; his belt hangs down before, a purse on his left side and a dagger on the right, and the lady has a fine square head dress. On the south side of the church is such another monument to his father and mother; round it in small alt reliefs are their nine sons and six daughters, about 18 inches high. The first S^{r} William, I suppose, has his dagger held up in his hand, and a halbert rested on the ground; the rest have their daggers to their sides. Near this is another tomb of S^{r} Thomas Nevil, who married the judge's niece. Then there is such another tomb of the judge's grandfather and grandmother and another of the Rider family. Thorn, near this place, is the residence of the Lascelles family. The old castle near is a very plain strong building; it is towards the top of the hill, looking to the river. I crossed over the Wherf, and went over the Heath to Knaresburgh.

P.S.—From Knaresburgh, on the 1st, I saw Harigate waters and the Roman pigs of lead at S^{r} J^{no} OGilbys, who shewed 'em

me with great civility. Dined there, came to Burrowbridge, saw the wonderful obelisks like Stonehenge, and went half a mile to Aldborrow and saw the old Roman town there.

2d. I went to York, and being the Archbishop's publick day at Bishops Thorp, I rid two miles and dined with his Grace, Dr. Drake; and the Rev. Mr. Wickam, poor Gibsons brother in law, spent the evening with me.

3. I saw the cathedral and castle, dined at an ordinary, at which we had S^{r} J^{no} Kays company, and rid nine miles to Tadcaster, a Roman place; saw some old remains.

4. I saw Mr. Fox's Bramham, which is very fine abroad, came to Berwick, where the Kings of Northumberland lived, passed through Aberforths and Ledsom, and dined at Castleforth, where I traced some thing of the Roman town; went on, saw Pomfret Castle, and lay at Wrabye [Wragby?].

5. Saw S^{r} Rowland Wynne's fine new house there, called Nostal, went to church at Royston, and came through to Barnesley to the Earl of Strafford's, where I dined and lay, the Earl showing me all his improvements within and without with great politeness.

6. I walked and reviewed all again, and after breakfast set out, and went six measured miles to Wentworth House. The Marquis of Rockingham invited me to dinner, and my lady very politely engaged me to stay all night. I went with them to my Lady's wood, where there is a little house in which a batchelor might live, offices under ground. We walked round the wood, drank tea, and returned, and my lady engaged me to dine that day in the wood. She is the great Earl of Nottingham's daughter.

7. A terrible day, spent most of it in the fine library. Went in

the evening to see the poultry, the kine, the greenhouse, &c., and my lady engaged me to stay the next day and dine in the wood. Lord Malton, the eldest son, near of age abroad, three daughters marriagable here. I hope to be in London in ten dayes, and you shall have ten daies notice of my coming down; but write now directed to me at Mr. Gataher's in Great Grosvenor Street.[a]

Cambridge, Aug. 15, 1750.

Knaresborough is situated on the river Nid which falls into the Youre between Borrowbridge and York. The banks here on the each side of the Nid are very high, on the north side on which the town stands it is a perpendicular cliff, on the other side the steep ascent is covered with wood, and on that side there is a walk near the river, which is beautifully shaded with wood; on one side of that wood is the famous dropping spring, where a small rivlet runs towards the river, and passing thorough a free stone rock it acquires a petrifying or rather incrusting quality, covering with the particles of the free stone whatever lies in its way. A vast piece of this rock fell down about forty years ago, but so joyns to the rivlet that the water diffuses it self all through it and drops or falls down in a thousand little streams all round from the top of the pendant rock, and makes one of the most beautiful and extraordinary appearances I ever saw. The lower parts of the rock are covered with several sorts of green mosses, many of which are incrusted, but some remain green, and as hard as if frozen. Where it drops, it forms likewise various grotesque figures even to the bottom of the river; and one of the comical productions of it are petrifyed periwigs, which actually become incrusted by leaving them in a proper nidus under the water. From the situation described of this town it must be imagined that it is very delightful and singular, and on one part over the cliff are the ruins of the fine old castle, which was destroyed

[a] The postscript of this letter is covered over in the manuscript with thin paper, as not being intended for publication. The matters mentioned, however, seem worthy of record, though fuller details of some of them appear in the succeeding letter.

by Oliver Cromwell. There is a most beautiful walk to the high cliff to the west over the river, to the house of S^{r} Henry Sligsby, called Scriven-hall ; and at the other end of the town on the north side at the bottom of the cliff is Robert's Chapel, which is a small room with an altar and niches all cutt out of the rock: there are four barbarous heads in relief, and a figure in the same taste on one side of the door without. Near the dropping well is the sign of Mother Shipton, who as tradition saies was born here, which is signifyed by these lines,—

Near to this petrifying well
I first drew breath, as records tell.

This town and the villages round it carry on a great manufacture of coarse linnen clothes and huckabacks, from 10^{d} to 20^{d} a yard; and many of the people who drink the waters of Harigate lodge here ; and they have a long room for the people to meet in.

To the west of the town is Scotten-moore, where there is a camp which some call a Roman camp, but whatever it is Oliver Cromwell certainly encamped there, and it is more probable that it was made by him. On the other side of the river is the Forest-moore, from which they say one may go all the way on such ground to Scotland without opening a gate.

From Knaresborough I went two miles to the south-west to upper Harigate; on this forest or heath are two medicinal springs, with houses, a long room, and accomodation for water-drinkers, where any one can lodge and board for one and eight pence a day, breakfast excepted, which they commonly take at the long room. At lower Harigate, but a quarter of a mile, all except tea for 1^{s} a day. At upper Harigate, the two springs were first called the Tiffet Wells, and all went by the name of Knaresborough Waters, but now the western well is called the old well; over that there is a small stone work made in 1656, about which time these waters first came in request ; and a book was writ about them, which some person meeting with about 20 or 30 years ago, brought these waters

again into request, which had been neglected for many years. This is a chalybeate spring, and they told me was good for stone, gravel, and consumption. To the south-east of this is such another well which is now called the Tiffet Well; it is weaker but a lighter water than the other, and has the same virtues. To the south of this is an house, where there is a cold spring, which is esteemed the best cold bath in England. I then went to lower Harigate, where there are three springs, only a few yards apart; they are called the stinking wells, by reason that the water is very nauseous and stinks; for the virtues I refer to the book sold at Harigate which describes them; they use these stinking waters for bathing, and boyl half the quantity they bathe in, to which they put so much more that it is cold, and when they come out of it they go to bed and sweat an hour. From this place I went to a large village called Ripley on the Nid, where S^{r} John Ingilby lives in an old house, but he has a great curiosity in it, which is two pigs of lead, three foot eight inches long, four inches broad at top, six at bottom and four inches deep. They were found at Heshey moore two miles from Peitley bridge, near the mines of Greenow hill, and on the top of them is this inscription, IMP. CAES DOMTANO XXG. COS. VII.; on the side this inscription BRIG. The inscription on the side is an abbreviation of Brigantes, the name of the people of this country.

What is very remarkable is, that the 7th Consulship of Domitian is the very year that Julius Agricola came into Britain. This is also a proof that the Britains had worked in the lead mines before this time, and it is supposed that the lead marked in this manner was for the use of the Romans. They have reason to think that many more of them were found, but concealed by the people who found them. One of these pigs weighs eleven stone one pound, and the other a pound more.

There is a school here founded out of the fortune of two maiden ladies of this family. From Ripley I went seven miles to Boroughbridge on the Youre, a little above the place where the Swale falls

into it. In this rode I saw Rippon, and all that country I travelled through when I went last through the north part of Yorkshire into Ireland.

In the meadows at the entrance of Burroughbridge are those three obelisks which are something like the stones at Stonehenge; they are engraved in Drake's *Account of Yorkshire*. The first I came to is about twenty feet high, four broad one way, and four feet six another; there is one thing particular, which is, on each side there are from two to five or six fissures or rather channels, as to put ropes in, and there is an unevenness in the tops of them, according as these channels run. They are of a gritty sandy stone, and there is such a quarry near. The second is about eighteen feet high, five broad one way and four feet six inches the other. The third is seven feet and a half one way and four feet six the other, and this is about an hundred yards from the other, as that may be two hundred from the first. They are not in a line, but rather make part of a circle, and probably were erected in memory of some great action, it being a proper spot for a battle; or it may be an antient temple of the Druids or rather British deitys. The common people call them the Three Sisters, and some the Devil's Arrows. Burrow bridge, tho' a poor town without any trade or manufacture, sends members to Parliament, and has a church in it which is a chapel to Aldborow, a mile to the south-east of it, which is the site of the ancient Isurium Brigantum. I traced the fossee of the old town, and found it to be about six hundred yards from north to south, and four hundred and eighty from east to west. The wall was built of the red free stone, and it is said was twelve feet thick; it was on a foundation of pebble stones laid in a blew clay; and in many parts they have broke up the foundation of the wall to get the stones for building. To the north there is a great slope of about eighty yards, as if it were the natural situation of the ground.

To the east there are two mounds one without the other, which is I suppose what some persons have called a camp. On the south side there are some marks of a double fossee. Many coins of the low

empire are found here, and they have discovered four or five Roman pavements all of which except one lately found are engraved in Drake's *Yorkshire;* and at the east end of the church they have found several copper heads of those little weapons which seem to be made to be fitted into a handle for an offensive weapon, being shap'd at the top something like an axe. Several ornaments also have been found of brass, and I met with some thing of a white mettal. They showed me likewise the head of a large bellied jarr with an handle, which was about six inches diameter at the top, and I saw also part of a large entablature with holes in it to receive champs of iron. It is said that this town was burnt by the Danes. There is a part of the place called Roadgate, from which the Roman way went to Caractonium, which road may be seen in the meadows called Brigates.

On the 2nd of August I came seventeen measured miles from Aldborrow to York, through a very fine country; being the Archbishop's publick day, I rid two miles to Bishopsthorpe and dined with his Grace, and came to York in the evening.

3rd. I reviewed the Cathedral, which, in the structure of the walls and windows and in the large tower, exceeds all cathedrals I ever saw. Salisbury exceeds it in the fineness of the pillars and the spire; Winchester in the grand ascent to the quire; Strasburgh in the fine open work of the tower and spire; but I think it may be called the glory of all Gothick churches, or, as some body express'd it, the queen of Gothick buildings. It is fully described in Dr. Drake's *Yorkshire,* in which are the prints of it, except the crypt or undercroft, which Mr. Drake has made no mention of, but deserve notice, as they are, undoubtedly, the remains of Archbp Egbert's church, and are a fine specimen of Saxon building. I also went to see the castle: the tower there consists of three semicircles and a grand entrance; but the new built jayl a Dorick half H, with a chapel, exceeds all buildings I ever saw of that kind, for

the conveniency of the prisoners, who have liberty of a court, between the wings. The other parts of York I described to you in my last tour this way. I set out in the afternoon to Tadcaster, situated on the Wherf, over which there is a fine bridge of five arches. At the north side of the town there are marks of an old castle or Danish fort, which consists of a mount and some outworks to the west and south.

4th. I went a mile to the north of the town, on the river to Kelebar-hill, which is supposed to retain something of the name of the ancient Callcaria, which was in this neighbourhood. I soon came to Newtown Kime, on the other side of which village they find many coins towards the ford, which, if I mistake not, they call Helensford. From Newtown Kime I went two miles to the village of Bramham, and a mile further to Mr. Fox's Bramham house, late L^{d} Bingley's, whose heiress he married; it is a handsome house and offices built of hewn stone; but it is on account of the improvements abroad that this place is resorted to; behind the house are walks with very high hedges on each side, and a terrace goes round great part of the improvement fenced with a haha wall; one comes round to a Dorick building, like the front of a temple, and then to a Gothick building not quite finished; and so one descends to the water, from which there is an avenue to the house, and another up to a round Ionick temple, something in imitation of the Temple of Hercules at Tivoli. There are two or three basons of water, which fall into a larger, and that falls by a cascade twenty feet into another bason, from which there is a valley that might be improved into a fine serpentine river. There is a considerable ascent to the aforesaid temple, and from that there are three or four vistos, one of which is terminated by a Dorick building, something like the portico of Covent Garden church; and to the west of the garden, in the park, is a thatched house, to which the family sometimes go for variety, and take some refreshments. From this place I went about two miles to Berwick on-Elmet, the place of

residence of the ancient Kings of Northumberland. The fossee round the old town is very plain, which may be about a quarter of a mile long from east to west, and about a furlong from north to south ; at the south-west corner was the castle, a high mount, called Hall Tower, with remains of the old works to the west and south. But the tradition is that the kings resided at Poltston, where there is a farm house which we saw half a mile before we came to this place, where there are foundations of old walls and marks of fish ponds. At Berwick church there is a statue of a person in armour holding something very large in his hands, and the sculpture is not bad; under it is an inscription in Gothick characters, and I discovered the date of 1455. In the church is an handsom Ionick monument made in Italy, the pillars of which are of Iallo of Siena; it was erected in memory of S^{r} John Gascoigne by his son S^{r} Edward, who is lately dead, the seat of the family being at Parlington, near this place. Aberforth is above a mile from this place, and I observed all along from that place a high bank thrown up, which I was told extended to Sherbourne from Patterson, where the man told me they said a king formerly resided. From Aberforth we went on the high Roman road for about two miles, near to Leedsom, the seat now of the Earl of Huntington, and formerly of Lady Betty Hastings, the only child of the daughter of S^{r} Jno. Lewis, a great East India merchant, who purchased this estate. It is a large old house very finely situated on the heigth about a mile from the river Aire. To the west, on the plain, is Kipax, where S^{r} John Bland is building a fine house. I came to Castleforth, on the Aire, a little below the place where the Calder falls into it; this was the old Legetium, called also Lagetium. I traced some remains of the old fossee in the fields near the ford, to which the Roman road came from about Kipax; some part they call the Castle field; and in a common field called Bean field they frequently find Roman coins. In the hill above the town there were formerly great coal works and a glass house; but the coal failing, the glass manufacture was discontinued. I ascended up

the hills, and had a fine view of the country to the east, in which I saw many small towns, as Brotherton, where Margaret, Queen to Edward I., when she was hunting, happened to fall in labour, and was brought to bed of Thomas of Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk and Marshal of England. From Haslewood one may see the cathedrals of York and Lincoln, and under it is the quarry called Petresport, out of which the stone was dug with which York cathedral was built. And near Towton was a famous battle in 1461, as some say 100,000 on each side, in which the House of Lancaster was defeated. Near Pontefract, I passed by an old castle, called New Hall, which belonged to the late Archb^{p} Daws. I saw the ruins of the famous castle of Pontefract, which commands a fine view of the country; besides the castle, there was a modern fortification about the town; it was destroyed by Oliver Cromwell. They show the round tower where Richard II. was murder'd. They have fine quarries of free stone in this country. I went four miles to Wrexby, near which is an old monastery call'd Nostal, turned into a mansion house now belonging to S^{r} Rowland Wynne, but almost destroyed, as he has built a large new house near it, which is the most convenient I have seen; there are two grand staircases, one leading to the apartments in the attick story for the family, the other for strangers, and back stairs communicating with one of the others, and leading up to the garrets for servants; there are about ten rooms on a floor, and the grand offices on one side are finished.

6. I went four miles to Royston to church; and, going through Barnsley, two miles further, I came in two miles to Wentworth Castle, the seat of the Earl of Strafford, called in the maps Staynberhall. I waited on his Lordship, and found there his lady, Lady Mary Cook, and Col. Campbell, very nearly related to the Duke of Argyle, and I think the next heir after his father. His lordship in the evening showed me all his improvements. The house is in the park, and the offices and kitchen garden, to the west, are hid by plantations. The house is built to part of an old house, which is

not seen from the avenue. There are fifteen windows in each story in front; the lower story is a grand apartment of six or seven rooms, the door cases of which are all of marble. Over it is a fine gallery, 180 feet long and 24 broad; a square is divided from it at each end by an open colonade of Corinthian pillars of the grey marble of Carrara, and between them and the wall are four statues on pedestals of the same marble. They are copies of ancient statues in marble brought from Rome by the present earl; they are the Apollo of Medici, Lucilla with the attributes of Ceres, the Systrum and Urn, and Antinous; and behind the house is wood and walks with high hedges in the wilderness way, and to the east a grand lawn up the hill, with such wilderness on the other side of it and a bowling green at top. This lawn is terminated at top with an obelisk, the model of that of the Porta del Popolo at Rome, and beyond it is a low wall built with battlements; and to the west, on the site of an old Danish fort, which was defended by a double ditch, the late lord built a castle with four towers and a grand gateway, over which there is a fine room. In the middle of the court the present earl erected the statue of his father, on a pedestal, all in marble, executed by Rysbrack, with a Latin inscription on it; over it is a canopy supported by four Corinthian pillars of free stone.

This castle commands a very fine view of the country to the south, a fine improved uneven country as far as the hills of Derbyshire. To the north-west an opening which extends as far as the hills beyond Halifax; to the north-east a very beautiful opening all along the course of the river Don. Returning to the house, there is a great lawn to the east, bounded to the north by a serpentine river, which is to be brought across the avenue to the house, and a bridge to be built over it. From this there is a suite of pools of water down to the vale below, all the works of the present earl, and in great taste. At the east end of the serpentine river is a round Ionick temple, on the plan of the Temple of Hercules at Tivoli. A little below it is an opening to an obelisk, and to the east a hill covered with large oaks. To the south-east of the house beyond

the lawn is a wood, in the middle of which is a circular lawn, where the present earl has erected a Corinthian pillar, in imitation of that of St Maria Majore at Rome, with this inscription on the pedestal: "To the memory of his Grace John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, this column was dedicated in 1744." On the top of the pillar is the statue of Fame. From this there is a riding towards Wentworth House, in which there is a very fine spring and a little summer house built over it. This riding extends as far as two miles from the house, with mile stones set up, it being the road to Wentworth House, the Marquis of Rockinghams, to which I went on the 7th. After having reviewed all these fine improvements of the Earl of Strafford, I passed by Tankersley Park, where there is an old ruined mansion house. Here the Marquis of Rockingham has red deer, and it is a very fine park. We came to Wentworth church, in which the Wentworth family are buryed. First, Thomas Wentworth, Esq., who died in 1587, then his son, S^{r} William Wentworth, father of the Earl of Strafford, who was beheaded, and near it is the monument of that earl. He mortgaged some of this estate, as they say, in the service of the Crown, which was lost to the family, and the attainder was taken off and the estate restored at the Restoration; and the son of that earl, if I do not mistake, had two sons, one to whom the title descended, the other had the estate of Staynberhall, &c.; which son, or the grand son, dying without issue, the title descended to Staynberhall; but the whole estate of the elder family was left to Mr. Thomas Watson, a sister's son and father to the present Marquis of Rockingham. I went a mile further to Wentworth House, where the marquis invited me to dinner, and I was engaged to stay there three days by the great civility and politeness of the marchioness, daughter to the great Earl of Notingham. And here is one of the greatest improvements made by one person who has purchased in this county, notwithstanding this immense expence, 2000*l.* a year. The house, except a little piece of the old house, was all built by the present Marquis, who, till the death of the Marquis of Rock-

ingham, was Earl of Malton and Viscount Higham. It is a grand building round three courts, with offices on each side in a line with it. There is an ascent to the grand portico, which is two pillars in depth, and leads to a saloon sixty feet square and forty-five high, on each side of which is a grand apartment of three or four rooms beside three or four lesser rooms behind them, none of which are finished. A gallery and a library make part of the side building, which look backward into the garden. In the gallery are the originals of Lord Strafford and his secretary, Archbishop Laud, and Mr. Gascoign, a famous antiquary, who lived to a great age, and is drawn in his beard and grey hairs, and a very fine figure; all these are capital pieces of Vandyke. In the library the marquis has a valuable collection of books, an orrery, globes, reflecting telescope, and every thing that is curious relating to astronomy and geometry, and a piece of antiquity I never saw before, called the Shepherd's Block; it is of yew, about two feet long and three inches square, it was the contrivance for an almanack before printing. At each corner the days of three months are marked by notches, the Sundays distinguished by a larger notch, and the signs are cut for each month. It is of the same kind with the Staffordshire Clogg, engraven and described at large by Dr. Platt in his *Nat. History* of that county, used by the common people in the moor lands at this day. There is a handsome chapel, where they have prayers every morning between ten and eleven. The front of the house is of free stone, the back part of brick, with window cases and pilasters of free stone. To the back of the house is a lawn with four obelisks in it, a visto beyond them, and on each side high hedges, a wood, and a wilderness. The lawn extends to the left to a grand terrace which goes all round this improvement. At the south-west corner over the road is an open Ionick temple; beyond it is a large meadow in which some kine are kept. On one side a green house and very pleasant pavilion with a room at the back of it; on the other side is the dairy, the poultry, &c., and some rooms furnished where they used to dine and drink tea before another

improvement was made, which I shall describe. Among the game they have the ruffs and rees, the former cocks, the latter hens, which are caught in the fens of Lincolnshire. They come in the spring, and go away in the winter. They are nourished with rice and other food to fatten them, and are brought from the fens at a guinea a dozen, and are very delicate food, having the finest wild-fowl flavour. They are bigger than the largest snipe, with a strait bill about two inches long. There is a bird called a gotwit, which is near as big as a woodcock, and with a bill about three inches long; these they some times bring with them, but they do not thrive in confinement. To the north-east of the front of the house is a part of the park, from which, through two or three fields, one ascends to an height covered with wood, on the summit of which the marquis has lately erected a pyramidal building very near an hundred feet high. It is on a base about forty feet square and fifteen high; on this the pyramid is built, which has rather the diminution and an obelisk. There is a geometrical staircase to the top of it, which is crown'd with a cupola, round which is a gallery without that projects about two feet all round. The whole is built of free stone with two windows on every side but one, which light the staircase. Over the door is this inscription: "This Pyramidal Building was erected by his Majesty's most dutiful subject, Thomas Marquis of Rockingham, &c., in grateful respect to the protector of our religion, laws, and liberties, King George the Second, who by the blessing of God, having subdued a most unnatural rebellion in Britain, 1746, maintains the ballance of power and settles an honourable peace in Europe 1748."

The top of this building commands a very fine view of the country, and from it they can see the cathedral of York. Close to it is a grotto cut out of the rock, and prettily adorned as an hermitage, and they have a room for prospect on the heigth, to which the family some times go for an agreeable variety. Opposite to the front of the house, on a heigth, is lately built a rustick Dorick octagon temple, which is turned with arches. This is so placed that

the hill which rises too high may be lowered, so as to open a view for three hundred yards, and in some parts eighteen feet in depth; but this is a work which it is thought may cost 10,000*l*. On the left are the large stable offices, which are old, and beyond them the kitchen garden and greenhouse, where they raise as good watermelons as I have eaten abroad, and they have had the moseh in great perfection, which I met with in Egypt; they are here known by the name of bananah. A wood to the south-west is the improvement of the marchioness. In it is an house with a large room, two smaller offices under, and here the family dine often in summer. There is a walk on the south and west with a litle serpentine river and a bridge, several winding walks through the wood, and a view made by a moss hermitage. There is a skittle ground for the youth to divert them selves, not to omit a beautiful temple to Cloacina with a portico round it, supported by columns made of the natural trunks of trees. I must not omit an invention for gravel walks, where they have no gravel, which is of sand, a red cinder of coals, and the spar of the lead mines, blue and white, broken into small pieces laid on it, which does very well. A large walk made behind the house is of gravel brought from Blackheath, near Greenwich.

P.S.—I fear to make the packets too heavy, so send this on. The 10th Dr. Wells, M.D., accompanied me to Rotheram, to a Roman place, Temple burgh, to Mr. Drake's, at Freetown, to L^{d} Holdernesses house at Ashton, and to Keighton, the Duke of Leeds, where he went off, and I saw the Duke of Norfolk's house, near Worshop, in Nottingham shire, and lay at Worksop.

11th. I saw the Duke of Norfolk's fine park, Welbeck, Lady Oxford's fine pictures, and a house, many rooms of which they are adorning with Gothick architecture, Thoresby, the Duke of Kingston's fine park, Mr. Meadows here and his lady, dined near, passed by a large house and large park of S^{r} George Savile's, called Rufford; lay at Southwell.

12. Saw the collegiate church, rid to Beauvoir Castle, the Duke of Rutlands, in Leicester shire, a fine situation, dined at Suston, crossed all Rutland shire, lay at Stamford, in Northampton shire, part of the town being in Lincoln shire, so have been this day in five counties.

13. Went to church at St. Martin's, where the Burleigh family are buried. I dined, and came in the evening to Stilton, in Huntington shire. Let me know what you want in London. I believe it will be three weeks before I get to you.

14. I went to Hinchinbrook. L^{d} and Lady Sandwich in London. Saw the little ones, Lady Mary, 3 Master Montague, 5 fine children. Went to Bugden. Just as I alighted and was going to the Bp. of Lincoln, his coach and 4 came out. They were going to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Addeat you saw at Sowley. I went with them, returned, spent the evening at the Bishop's.

15. Called again at Hinchinbrook, and rid on the whole 20 miles to this place. To-morrow or next day I go to Mr. Lethieuliers, and I believe shall be in London on Saturday.

Aldersbrook, near Ilford, Essex,
Aug. 18, 1750.

On the 10th I went four measured miles from Wentworth house to Rotherham, which has its name from the river Rother, on which it is situated, and by which there is navigation from the Don for large barges, by means of locks. This river is supposed to have its name from the red earth it runs through. There is a very handsome Gothick church in the town with a good spire. Thomas of Rotherham, Archbishop of York, and Bp. Saunderson, were born here. About a mile beyond the town is Temple brugh, which appears plainly to have been a Roman town; the circuit within the

fossee is about 160 yards square, there being an entrance as in the middle, only on the east and west, and this is called Castle guard. A natural bank to the north is call'd Temple brugh, there seems on the south side to have been a double fossee. On the other side of the river, a little higher, is Kemberworth hill, from which I was informed a fossee and bank goes to Kemberworth, to Grape brook, to Hoff, and so over the Common to Swinton, and so to Mexburgh, which hill is probably by mistake in Camden called Windobank Hill, and the bank call Kempbank instead of Kemberworth bank, as it is described in the same way to Swinton and Mexburgh. Near this place is Connisborough, the British Caer Conan, where Richard Plantagenet Duke of York was born. Before the entrance to it is a barrow which they call Hengist's tomb. In the church is a curious monument, which is a room built of blue marble with reliefs on it; and there are remains of the castle on the hill. We were within three miles of Sheffield, famous for its iron-wares as well as for the imprisonment of Mary Queen of Scots, under the care of the Duke of Shrewsbury. I went on to the south-east, and soon passed by a Glass-house, as I was informed, for white-glass and bottle; and coming up to Freetown I called on Dr. Drake, the minister of the parish, a person well versed in antiquities of the country, and brother to Dr. Drake of York, who published an account of Yorkshire. We went on to Ashtown, an old seat of the Darcey family, belonging now to the Earl of Holderness, and some of them are buryed in the church. It is a good old mansion house and a pleasant park. We went on to Keighton, the seat of the Duke of Leeds, which is a very grand house with suitable offices, in the taste of the latter end of the last century. There are a great number of very fine pictures in it; one of Philip 2 of Spain by Titian, may be reckoned among the finest in the word. There is also the Grand Duke of Tuscany dictating to Matchiavel, which is a very good piece. There arealso several ancient statues, which have been mutilated, they are about three feet six inches high, one of the finest is what they call a young Nero. From this place I went by a

ruined church called Skitley, which seemed to be of very great antiquity, and without any window in the body of it. I went on to Worksop Mannor, the seat of the Duke of Norfolk in Nottingham shire, and went a mile further to the town of Worksop, a pleasant situation and a pretty little country town. Near it is the old abbey, which, I was informed, was founded in 1103 (being dependant on that of Welbeck) by Farnivals, who is buryed in St. Mary's chappel to the south, to whom the mannor of Worksop did belong. His daughter was married into a family from which it descended to the Dukes of Norfolk. The east part of the church is down, and there are two towers at the west end, and the oldest king's arms in England in any church, being of the date of 1626, and not taken down in the Civil Wars of the last century. The Duke of Norfolk has not many houses in Worksop, but they are mostly freeholds.

11th. I saw the Duke's house, which they say was built by that Countess of Salisbury who was married to Ld. Arundel, if I mistake not, the same who lived abroad. It is built with a round turret at each end, and two square turrets rising up in the building, which give it a grand look like a castle at a distance, but it has been altered in the front and sashed, and a very grand court of offices built on the north side. There are several good pictures in the house, and some of the best of Kneller's performances over the chimneys, most of them consisting of two or three large figures of Scripture History ; but there are two curious things in the house, one the story of Bathsheba, the exquisite needlework of the Queen of Scots, in which the drawing and shading are fine but the colours faint. Bathsheba is the likeness of the Queen, and the two maids they say represent her two women, and there is a black. The other is a sceptre taken by an ancestor of this family from the king of Scots ; it is silver-gilt, with ornaments of steel inlaid, and is in the truncheon fashion, having a round head guarded with points. But the out-door improvements are most remarkable, of which all the plantations are made on Lord Petre's plan, who had the greatest

genius for these improvements. There are 1700 acres under improvements; the ground is very fine, there being a low ground which winds round the higher hills that open in one part, and on each side of it are several little hills divided by dales, which are planted with clumps of trees, mostly evergreens, and among them the larch, which is very beautiful when they leave the boughes to grow from the bottom. On the top of one of the farthest hills to the west there is to be a temple, and about the middle of the designed water, a bridge in the manner and style of Ld. Pembroke's, and at the north-east end of the water is to be a grotesque building under a hill with a grotto, all which is drawn out according to L^{d} Petre's design, and they are ploughing up the park by degrees in order to bring in the ground; for the large parks in this country seem for the most part originally to be large commons enclosed, being a sandy poor soil, which naturally produces little but fern. This park opens upon Lady Oxford's called Welbeck, which is a fine park, well timber'd and improved, and seemed to be a rich soil. The old abbey has been entirely destroyed. This was the estate of the last Duke of Newcastle. This lady married to the last Earl of Oxford, being the sole heiress of that nobleman, who, notwithstanding, left all he could to the present Duke, about 14,000*l* a year. This lady's only child is married to this Duke of Portland. The buildings are round a court, there being only an opening to the garden; on the side of the entrance are brick buildings for offices, which are to come down, to the right is a very fine riding house, to be converted into a stable for fifty horses. On the other two sides are buildings of free stone, which have been repaired by the Lady Oxford, and afford much convenient room. The entrance is to a grand hall, which is now ornamenting in the Gothic manner, as well as some rooms of the house, and there are in the house three chimney-pieces mostly in the Gothick taste, which are all made of different sorts of marbles, of the produce of Great Britain and Ireland, and it is probable they have cost about 2000*l*. being the workmanship of Carter, in London. But what most merits the

attention of a traveller is the great number of fine pictures which are in this house.

In the road on one side of the park is that oak which, being hollow, has been cut so that a coach may be driven through it: there is a drawing of it at the Antiquaries Society; the opening is six feet wide, and what remains of the tree is three feet thick on the one side and two feet on the other, and the length of the way through it is ten feet and six inches; it has been lopt to preserve it, and the body is high; and only out of one of the branches lopt off there grow some boughs; so that the circumference of the tree must be about thirty feet, and the largest cedar on Mount Libanon is thirty-six feet round.

About two miles from this place are Cuberton iron works, which is a forge for melting a second time the pigs of iron brought from Derbyshire *into bars for use;* it is on a rivlet, I believe the Meden, which is bayed up for turning the mills. In about two miles we came by Budby, a small village, and turned into the Duke of Kingston's park, and, passing through it, took some refreshments at the inn; and rid with the park keeper round the park, which is esteemed one of the finest in England; it is sixteen miles round. The Duke's house was lately burnt down, and his Grace now lives in the offices, which were a little behind the house. The kitchen offices are built round a court; the stable offices are an half H; at the back part of the house is a wilderness improvement, with high hedges and statues at the ends of the walks, and a grotesque work on the west side, of shells within and cover'd with moss on the out side; beyond it in the park is a large piece of water in manner of a serpentine river, with a ship on it, and at the further end they are making some islands. About the house, to the east and south, are plantations mostly in vistos, and to the south is a large wood. To the north are two woods planted for the game, with ridings in them, and beyond those is a cover of ferne for the foxes, which are kept here for breed for hunting. At the north-west quarter of the park is a stable for hunters, and

the best kennel in England, and an aviary for birds and poultry, among 'em a Chinese pheasant and a breed between that cock and an English hen, which is like our cock pheasant, only has a little reddish cast on the feathers. Just without the park the Duke has built a very pretty chapel.

To the west of this, the Duke of Newcastle has a park, called Clumber Park, which is about fourteen miles round.

London, Aug. 21st, 1750.

From Thoresby, the Duke of Kingston's, on the 10th, in the afternoon, I went on towards the south-south-east, and passed through Ollerton, where there is a large uninhabited house, belonging to S^{r} George Savile; and here I observe they have a culture of hops. A mile beyond it is Rufford, the seat of S^{r} George Savile, well improved with plantations, buildings, and a fine park, and remarkable for a large house, four stories high, which is on the site of Rughford Abbey, formerly the estate of the Marquis of Halifax. I came to Southwell, famous for its collegiate church, said to be built by Paulinus, the first Archbishop of York; and this thought to be Tio-vul-Tingacester of Bede, because Paulinus, who baptized the Britains in the Trent, is said in the history of the church to have done the same things here as Bede mentions to have been done in that town. There are sixteen prebends from 20*l.* to 100*l.* a year, and once in four years they divide their fines. The Archbishop of York is their patron, and his seat is that which is the dean's in other cathedrals; there are six vicars choral and an organist; the prebends reside each a quarter of a year in the residentiary house, and are allowed twenty pounds for a publick table on Sundays and Thursdays, when the choir and those of their acquaintance dine with them. The octagon chapter-house seems to be the model from which that of York was taken.

11th. I went two miles to the river Trent, which we crossed in a boat, fixed to a rope that crosses the river, by which they draw

it over. I saw Newark on the Old Foss-way to Lincoln, which I must have crossed afterwards; here King John dyed in the castle. We passed near Stoke, where John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, was defeated in a rebellion against Henry VII. We ascended up the high grounds, and had a fine view of the country and of the Trent, which makes some beautiful islands about this place; going over the commons before we came up with Flinthat I saw a low round barrow. We came into Leicester shire, and I went to Bottesford on a rivlet which falls into the Trent, where, in the church, I saw the tombs of the Earls of Rutland. In the gallery at Beavoir Castle the order of the earls and dukes are thus:—

1. Thomas, created Earl of Rutland, 1525.
2. Henry, 1543.
3. Edward, 1546.
4. John, 3d son of Henry, 1586.
5. Roger, 1587.
6. Francis, 2d son of John, 1612.
7. George, 3d son of John, 1632.
8. John, great grandson of Thomas, 1641.
9. John, 9th Earl, Marquis of Grandby and Duke of Rutland, 1703.
10. John, 2d Duke.
11. John, 3d Duke.

In the church are the tombs of the first, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, who died 1612, 7th in 1641, 8th, who died 1679. And there is a tomb north of the communion table, which probably was of an ancestor before they were created earls, and another on the south; on the helmet of the former are some letters which seemed to be an abbreviation of Thomas, and on the latter of John. The monuments of the others are very costly, and it would take up too much time to describe them. To the north of the church, probably where there was a vestry, is an arch turned, in which the bodies of the dukes and others of the family have been deposited, the old vault being full. I went two miles to Beauvoir Castle, to which

there is a gentle ascent, and it is a very fine situation, being on the ridge of hills which extend northwards towards Fokingham, Sleaford, and Lincoln, out of which several streams rise that fall into the fens and the river Witham to the east, and into the Trent to the west, and extend to the west into Leicestershire and Nottingham shire. On these hills are two summits, on one Beauvoir Castle is built round a court, on the other, to the west of it, there is a wood with vistas cut through it. In the gallery, which is forty yards long and 21 feet wide, are the pictures of 11 earls of the family, the three last of which are dukes. The duke is building a fine room for pictures, which is, if I mistake not, sixty feet long, twenty wide and high, which is to be vaulted under for cellars. The views from this castle up the Trent, and all along the vales towards Lincoln and Nottingham, are very fine. We went six miles over the Downs to Sewstern, where we stopt. We soon came into Rutlandshire, and into the high turnpike road from York, and coming to Brig Casterton, a village on the river Guasn, we went by the Roman way called Herman Street, about two miles to Stamford. In the way we passed by the park of L^{d} Gainsborough, who lives at Exton, and soon after saw at a distance the seat of the Earl of Winchelsea, Burley on the hill. At Stamford I was at the George Inn, which was the house of the Abbot of Crowland, in which he resided in winter, and there remains at this time an arch in the stable which they say was part of the kitchen chimney. I reviewed in St. Martin's church the two fine tombs of the Burghley family, one of the great Burghley of Queen Elizabeth's time, the other of the Earl of Exeter, who died in 1703, who saw his monument executed at Rome, which is one of the finest in England, with the earls' and countesses' statues couchant, as alive, and the two statues of Arts and Sciences and Fortitude, which are engraved in Peck's account of Stamford.

12th. In the even, from Stamford we went on near Herman Street, which goes to Huntington, and crossed the river Nen at

Wallingford, seeing Caster, the old Darobriois, to the left, and coming at this place from Northampton shire into Huntington shire, I lay at Stilton, near Wittlesey Meer, a famous lake for fishing, especially noted for a very large perch.

13th. I went on to Huntington, and saw a small barrow to the right, near the 62d stone from London. I went to Hinchinbrook, half a mile beyond Huntington, and saw the old house and garden, fitted up and improved by the Earl of Sandwich, who has been in it about a year. I went to Bugden, to wait on the Bishop of Lincoln, who lives in an house built of brick, like a castle, by one of his predecessors before the Reformation, which has one large room in it; and it has been improved by the present bishop, as well as the garden, orchard, and fields, the latter chiefly by making walks round them. I waited on his lordship to dine at Mr. Lydeatt's, at Kimbolton, where the Duke of Manchester has a seat and park.

14th. I passed through Huntington and Godmanchester, the latter is the old Durosiponte, and came over very fine roads to Cambridge, where I saw the great collection of fossils made by Dr. Woodward. And in the possession of Dr. Taylor, one of the best Grecians in England, who is publishing all Demosthenes' works, and published the *Marmor Sandwicense*, I saw a book entitled *Terentianus Maurus de literis syllabis et metris*, Milan, 1497. This book is mentioned by Fabricius, tho' it is probable the only printed one in the world, it being in no catalogue, and no where to be found on the most diligent search; so that very likely it was destroyed by fire, or in the time of wars at Milan. This was bought out of the Earl of Oxford's collection. Dr. Mason, professor of Natural Philosophy, has made diligent search in that way, and has found in the chalk pits, near Cambridge, a new fossil, which appears like the bud of a plant, with several coats, one over another; and I have since found a print of a root exactly resembling

it in a book writ by Engelbert Kæmpfer, and called *Amœnitatum Exoticarum Politico-Physico Medicarum Fasciculi V. Leragoviæ*, 1712. It is in the 5th part and 3d class, and is of a plant found in Siam. He has also found at Gamlinghay, near Potten, in Bedford shire, a white wood encrusted with a gravelly sand stone about an inch thick, and the wood crumbles to dust as soon as it is taken out, which is a new fossil not before seen. This gentleman has great skill in astronomy and experimental philosophy, and has made an invention of a pendulum, with two plates fixed together, one of brass, the other of iron; and as the brass lengthens more than the iron by change of weather, so that force is applyed so as to make the alteration in the brass to be less, by a machinery which keeps the brass from lengthening near as much as it lengthens more than the iron (*sic*). It is curious also to see a pendulum fixed on a pin, which is put in motion by a pendulum near, and alters the motion by reaction of the pendulum which moves it.

15th. I went to Gogmagog, where the Earl of Godolphin has a house and garden within a circular threefold entrenchment 240 paces in diameter; it is supposed to be a British work, but might afterward be used by the Romans. It is also thought to be Vandelbria of Gervase of Tilbury, so called because the Vandals encamped there. Here is a fine Roman road, which is that which went from Colchester to Cambridge. I went that evening to Barley, and about 6 miles from Cambridge passed by a small obelisk on a hill, set up by Mr. Church to the memory of Mr. Wale. Barley is on a flat on the hills, as in an amphitheatre, encompassed with low hills, three miles from Royston.

London, Aug. 23rd, 1750.

On the 16th, I set out for (from?) Barley in Hartford shire, and came in three miles to Barkway, and a little beyond it had to the left a pleasant valley, in which runs a rivlet that passes near Barifield, near which village I crossed it, and then a second time, after it has

received the rivlet which rises at Bentingford, and at the last place the stream is bayed up by Mr. Freeman for a view of the water from his house. I was informed that the first stream goes under ground a little after its rise, and comes out again above Barifield. These small rivlets at their first rise are called by the name of the villages they pass, but afterwards it is called the river Rib, and falls into the Lee above Ware, which town is pleasantly situated on the Lee, there being gardens and summer-houses on the river from the houses. In the church, which is built of flint, is buryed S^{r} Richard Fanshaw, who was Envoy to Spain and Portugal, and died in 1666. There is an Hospital here belonging to the Blue-coat Hospital in London, and another at Hartford; there are distinct houses with a nurse in each, who has 10 or 12 boys to board at 2*s.* 6*d.* a week, and they are taught in the school. They are taken in at seven, and remain there till they are 10 or 11, when they are sent to London. There are twenty houses at Hartford, which is but a mile off, and only thirteen here at this place. The New River here is a great curiosity, which at first was brought from a spring half a mile from the town towards Hartford, which is half a mile beyond it; it is called Chadwell-spring, and is 178 feet deep. The water rises up very plentifully, forms a large bason, and then a considerable river; it was opened in 1608 and repaired in 1728, it is a very fine water, and runs winding round for forty miles to London, and in the way there are many pleasant houses and gardens built on it; and in some places it passes in wooden chanels lined with lead ten feet above ground, and this supplies great part of the north-east quarters of London with water, and is known by the name of the New River, the reservoir of which is near Sadler's Wells towards Islington, from which by a great number of pipes it is conveyed to several parts. This work is carried on by the New River Company, who receive so much a year from each house, which has the water running into it for a certain time every day. But as this spring was not sufficient, there is water brought into it from the river Lee, which is brought out of the river about half a mile above Ware, and falls in a little below

the spring. The soil from about the bounds between Huntington shire and Cambridge shire all to this place is chalk, with a coat of gravel over it; in some places the chalk comes near the surface, in others it is deeper; it runs away to St. Albans and Rickmansworth, is joyned by Kent and Surrey, and so runs through Buckingham shire, Berkshire, Hampshire and Wiltshire, the surface being mostly gravel and clay. From Barkway to Ware I saw that gravel cemented together, which in some places is so hard as to polish, and makes beautifull snuff-boxes, being known by the name of the plum-pudding-stone, and may be ranked among the flints and jaspars. The vein along Essex is mostly a gravel and clay, except near the river Thames, where there is chalk.

From Waltham-Cross, which is a fine piece of Gothick antiquity, I struck out of the road to Waltham Abbey, which road runs paralel with Herman Street, at about two or three miles distance, that road going through Royston, Buntingford, Hartford and Enfield. From Hodsdon we found the country exceeding populous, almost like a continued town. At Waltham we crossed the Lee into Essex. The abbey of Waltham was built by Harold, the son of Earl Godwin, the estate being given to him by Edward the Confessor, and the church is now standing. We went along the fine vale wherein the river Lee runs, having beautiful meadows on each side of it, ascended up to Waltham forest, and came by Woodford, one of the most pleasant villages in the world, and so by Wansted, L^{d} Tilney's, who is making some improvements in his park and garden, in a very good taste. The river Roding, which rises toward Thacsted, runs at the bottom of it, and passes by Alderbrook, to which place I went to the house of my worthy friend Mr. Lethieulier, where he has a very pretty improvement, and his lady has made a beautiful hermitage in a wood, with lawn, water, a mount, parterre, &c., which makes it every way a most delightful retreat. In this gentleman's study I saw a book, entitled *Lithographiæ Wirceburgensis* by Hueber, in which the author explains several fossils which were imposed on him by means of some Fran-

ciscans or Jesuits, who cut a great number of figures in stones, and buryed them, where they set people to dig in order to find water. Some of them have Hebrew characters on them. And the lectures on them, in which is much learning, were read in Wurtsburg in 1726. It is said that at last his own name was brought to him, which occasioned the discovery of it. This gentleman has also a very curious collection of petrifications and many other fossils, and particularly a large collection of marbles, and a great number of prints and drawings relating to the present state of England. Among the fossils is a very curious one found at Dudley lime-pits, in Stafford shire, and given by that worthy and learned antiquary the Rev^{d} D^{r} Lyttelton, Dean of Exeter. It has been doubted what it is, some imagining that it is a bivalve, but it is a sort of crustaceous fish like a cray-fish rolled up and having something of the human face. D^{r} Shaw has given it the name of *Eruca fossilis Anthropomorphe*, and what proves it to be such, I have one on a black stone at full length exactly resembling it, which I believe was given me by the same person. There is also a book of the prints of the collection of Busts and Statues of Monseign^{r} Trevisani, Bishop of Verona, who left them to his family to be sold at a certain price, to purchase the nobility of Venice for his family. They were never sold, and there is but one more as it is thought in England, which Mr. Lethieuliere presented to D^{r} Mead. It was of this prelate that L^{d} Burlington bought all the curious original drawings of Palladio.

[*The Letters written between August* 23 *and the date of the following one are wanting in the manuscript.*]

Lychiet in Dorset shire,
Sep^{r} 15, 1750.

Having left Newtown on the 11th, as I passed by Seven Barrows I observed two circular flat barrows, encompassed with fossees,

which probably were the burial-places of persons of some distinction; three of the barrows are north of them and four to the south.

On the heigth of the Down before one descends towards Sutton is an irregular camp about three-quarters of a mile in circumference, call'd Tilbury Camp. Within four miles of Winchester I came on the Roman road from Old Sarum to that place, which seemed to be made only of chalk, thrown up after the manner of the Roman roads. Leaving the Southampton road to go to Redbridge, as soon as I got on the hill to the north of the elegant building belonging to the family at North Stoneham, in about a mile I came to an old irregular camp, about half a mile in circumference.

12. I went the New Forest from Redbridge, and coming into the common which leads to Beaulieu, ascended a heigth which affords many advantageous situations for a camp and where in all probability there have been encampments. A little farther on I saw three barrows to the left, that in the middle is an oval 35 paces long and 25 wide, and the others about 20 paces from each end of it, that to the east twenty feet high, the others about ten, and all encompassed with a fossee. I saw three more at a distance directly opposite to the lane that leads to Beaulieu. Coming into the common beyond Beaulieu in the way to Lymington I saw several barrows on the right. At Beaulieu I first saw the marle pits, which are all over the country in patches, for in some parts it is not to be found, in some places it is near the surface, and in others some feet beneath it. This earth is of great use for manure, and I observed in some places marl mixed with dung. At S^{r} James Worsley's I saw the horns of the deer of North America with broad antlets bowing down over the head, one within another, which serve them to plow and move away the snow to come at their food. Three miles beyond Lymington, on the shoar near Hordel, is iron oar on the surface of the shoar, and in the soil on the shoar they find fossil shells in great variety, which are mentioned by Woodward, and lately more sorts have been found by Mr. Brander's family

which I mentioned in the possession of Mr. Lethieuliere, and are to the number of between 60 and 70. I observed the west end of the Isle of Wight for two or three miles; it is a high white cliff worn by the sea, as S^r^ James Worsley's account of the Isle of Wight relates, 150 yards high. The Needles are the hard part of the rock which remains, a third needle is now forming, and S^r^ James remembers the shape of the two others much alter'd. It has been mentioned that these are a different stone, but S^r^ James assured me they are only a hard chalk, and no person is so well acquainted with every thing which relates to the Isle of Wight, of which he has written a very full and accurate account.

Christ Church is finely situated on two rivers, the Avon and Stour, but the harbour is bad; on the former stands Amesbury, Salisbury, Fordingbridge, and Ringwood; on the latter Shaftsbury, Sturminster, Blandford, and Winbourn. It has a trade to Newfoundland, a small fishery, and a manufacture of druggets, shaloons, woolseys, and of knit silk stockins and gloves. There is a very old square small castle on a mount, moated round. The abbey church, now parochial, is a very great piece of antiquity, the body and cross isle being old; it is said that there was a spire over the middle, and that it fell and beat down the vault of the church. It appears that the church was arched, and above the spring of the arch the walls are raised and Gothick windows made in 'em. There is a gallery on each side, which probably was only floored at first, but now Gothick or elleiptick arches are turned over the isle, and Gothick windows are made above, the ancient small windows made with true arches remaining over them, which make me conjecture that the monks' cells were in this gallery one to each window. To each cross isle there is a round tower at the east corner, and to the south isle there is a semicircular chapel on the east side adjoyning to the tower. At the north isle I observed what I took to have given the first hint for the Gothick arch, which is several arches cutting one another, and the Gothick arch in this work is bolder than the other, being

only by way of ornament; over these there are true arches, and then lozenges, all likewise by way of ornament, which has a very good effect. All the east part is new work compar'd to this, the windows being Gothick arches, and there is a chapel to the east of the high altar with a chapel at the east end of that. On the north side of this altar is a very fine Gothick chapel of open work, built by the Countess of Salisbury, who was beheaded in Henry VIII.'s time; and if I mistake not is buryed here, and there is a monument of Chivwick and his wife, said to be the founder of the church, probably of this new part. The alto-relievo of the high altar is very extraordinary; at the bottom is Saul lying in a very melancholy posture, David playing on a harp on one side and Jonathan on the other; above is the Virgin holding our Saviour in her arms with Joseph; over this are the three wise men and the angel pointing to the star, the shepherds in the field feeding their flocks. Above is a place for a statue, on which they say our Saviour's statue was placed, and on each side are several statues on Gothick pilasters. Towards the river in the churchyard are some ruins which they call the Abby, and are probably the remains of the Abbot's apartments.

13th. I set out for Winburn Minster, commonly call'd Winburn, a little town situated on the Stour, where the river Avon falls into it from the north. In the way we soon had to the left that ridge of heathy hills which are called St. Catherus, and they say a church was to have been built on them, the foundations of which are to be seen. I saw two barrows to the south of the road; further on the hills are call'd Ramsdown. In four miles we cross'd the river Moor, and at the end of five miles came into Dorsetshire, a small rising in the road being the bounds. Towards Ham I saw on the heath six barrows, and near Little Canford, on a rising ground, I observed four barrows, and one at the end of a ridge of hills over that ground, which I mention so particularly because where barrows are seen it may, perhaps, be concluded they were

places of encampment or action, as this was towards the bounds of the kingdom of the West Saxons, where without doubt they frequently encamped, and often fought in defence of their country. Winburn is the old Vindo-gladia ; it is no corporation, and they have no justice of peace nearer than a mile. Some part of the church is very old, that is, the inside of the middle tower except the upper part of it, for over the true arches a Gothick arch is turned, and there is a story of Gothick arches over that, and on the outside there is a mixture of Gothick arches; all the rest is of a later date, tho' the body seems to be as old as the very first invention of Gothick arches. On the north side of the communion rail, on a stone, is a half figure ingraved in brass, with this inscription under it :—In hoc loco quiescit corpus S. Ethelredi Regis West Saxonum, Martyris, qui anno domini 862, 23 Aprilis, per manus Danorum Paganorum occubuit. This King Ethelred was slain in battle by the Danes at Wittingham. On the south side is the tomb of a Duke of Somerset, and in the north aisle an old couchant statue, under which they have discovered a leaden coffin ; the arms are three lyons rampant, and they have some account that it is the tomb of a Lord Fitz Petres. There is also a monument of S^{r} Edmond Uvedale, of 1706, and the tomb of Mr. Anthony Estrick, which is made like a stone coffin, half in the wall and half in the church, which was made during his life time, this being his fancy, like Nostre dames at Salon, between Arles and Aix, to be buried neither in the church nor out of the church ; but his relations put him in a vault under ground, directly under the tomb. I was shewn also the tomb of a Marchioness of Exeter. This church and the parish are a royal peculiar, having a vicar, who has the cure, and two ministers, an organist, six singing men, and four choristers, who perform quire service, all put in and paid by the trustees ; for there are twelve trustees, called the corporation, who, on a vacancy, choose another out of the parish, of the best fortune. Out of the ministers the company name a judge, who holds his courts, and the common people call him bishop. If the trustees differ about any

thing, it is decided by the Lord Chancellor. There is a small library to the church, and a free school founded by the Countess of Richmond, and improved by Queen Elizabeth. And about a mile out of town is a free writing school and alms house for a hamlet of the parish. It is probable that the West Saxon Kings resided here, and after them the Danes; and S^{r} Hanham's house being called Danes Court, some think that their palace was on that spot. The thorow fare and markets, which in summer are for cattle, are the chief support of this place. They have a manufacture of knit stockins, some narrow cloths and tickin. From Winburn I went three miles north-west to Badbury Camp; we passed by Mr. Banks' house, who is descended from the Lord Chief Justice Banks, who defended Corf Castle for King Charles I. About 100 years ago a good house was built here, on a plan of Inigo Jones, in which are several good portrait pictures, many of them drawn by Vandyke. I was told that the late Duke of Ormond hired this house, and lived in it for some time. We went a mile further, to Badbury Downs, and came to the camp on the hill, which commands a fine view to the Isle of Wight, to Cranbourn Chace to the north, and towards Sherburn to the west, and of Mr. Drax's improvements to the south-west. This is a very strong entrenchment, defended by three fossees, the first enclosure being towards fifteen feet high, the second about twenty, and the third near thirty; there is an entrance to the west and east, and from the latter there is a Roman way to Old Sarum; there is a hollow or two on the hill in which there is water. As Winburn was the winter quarters of a Roman legion, 'tis thought to have been the Castra Æstiva (the summer camp). The inner fence is about fourteen hundred yards in circumference, and the outer 2200 yards. I saw at Winburn a very fine white stone, which is brought from the quarry at Melbury, near Shaftsbury, and makes very handsom chimney pieces. From Winburn I went four computed miles over the hills to Pool: but since I left Hampshire I have found that two computed miles make three measured. Pool is situated on a peninsula, which is joyned by a

neck of land not above 30 or 40 yards broad at high water, as I was informed. They laid out in the last rebellion about 300*l.* in cutting a fossee across it in order to have made a draw bridge. There are several quays at the end of the town, and on each side the merchants' yards go to the water, and some have quays to them. They have some Newfoundland trade, and a considerable business in building ships, and bringing the materials; they are also employed in fishing, having, besides the common sea fish, plenty of soles and John Dory and very large oysters. Mr. Missing built a work house here, in which all the decayed poor are maintained and kept to labour. They have several good houses in the town, among them S^r^ Peter Thomson's, who lives here. The tower of the church seems to be very old, with modern windows broke out in it, and I conjecture it was originally built as a tower of defence, it having been only a hamlet in the parish of Canford. The flowing of the tide here is very extraordinary: when the tide has gone out three hours it stops and flows for two hours about two feet in perpendicular heigth at nib tydes, but at spring tydes it only stops: the tyde at highest rising no more than seven feet: the after flood ends when the moon is at the south, and the next tyde when the moon is at the north point; and it is remarkable that from the autumn equinox to the vernal equinox the after flood is strong in the morning and weak in the evening, and the other half year strong in the even and weak in the morning. They have such a tyde at Negropont, the old Euboea. The pool or bay is about seven miles long and four broad, the entrance not being above three quarters of a mile broad; opposite to it is Branksey Island, commonly called Brown Island; it is about four miles round, and there is a neglected block house in it; it is the property of Mr. Lock, of Portsmouth. One Mr. Brock took part of it lately, and dug tobacco pipe clay, which is found in many parts about Pool, in the Isle of Purbeck, and near Wareham; he also made tyles of a clay in the island, which abounds in rabbits. Near it is Fuzy Island, about a mile round, and west of that Green Island, half a mile in

circumference. Towards the west end is Black Island, a mile round. All the islands are heathy ground, and afford plenty of heath turf; the soyl of them is a mixture of white sand and clay. We came to the ferry from Corf to Pool, call'd Wych, about 6 miles from Pool; and I walked three measured miles over the heath to Corf Castle, which is a small high hill that has been shaped by art; it joyns to the ridge of hills to the east by a rising ground about fifty feet in heigth, on which the town is built; the church is on a greater eminence to the east; it does not appear to have been a very ancient building, but is dedicated to that S. Edward, King of the West Saxons, who was stab'd by a servant of his mother-in-law, Elfrida, second wife of King Edgar, as he came from hunting to visit her, in order to make way for her son; he rid off, but dropt dead at the castle gate. The hill of the castle is shaped round at top, on which there was a very ancient building, an oblong square, with apartments built to it originally, to the west; about 20 feet below this heigth, to the west, is an enclosure, all except this being built of the rubble stone laid in lime, cased with hewn stone; this part only with the coins of hewn stone, and all the upper part is strongly cemented together, so that when it was blown up by Oliver the walls fell down in vast pieces. There is a building to the east not of the same antiquity as the other. It is probable that the gate way to this upper building was under-min'd, for the arch is separated at top, and one side is settled down, so as that it comes six feet farther east than the other side, and stands upright. The descent to the first fossee may be about a hundred feet, which fossee is about ten feet deep, then there is a broad terrace, and below it are three other terraces about ten feet one below the other; this in shaping the hill on each side is form'd into the segment of a circle, as is the platform to the other gate of another circle, and below this every way but at the entrance the descent may be about 100 feet; so that in the whole the hill may be about 220 feet high. This hill and the whole ridge consists of a ruble hard chalk stone. The hill beyond the valley to the south

has in it quarries of paviors stone and free stone. But the great quarries are at the south-east corner at Sandwich, commonly called Shawich; here they have the blewish paving stone full of shells, which polishes. Many old tomb stones and pillars of churches are of this stone, or of that of Petworth, in Sussex, which is like it;[a] they have a white paving stone full of shells, which breaks like alabaster, and I suppose would polish. There is another stone of the same kind, but not so hard; and in all parts a stone that rises thin for slateing. They have also a yellow lime stone, which has the appearance of free stone, but does not commonly rise large, and they have a red sand stone, of which they are now carrying great quantities to make a mole at Ramsgate for merchant ships to lye in, when the weather is bad, the expence of which is raised on a tonnage on the shipping. I observed also a sort of granite stone on the heath of two or three sorts, something like the brown sorts in Egypt, and particularly like that of the statue of Memnon, but I believe there are no quarries of it. I saw on this heath gentianella grow wild of a pale blew flower; and some old pits of tobacco pipe clay.

I landed three miles west of Pool, at Hutchins's, and passing by South Letchiet ascended to Upper Letchiet, where Mr. Trenchard has made a plantation of firs and walks on the hill, which command a fine view of the Isle of Wight and of the Pool. We descended to Mr. Trenchard's house, having a view of the north of the fine hills on his estate, covered with wood, and of the vale which opens to Charborow, Mr. Draxs improvement.

Axminster in Devon,
Sept. 20th, 1750.

I writ to you on the 15th from Lytchet, and rid out with Mr. Trenchard's son, the lawyer, that morning to see Mr. Drax's

[a] (*Note by Dr. Pococke*). This stone is generally reported to be either a factitious composition or brought from Caen in Normandy, and pillars of it occur at York, Exeter, Worcester, Tewksbury, &c. See Drake's *Eboracum*, and Dugd. *Warw: shire*, in the account of the Earl of Warwick's tomb in Beauchamp's Chapel at St. Mary's in Warwick.

improvements, and through Mr. Trenchards park, at Charborow, a mile from Mr. Trenchard's. It was the estate of his ladies father, General Erle. The great beauty of it is the prospect and a fine walk through a wood, for about half a mile along the top of a hill.

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The soil about Mr. Trenchard's is a gravelly sand, and about twelve feet deep is a bed of red sand stone, which is very soft at first digging up, but grows hard with the weather or air.

16. I saw in the church of Upper Lichet, call'd Lichet Maltravers, a very ancient inscription in old French over the tomb of the Lord Maltravers, who serv'd Edward III. against the French, who died, as 'tis said, about Edward IV.'s time. In the afternoon went to see Henbury, Mr. Churchil's seat and garden (very pleasantly situated over the Stoure), as well as Mr. Wentworth's, whose father was son of an Earl of Strafford, and it is said that he is next heir to that title and estate.

17. Mr. Trenchard carried me three miles in his coach, and I went a mile farther to Wareham, near the mouth of the river Frome, which is a very ancient town. The fortifications, called the walls, tho' never more than ramparts, are an oblong square from east to west, and about a mile in circumference. I have a strong opinion that it was a Roman camp, tho' no money to speak of has been found there. It is situated between the Piddle and the Frome. Over the former the fortification is strong, and so it was to the west; but to the east, which was probably a morass, it is not fifteen feet high, tho' on the two other sides it may be towards thirty. On the north side it makes in one part a semicircle, which I imagined might possibly be for the conveniency of seeing some sports in the amphitheatre way; and about the middle of that side is a sort of a square bastion, probably where the bridge formerly was; but at the south-west corner is a large mount, which they call the Castle Hill, and might be an ancient square tower, and there

they find stones and iron. There is no other fortification to the Froom, and the eastern rampart does not go to it, so that probably it was more a morass than it is at present. Of the 17 churches there are but four standing. St. Maries, which was the abbey church, is now the principal church; another, in which they have service on Fridays; one going to ruin, and a fourth used as a town house. I visited Mr. Hutchins, the minister, who walked with me round the town. He is compiling an History of Dorsetshire. He gave me what he takes to be British amulets; they are thin pieces of black stone, which burns, and may be that of the Isle of Portland, fixed together, seeming to have been in the shape of a lozenge about two inches diameter in the middle. At the abbey they have found bones of an human body under ground, they say with the face downward, and stones set up on each side of them * * * * From Wareham I crossed the heath, and ascended the hills near Mr. Bond's, which are call'd the western hills of the Isle of Purbeck, and command a glorious view of Pool, the Isles of Wight and Portland, and the country up the Pidle, on which I saw Puddletown, and, on a branch which falls into it, Bere; all up the Frome as far as Dorchester, Lulworth Castle, &c. I rid along the top of it about three miles, and came to a camp finely situated at the end of it, some thing in an oval form with a double ditch, except to the sea cliff, and a treble ditch at each end, all exceeding strong. It is about 300 yards long and sixty wide, and is call'd Flowers Barrow, and by some Florus's Barrow, and by the common people the rings of East Lulworth. I observed in this ride that this is the ridge of hills which run by Corfe Castle, and are all a chalk stone. They are divided from the hills to the sea by a vale. The hills to the sea are of limestone. A rivlet falling into the Frome, called Luckworth Lake, divides the Isle of Purbeck from the rest of Dorsetshire, and here it ends with these hills. I came down to East Lulworth, where there is a fine castle, said to be the design of Inigo Jones, but erroneously, belonging to the Welds, Roman Catholics. It has a grand apart-

ment in it on each floor. There is at each corner a round tower with octagon rooms within, which in the four floors contain sixteen rooms of a very good size. Two miles to the north is Bindon, where there are remains of an abbey, and to the north of it, on Woodbury Hill, is a camp. Mr. Hutchins conjectures that Holm Mount, two miles to the south-west of Wareham, was a place of Druid worship, from some litle barrows, if I mistake not seen on it, in a particular situation. We went two miles to Lulworth Cove, which is a litle bason, encompassed with pretty high rocks, to which there is an entrance above 100 yards wide. The hills are rocky and the cove is pretty deep; but it is exposed to the S.W. wind, and is of litle use. From the hills we had a fine view of Weymouth and the Isle of Portland, and came to Weymouth.

Truro, Sept^{r} 29th, 1750.

Sept^{r} 18th. I saw Weymouth and Melcomb Regis, on the other side of the small river Wey, which, as the tide flows into it, appears as a considerable river. These two towns were formerly separate burroughs, but now they are one town, and send four members to Parliament. They have some trade to Newfoundland and other parts and a good fish market, and there are many ships come to this bay to take in Portland stone. In the church is one of the best pieces of S^{r} James Thornhill, over the altar, who was member of Parliament for this town, and made them a present of it. From Weymouth I went two measured miles to the Ferry, and over to the beach, which joyns Portland to the land running W.N.W. to Abbotsbury. A body of salt water called the Fleet, running between that beach and the land, about a furlong in breadth, at the mouth of which water we crossed in a boat, and went two measured miles along the beach to Portland, coming to it at the village call'd Chisel. This island makes very high cliffs to the north and north-east, having a descent to the south-west, where the cliffs are low, as well as on the east side. We ascended by Fortune's Well, another village half-way up the hill, and, gaining the heigth, I

observed that two vales extending to the south-east divide the island into three hills. In one rather to the north-west is Westown, and in the other is the village called Southwell, and at the south-west corner are two light-houses 100 y^{rds} apart, there being three at Alderney; both one and the other are seen from ships in the middle channel. This island is held by the inhabitants in fee farms from the king, at the rent of three pence an acre. The workers in the quarry pay a shilling a ton for all the stone they take out of it. A cube of about two feet eight inches makes a ton. The king has retained to himself a small quantity of land, which has been worked for many public buildings, as for St. Paul's, Westminster Bridge, &c., and this is called the King's Quarry, but the greater part of it is worn out. The other quarries are mostly on the north side. In the two or three first strata, four or five feet each in thickness, the stone rises small. The good stone is in a stratum below these about twelve feet thick, and there is a sort of flinty stone between the strata. It is in this good vein about the north-west corner they find most petrified shells; the cockle, and oyster, and turben, are most common; they find also many of the heart kind, and some of the Cornu Ammonis. The stones which have the cockle and oyster shell, being close and compact, are fit for forreign use; but those that are full of the turbinated kind and the hearts are not, and they are only used about their own buildings in the island. Under this stratum there is no more good stone; and one sees in the high cliffs that under this it crumbles away and makes heaps of sands on the shoar. The way of drawing it down is by fixing it on a low carriage, to which they chain a large stone, which drags behind on the ground, and they have two horses attended by a man fixed behind the cart, who, when he makes a signal, stand as firm as they can to resist the motion; but when they come to a rapid descent they are dragg'd after the cart, sometimes on their hams. In the north part of the island, to the east of Portland Castle, is a stratum of a black slate from two to six inches thick. This they call a stone coal, for it burns, and they heat their ovens with it; for there is great

scarcity of fireing here, insomuch that they make up cowdung mixed with straw, and put it in cakes against the walls of their houses to dry for fewel, as in Egypt; and the same I observ'd along the coast, as far as Abbotsbury. This coal turns to a red and white stone when it is burnt. On the other side, near Melcomb, is the ruin'd Castle of Sandeforth, directly opposite to Portland, so that both of them would command the bay. I set out in the afternoon for Abbots-bury, seven miles, and passed over a small rivlet to it, which falls into the Fleet.

On the 19th I saw the remains of what they call the Abby and a very large barn belonging to it, built of hewn stone; and on a hill to the south is a beautiful chapel of St. Catherine. I was then led to the duckoy close to the Fleet, where the swans used to breed as well as wildfowl, and in the pond in the middle I saw some; but they do not encourage their laying here, because they find them in this place more liable to be destroyed by foxes, which have come in and carried them over the wall. Here that body of water call'd the Fleet ends, making a large bay into the land call'd the West Fleet. This swanery belongs to Mrs. Horner, the lady of the mannor. They compute that there may be now about 500, and they say there are several laws in relation to destroying them, as a fine of five pounds for takeing an egg; and if any one kills a swan, that the swan being hung up the offender must pay a quantity of wheat sufficient to cover the swan. They lay from five to ten eggs; the first year they are blackish, the second motled, the third black and white, and the fourth become perfectly white, about which time in the fifth year they begin to lay. The young ones frequently dye, particularly in some years, as many last year; and this year they have not one cygnet. The cock has a broader stroak of black down his red bill than the hen. They fight with their wings, and have a sort of spur at the pinion of the wing, with which they deal their blows, if any attack their young; and they have fights with one another, especially about March, when

they choose their mate. They lay their eggs in about a fortnight, and sitt on them six weeks. The old couple keep together till about October, when the young ones are able to shift for themselves, and they keep together till about that time if they loose their young. They make a great noise with their wings in flying, and go frequently and sit on the land, but never at night, when they sleep on the water; never dive but in sport; they often take flights; they feed on weeds, putting their heads under the water for them; they often fly about, and sometimes pitch on the sea; and they go down as far as the mouth of the Fleet, and even into Weymouth Harbour. They are very cautious of having them disturbed when they lay or have young, and for that reason put a rail across the beach to hinder any person from riding on it that way. Mrs Horner has a gamekeeper to take care of the swans and the duckoy. In very severe weather a sort of swan comes, call'd a hooper, which are very little less, but have a sharper head more like a snake. 'Tis supposed they come from the north, commonly from three couple to ten, and associate with the swans.

From this place I went behind the beach to the north of it through the meadows, for so far the Fleet comes, then at Beckington the foot of the hill comes to the beach and the ground continues near as high all the way almost to Burton, where the beach ends and the high cliffs begin, which are sandy with strata of a yellow freestone, at the distance of every three or four feet, being about one foot 6 inches thick ; I reckoned seventeen or eighteen of them, where the cliff is not so high as further on. I observed at the swanery, and all along the coast to Bridport, that the walls are built of a stone full of shells, mostly the fine red cockle, oyster shells, some muscles, scollops, vertebræ, the aculei of the Echini, which are dug out of the hills that run along about a mile from the shoar as far as Bridport; some of them are paving-stones, and they find shells in the upper part of Portland and in the southern hills of the Isle of Purbeck; so that the sea-cliffs here being the natural soil it is possible that at the time of the flood the south-east wind drove shoals of

shell-fish over the land, which, being enveloped in the sand that was brought with them, afterwards petrifyed ; and they seem to have swept Hordel in Hampshire near Lymington and left some of them there. The stone of the sea-cliffs towards Bridport is some of it a blewish free stone, and it is of that colour about Lyme, but they say the latter makes an indifferent lime. We passed over a stream at Burton and arrived at Bridport, pleasantly situated between the little rivers which unite just below, and in less than a mile fall into the sea ; where they have endeavoured to make a port at a considerable expence by piles on each side, that the river may carry off the sand, which notwithstanding choaks it up, insomuch that at high water a ship cannot well enter of above 40 tuns. The beauty of the situation of this place is greatly increased by the fine improved single hills, which form a semicircle, and by other pointed hills rising up behind them. This is a great thorough fare from Dorchester and all places along the coast to Lyme and Exeter. They have a great manufacture of twine, cables, sail cloth, and coarse cloths, not exceeding a shilling a yard, the county producing abundance of hemp and flax; when the latter happens not to be good they thatch with it, and it lasts much longer than any other material. We went in the afternoon to Lyme, crossing a rivlet at Chedioke; and descending a long hill to the river Char I observed a yellowish hard stone, which had a coat on it of a finer material, with a red and blue shade like a rainbow; one of these, the most beautiful, I brought away with me. We came to Charmouth, a town situated on the side of a steep hill, and is remarkable on account of Danes gaining two victories here within eight years, the first against King Egbert, and the second against King Ethelwolf in 838. I saw the house here in which King Charles 2nd staied when he came to embark here ; they have a tradition that his horse was shoed while he staid in this town. His embarkation was prevented by the suspicion of the captain's wife, and he went to Salisbury. The views on both sides of this vale are very fine on every side, the hills being highly improved. We went on to Lyme, which is situated

in the bottom up the east side of a steep hill, the houses in the bottom being washed by the sea. But the famous cob or mole is a quarter of a mile to the south-west of the town, repaired lately at great expence by the Government, which now allows the Corporation 300*l.* a year to keep it in repair. The west side of it begins at the foot of the hill and is only four feet broad, widening gradually till it becomes seven yards wide at the distance of 160 yards from the hill; it then forms an irregular figure, coming nearest to a semicircle, having a key within about twelve yards wide, the wall without it being about seven yards wide towards the south side where it is most exposed to the sea, this part being in the semicircle; about 340 yards in length from the south-east part a pier is carried to the north-east for about 200 yards, the wall being eight broad, with a key below it five yards in breadth; across the opening of the mole to the north-east, a pier is built about seven yards wide and 100 long. All this work is made of large stones set up an end without mortar, which is found to be the best way of building to resist the force of the sea. At Portland beach and here I saw what I had always taken to be a sea vegetable.

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I asked the fishermen what they were call'd; they told me thornbacks eggs, and here they told me they were called fairys' purses. At the former place they assur'd me they had found young thornbacks in them, and here skeits or maids also. I also enquir'd of other seamen, who said that some fish come out of them, and I was told

that some of them were found very large; if it be true that the fish grows in this case, I thought it might be something like the tadpole which produces the frog, and whilst the animal is in it seems to have life. The Duke of Monmouth landed here with two men-of-war of 30 guns and arms for about 400 men in 1684, and being taken in battle was beheaded.

20. From Lyme I went four miles almost directly north to Axminster on the river Ax in Devonshire, the bounds between the two counties being a litle to the west of Lyme. This place is in the high road from London to Exeter. In the church they show two tombs, which they say are of two Saxon kings; and they have a tradition in the country that a battle was fought in Kingsmead near Mestern, in which one of them they say was killed. The account we have is, that they are the Saxon princes slain by the Danes, in the battle of Brunaburg; and King Athelstan in remembrance of the victory built a minster here for seven priests to pray for the souls of the slain. One of the tombs is on the north side of the quire with long robes, the head is off, but there are some remains of what looks like a coul. This, I was told some antiquarians said, was a bishop. The other is in the north isle, and both under niches; it has a coul over the head, and something in both hands which might be a crucifix, it looks very much like the statue of a woman. Digging lately at the west end of the church they found bones fill'd with lead, but no lead on the outside of the bones. I saw one of them. There is a chapel to the north of the church which is very old, and is now used as a school, and the south door of the church is very ancient; and what is particular, across the inside of the arch are eleven reeds cut in stone about two inches diameter. The capitals in the church are four angels holding shields of arms and their wings meeting at the corners. Going to Honiton I went over a hill of gravelly soil and came to a small stream which falls into the Ax, and crossed two more hills of clay and came to Honiton on the Autre; the east side of this town was burnt down four years agoe.

We went on in the afternoon and came to Venne bridges, over some rivlets that fall into the Autre, which rise so high that the roads are sometimes impassible for a few hours. Here King Edward the VI.'s army under S^r^ John Russel and Lord Grey defeated the Cornish and Devonshire rebels. Coming to Fair mile I saw the seat of S^r^ W^m^ Young, and going up the hill saw the town of *Autre* [Ottery], and had a glorious view from the top of it of the hills to the east of the Autre, fringed at top as in a strait line with the heathy ground, and then into the vale in which the Ex runs, and several rivlets that fall into it, and of the city of Exeter. When we came to the bottom of this hill I found it a red sandy soil all the way to Exeter. The river Ex rises near the north coast of Devonshire, having no considerable town on it but Tiverton, Exeter, and Topsham; Dulverton, Bampton, and Samford are on rivlets that fall into it; two large streams joyn it from the north-east, Columbton having a town on it of the same name, and Bradninch; and from the north-west the river Credy, on which stands Crediton. The situation of Exeter is very delightful, being on a rising ground to the north of the river, which here runs to the east, and makes several little islands by the town. At the north-east corner of the town is the castle call'd Rougmont, which is ruinous, but there is a very old door case to the principal building within it. From the walls of the castle there is a pleasant prospect of the city and of the low hills round it; 'tis said to have been the palace of the West Saxon kings. The city is computed to be about a mile and a half in circumference, the walls for the most part are built on the brow of the rising ground, except to the east, where there is but a little ascent and very gradual. The long High street runs from the east gate to the walls something to the north of the west gate; six streets are mentioned as coming into it on each side, but they are only lanes. It is surprising to see how the great street is filled on a market day with people, and great plenty of all sorts of provisions. This town had so many convents in it that it was called Monktown; it has now I think seventeen parish churches. The cathedral is a grand building; they say St.

Maries chapel was built by King Athelstan, but it must have been rebuilt, for it is a modern fabrick in comparison of that time. It is probable one of the towers after the Italian way was built at a distance from it, and that then they built the body of the church to it. so as that this tower and the other built like it on the other side make a sort of a cross isle. The church seems to have been much raised since it was first built, the lower part of the body being old and the upper part of a much more modern architecture, if I rightly recollect, probably raised when the isles were added to it, as they were certainly on each side of the quire after the choir was built. There are some curious old paintings in the skreen under the organ, which is esteemed the largest in England, the largest pipe being 15 inches diameter, which is more than that at Ulm. The Bishop's throne is a Gothick work carv'd in wood, rising like a pyramid almost to the top of the walls, and is very fine. They have in the church the monument of Bishop Stapleton, founder of Exeter College in Oxford, of Hugh Oldham, Bishop and second founder of C. C. C., Oxford; he is *buryed under the wall, being, they say, excommunicated by the Pope*,[a] but appealed from the sentence, 'tis to be supposed to a general council, there having been a dispute between him and the mitred abbot of Tavistock; and the Pope gave it in favour of the abbot, and excommunicated him because he would not submit to the sentence. Here is also the monument of that Gilbert who discover'd Newfoundland. To the south of the church is a cloyster, adjoyning to it a very good chapter house, built as it is said by Edward Lacy the 22^{d} bishop. The old church ded[i]cated to S^{t} Mary and S^{t} Peter was built by King Athelstan, and rebuilt by King Canute for the Benedictine Monks, who were moved to Westminster by Edward the Confessor, and then the See of the Bishop was removed from Crediton to this conventual church, to which See S^{t} Germains had been not long before united. The habitations

[a] As to his place of sepulture he built the tomb, &c. before the quarell with the Abbot, and therefore this story of his being buried out of the church because excommunicated is a vulgar error.—(*Note by Dr. Pococke.*)

of the Bishop, Dean, Dignitaries and Prebends are inclosed with the close wall on every side except to the east, where they are bounded by the town wall, and the whole enclosure is called the Close. But some of their predecessors have been less generous than the present dignitaries, who have laid out more in improving their houses than the others got by setting off their lands and houses, at the very entrance of their own, some of which are converted into shops. There is a tradition that the brown free-stone of which the cathedral is built was brought from France, which is undoubtedly an error. The stone most used for building is a red crumbling free-stone with pebbles in it, dug out of the quarry of Hevitree a mile from the town; they have a harder sort of the same kind from Exmore thirty miles distant. To the east of the town they have a large workhouse, and an hospital for sick and maimed containing about 130 beds, set on foot by Dean Clark. Without the south-gate on the spot of the Priory of Grey Franciscans is a great manufacture of narrow cloths and shalloons, extending all down to the river, and the cloths when they are hung up make a very beautiful appearance; this place is called the Friars. There is a beautiful walk called Northern-hay, on the north side of the castle and town, over the hanging ground. Josephus Iscanius, a celebrated poet, was of this place. This town has suffered in several wars; was besieged by Perkin Warbeck; and by the rebels of Cornwall and Devonshire against Edward VI. It held out for K. Charles 1st as long as they possibly could, and the Princess Henrietta, afterwards Dutchess of Orleans, was born here. I met with a new fossil here, presented me by the Bishop of Exeter; it is a bivalve, something like the Persian bonnet with a turn . . . . . in other respects much like a Mycetities of that figure. They were found in his garden-wall in two or three pieces of soft white free stone.

St. Ives, in Cornwall,
Oct. 2d, 1750.

On Sept. 21st, in the afternoon, I went from Exeter, on the west side of the river, and saw Topsham on the east side, which is a considerable trading town, as the shipping come up to it. I passed by Powderham Castle on the river Ken ; this is the seat of the very ancient family of the name of Courtney of the blood royal of France. I went on to Star Cross, and crossed over the river to Exmouth, situated near the place where the river Ex empties itself into the sea, and is chiefly inhabited by fishermen and publicans, it being a place to which the people of Exeter much resort for diversion and bathing in the sea, and the situation is so pleasant, having beautiful litle hills to the east finely improved, and a view of the fine country on the other side, that some persons of condition have come to live at the place, which they are improving by a gravel walk to the river, that is to be planted, and they are going to make a bowling green. Sr John Colliton has a garden full of curious plants chiefly from America, where he has a son settled. He has the magnolia or lawrel-leav'd tulip in blossom, and also the Carolina sword-blade aloe ; he has also the trumpet tree, the Carolina raspberry tree, the anemony tree, and Carolina kidney bean tree, the artichoke or orange myrtle, the flowers of which are in clusters, and of a reddish cast, a beautiful turn cap'd Carolina martagon, which is red and white, the motle-leav'd tulip tree, which seems to be only the occidental plane-tree, the serpentine euphorbium, the coat of which resembles the scales of a serpent, but it is very much raised, and exactly in the same figure as a fossil in Dr. Woodward's collection, which was thought to be figured by the impression of the rind of some vegetable. He has also a very fine black and white eagle, if I mistake not, from Carolina.

Directly east of Topsham is Clyst St. Maries, where the Parliament forces barricaded themselves up by laying trees across the ways and planting their ordinance ; but when they heard Lord Russel was at Woodbery they endeavoured to surprize him ; but

he routed them, pursued them to this place, and then to the heath, and entirely defeated them.

22d. I went over again to Star Cross, and ascended up to Malmhead, the seat of the late Mr. Ball, and now of Mr. Apreece, but is upon sale ; it is a fine situation on the side of a hill, with beautiful plantations of most sorts of firr and the cedar of Lebanon, with walks through it; the most beautiful part is a terrace up the sides of the hill behind the house, and a winding walk round the hill. Above the wood on the heigth of the hill is an obelisk, which is a land mark, it is built of free stone and the pedestal is thirty feet square, and I suppose may be towards 80 feet high, but it is built on a good model. I went over the heath to Tinmouth, which country is mostly a sort of gravel, abounding in a large flinty stone, but towards the sea shoar it is a red sandy stone. Tinmouth east and west are under the hills, and appear very beautiful from the other side, the land round 'em being improved in orchards. The tower of West Teingmouth church is very old, with only long pike holes in it, and was probably first built as a tower of defence. They have a slight platform to defend the harbour, with a rampart of earth round it: the Danes who were sent to make discoveries landed hereabouts in the year 800 and took the town ; it was burnt by the French in the late wars.

We ascended the hills, and approached towards Torbay, which has its name from the parish of Tor, where there is an abbey. Through this parish we rid between the marble hills to a part of the bay, which we cross'd. These hills are the first beginning of the marble country; but I observed that in the bottom of the bay it was a free stone and sand, and on the other side likewise, at Brixham, the hills are marble, so that these hills, being entirely of a different nature from what may be supposed to be the natural soil of the country, it is possible they may be an adjectitious body brought over by the flood, and more especially as it is in these elevated parts that petrifyed shells are frequently found. We lay

at Paignton, a poor town of farmers at the bottom of the bay. King William landed about two miles and a-half to the west of Paignton, and about half a mile to the east of Mr. Yards, of Cheshunt, as I conjecture, in a little bay I observ'd in that situation. He went with his army about half a mile to Gayton Common, and sent for carriages and horses which did not come as soon as they expected; but the King and army came that night to Paignton, where they lay, and went on the next day towards Exeter. I was informed that the person who came first to meet him at his landing had a chain given to him, and the Right Honourable Arthur Herbert, who was the admiral that brought over King William, and afterwards the Queen, was made Earl of Torrington and Baron Herbert of Torbay. It is also said that Vespasian landed here, when he came against Arviragus, King of Britain. And in time of war the fleet of England has often laid in this bay. To the south of Tor is the parish of St. Maries, the church of which is said to be the oldest in Devonshire, but has no appearance of great antiquity.

23. From Paignton I went over Gayton Common, and crossed the river Dort to Ditsham, a village with a litle street in it, and a large ancient church new modelled, where I first saw one of those carved stone pulpits, of which sort there are many in this country; in the niches of it are alto relievos of saints with ornaments of vines between them.

The minister's house is a very pleasant hermitage, commanding a view of the river, which is narrow there, and forms a bason below, and a much larger above; the glebe rises up the hills to the south and west, and there is the third part of a mannor annexed to it, left by one co-heiress of three; and the rector holds a court at renewing his leases, in which they swear fealty to the lord; it consists of thirty-two tenements, to each of which there is a house and about half an acre of land on three lives, and there is a piece of land of [*blank*] acres of the same tenure.

24. I went up the river to Totness, which is a neat town, situated on the side of the hill, and there are remains of an old castle with an high mount within it, on which there was a circular building; it commands a fine view, and from it I saw the obelisk of Malmhead: this town is a great thorow fare from Exeter to Plymouth, tho' not the post road; it abounds in good shops to supply the country, and has a cheap and plentiful market. The people are polite and generous.

25. From Ditsham I crossed the water towards Torbay to Brixham, to see a well which ebbs and flows, as some say, nine times in an hour; but the springs being low we could not discern it, but it does ebb and flow when the springs are high. There is a key below the village, and a great fishing trade is carried on from it, for they supply all the country as far as Bristol. This side of the bay is lime stone, which is carried from this place along the shoar to the east; the country to the west side near as far as Plymouth is of a slaty stone. From Brixham I went to Dartmouth, a town made up of three boroughs, Hardness to the north, Clifton to the south, and Dartmouth in the middle: this town consists of one street by the water and of several houses built up the sides of the hills in an extraordinary manner. There is a beautiful Gothick skreen in the church. They have a pretty good trade to Newfoundland, Spain, and Portugal. Mr. Smith, vicar of this place, was the person that wrote Dr. Pococke's Life before his works, down to the Restoration. Mr. Newcomen, an ironmonger here, with Captain Savory, invented the fire engine: his son and daughter found out the beautiful sea-plants here on the rocks and on the shoar after storms; they are exquisitely fine and in great variety, I think not inferior to those brought from the East Indies, and are very ornamental with glass and frames; they dip 'em frequently in fresh water, to take off the salt which would otherwise give; and are at great pains in spreading and separating the branches. From Dartmouth we went over a hilly country, and

crossing the river Aume came to Modbury, a town built on the side of two hills, on each side of a valley, and has a great trade in serges. Near this is Wimpston, the seat of the Fortescues, of which family there have been many great and eminent lawyers, and particularly the person who writ *De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*, Chancellor of England temp. H. 6.

26th. We went on westward, and crossed the river Arm, and afterwards the Alm or Yalm, on which is Yampton, the place of residence of Ethelwold, a Saxon King. We went on to Plimpton, a small town on a rivlet which falls into the river Plim, on the north side of the town, and to the west of the church are remains of a castle about 140 yards long from east to west, and eighty from north to south, defended by a ditch between 30 and 40 feet deep, which was full of water, having another fossee round it, and at the west end is a round mount about 100 feet high, with the ruins of a circular building on it, about 24 yards diameter, and the walls are ten feet thick. There is also a well endowed free school here with an handsome spatious school house, and Mr. Treby has a good house and gardens adjoyning the town. Half a mile to the west of it is Plimpton St. Mary, where there was a college of secular canons, displaced by a bishop, because they would not part with their wives or concubines. We came to the bay near the mouth of the Plim, to the west of which is Saltrum, a beautiful improvement of Mr. Parker's, and had a very pleasant ride to Plymouth.

Pensance in Cornwall,
Oct. 4, 1750.

Plymouth is situated near the mouth of the river Plym, and on a head of land to the south of it is the fort, between which and the town are the bake houses of the navy. S^{r} Francis Drake was of this town. In the bay is the Island of St. Nicholas, where there is a battery and a barrack for the invalids, who are quarter'd there and in this fort. General Lambert was exiled for life in this island, and King Charles 2, the Duke of York, and many of the Court,

going out in a yatch from Portsmouth for pleasure, were drove into Plymouth, and were received at Mount Edgcomb. They went to St. Nicolas Island and conversed with Lambert, and not bringing him away with them was a very unpopular thing, entirely thrown by the people on the Duke of York. Lambert died there about the time of the Revolution.

The dock is near two miles from Plymouth on the river Tamer. It is finely situated, and there are five docks for building, cut out of the rock, and lined with Portland stone. One of them is a dock for three ships, and within another is a wet dock, and there are communications from one to the other by bridges over the entrances to them. Beyond the dock is the gun wharf, which is a large platform cut out of the rock, which is between twenty and thirty feet higher than the platform; on the upper part of this and of the dock are very convenient habitations for the officers.

I had the pleasure to be shown Mount Edgcomb by the lord of it and his sons. It is by far the finest situation I ever saw, exceeding every thing in the beauty of the near prospects; Catwater Bay appearing like a lake encompassed with a town (Orson being upon it), is one of the most beautiful landscapes that can be conceived. Then the town of Plymouth, the Fort and the Isle St. Nicolas, the village of Stoke up in the country, Crimble Passage, the glorious view of the dock and the town adjoyning to it, of Saltash, a borough up the river Tame, of the King's brew houses on a bay under Mount Edgcomb, and of Milbrook at the end of it, of Start Point to the east, Ediston Lighthouse to the south, and Dodman and Lizard Points to the west, all which, together with the grand view of the ocean, make it the finest situation for prospects, which appear very beautiful in a moveable camera obscura, made in a centry box, which shuts up. To add to all this L^{d} Edgcomb has improved this place by making a fine lawn before the house, and to the east of it, below which is a fine grown old wood, an avenue in the front, and fish ponds and wood down the hill to the west and north, a park improvement behind the house all up the hill,

which makes away toward Ramhead, and is part of the west side of the Bay of Plymouth; and, what is very curious, the side of the hill planted down not only on the east to the water, but also to the south, in the face of the very main ocean, where firrs, pines, arbutus, laurustine, and cypress, thrive exceedingly, and there is a terrace on the side of the hill through this wood. The house is built with turrets like a castle, having a high saloon in the middle.

27. We went westward five miles from this place to Orost Hole, where we dined with L[d] Edgcomb, who was going to Lestwithiel, and went on to St. Germain, which stands on a river, into which the tyde comes and makes a large basin before Mr. Elliot's house, and improvement, from which the village rises up the side of the hill; and above the house is the ancient Priory Church of St. Germains, where in the Saxon times was a bishop's see built, where St. Germain, Bishop of Auxerre, resided for some time, who was sent to oppose the Pelagian Heresie. In memory of him King Athelstan built a fair church, and removed the see of Cornwall to this place from Bodmin, where they had been infested by the Danes. For all the country having been under the see of Dorchester, in Oxfordshire, the see was afterwards removed to Winchester, and King Athelstan took two bishopricks out of it, Cornwall, the see of which was fixed at Bodmyn, and Devonshire, fix'd at Taunton; the latter was removed to Kirton or Crediton. Cornwall was afterwards united to that, and, anno 1050, the see was removed to Exeter. The church door and a window in that end is very old, and the two square towers may be old, on one of which an octagon building is erected. After the see was removed it was turned into a priory of Canons Regular. From St. Germain we went by a very uneven road to Duloe, which formerly consisted of a rectory and vicaridge, now consolidated. In the parish church is buryed S[r] John Coleshill, who was a knight banneret of the time of King Edward the 3d.

28. In the afternoon we set out for Fowey, and passed by Trelawn, the estate of the late Bishop of Winchester, Sr Jonathan Trelawney, and now of his son, Sr John Trelawney. It is an old building with a chapel to it and fine woods near it. Opposite to Fowey is the seat of Mr. Keke, who has a fine terrace walk over the cliff on the river. Fowey is a very good harbour, and the town is pleasantly situated on the west side of the river.

29. We crossed Par Bay to Par, a small key and harbour near St. Blazey. Here we first saw a stream work of tin, that is, of tin stone and tin grains wash'd down to the bottom from the lodes or veins. They find it at different depths, in what they call loose ground, supposed to be wash'd down at and since the Deluge. When they come to what they call the fast ground they give over digging; this is the solid earth, suppos'd never to have been moved. We went up higher and saw where they had dug for what they call shodes, which is digging in the side of the hills to see if they can find any tin stones, call'd shode stones, which are like pebbles; and they suppose that at the time of the Flood the top of the lode or vein broke off, and that they were carried down the hill by their gravity, and so the stones were worn smooth, and when they find them they dig above them again, according to the direction they find them in, and so at last they generally find the lode: and we saw along the top of the hill the works which had been made upon the lodes. We came to a litle tinning town called St. Austle, partly built of more stone or grey granite, and partly of a free stone, which they find on a river about three miles to the south-south-west. We went up the hill, and struck out of the way, to the south, to other tin works called Pool-gooth, where they have a fire engine, and on the other side of the vale are Ld Edgcomb's works. We went on to Grampound, a very poor town situated on the side of a litle river which rises out of the hills about St. Roach; below Grampound, Tregony stands on it. Grampound was formerly famous for a manufacture of gloves. There are tin stream works

on the east side of the river. From St. Blazey to Grampound, which is a tin country, we found the soil very indifferent and covered with heath; but from Grampound to Truro it is a very good country, and there is no sign of tin. We came to Probus, a village pleasantly situated on the river , which falls into the between Truro and Falmouth. There is a fine tower to the church, beautifully adorned with Gothick ornaments. We came to Truro, a small trading town, in which there are many good houses; and many wealthy people live here, who have got considerable fortunes by the tin trade, and also several merchants and shop keepers who supply the country, this town being pretty much in the centre of the tin and copper mines; there is also a great trade in supplying the tin works with timber and the fire engines with coal. The church is a most elegant building of about Henry the 8th's time, with some old painted glass in it and curious sculpture on the south and east fronts, and the letter which King Charles the First writ to the people of Cornwall on their loyalty towards him is put up in the church. There is a handsome tomb of the Roberts in the church, the ancestors of Lord Radnor, and the tomb of one Fitz Hibben, *alias* Phibben, who, being made a slave by the Turks, he and about ten more overcame sixty Turks on board a ship, three or four of his companions being killed, and went with the ship into Spain. He was offered a ship of war by the King of Spain if he would become a Catholick, but he refused it. This happened about the beginning of the last century.

Padstow, in Cornwall,
Oct. 10th, 1750.

On the 1st of October I set forward from Truro to the west, entered on a wild heathy country, and came in three miles to Case-water, a country of tin and copper. I had the curiosity to see the nature of the tin works. They call a work a balle. There are to each mine two shafts or wells, which, as they are open one to another, and only some frames of wood between them, are in the working but one well; one they call the ladder-shaft, in which the

perpendicular ladders are fixt by which they descend ; they are about thirty feet long to a landing place, called a solear, which brings to another ladder ; the other is called the wem-shaft, from the wem or windlace, turned by a horse, by the help of which they let down the tub, called a kible, to bring up the ore, another coming up at the same time. Below the ladders, when they have come to the lode or vein, they burrow down in holes which they call gunnies; and at this place the wem-shaft is an inclined plane, in which a frame is made for the kible to slide on, which is called the sliding poles. Besides these shafts there is the fire engine shaft, by which they pump up the water by means of the fire engine, which was invented about 40 or 50 year ago by Mr. Newcommen, of Dartmouth, as I mentioned, and one Captain Savory in partnership. At the bottom is a hole, about six feet deep, to receive the water which runs from all parts; this is called the prison bottom, out of which the water is pumped up 24 fathoms three feet, to the channel call'd an audit, which conveys it to a valley abroad, and this audit is about thirty fathoms from the top, the whole being about 55 fathoms, or 330 feet. The lode or vein of tin or copper may be of a different thickness to twelve feet, and they call it a big or a small lode. They commonly run near east and west, that is, about a point to the south of the east, and as much to the north of the west ; but there are some which have another direction : the lode commonly dips or under lays, as they call it, to the north, and that about five feet in six ; sometimes, but rarely, they are perpendicular, and very seldom horizontal. The vein has on each side of it rock or earth, that to the north they call the north wall or under laying side, the other they call the south wall. Working towards the south wall they call working towards the back ; if they work to the north wall, it is called following the lode ; if they work down, it is sinking the course of the lode ; when they work at the end, it is called driving. The stone or earth on each side of the lode they call country ; if it be a hard smooth slate, they call it keller ; if it be earth or clay, they call it

flechen, and there are veins of these; if it be a spar or hard stone, they call it kepel. If any of these come across the lode and alter its course, it may be ten or twenty feet, more or less, 'tis called disordering the lode; but then, tho' moved either up or down, it afterwards keeps the same direction : but a keller never alters the lode· if the wall sets in upon the vein, they call it a bulk. The top of a lode is commonly poor, and thrown away. The parts of the mine where they have followed the lode they call bottoms, and say they are of such or such a depth ; those of this mine were about thirty fathoms, that is, below the ladders. The water runs through the lode which is looser than the walls; and where there is copper or mundik it leaves a yellow slime on the walls, called a water-slime. There are also in the mines a soft black stalactites, called the droppings of the water. The tools they work with are, first, a hammer, called a pick, having commonly a driving end and a sharp end; with one they work into the lode, with the other they drive an iron wedge, called a gall, from 3 to 9 inches long and about an inch and a-half one way and an inch another, ending in a point, by which they separate the ore. They have also a bar of iron, call'd a brosier, about 2½ feet long, 2 inches broad at bottom, and sharpened as a wedge: this is used to make holes in order to blow, one holding it, and giving it a turn, after every blow given by another with a mallet or hammer, with two [*blank*] or heads, as they bore for blowing ; the operation of blowing up the rock by gunpowder being well known. A succession of men are always in the mine, except on Sundays. They work eight hours, from six to two, and from two to ten, and from ten to six, and are out of the mine sixteen hours. When they come up, they call it coming to the grass. When the ore is brought up, women and children are employed in breaking it, and separating the country from the ore, and the tin from the copper. No copper is smelted here, but is bought for smelting houses at Bristol and other parts. The men are paid so much a tun for what they deliver separated from the country. In the mines in general the lord has a fifteenth, and the

owner, called the bounder, has a tenth. From this place we went three miles to Red Ruth, a small tin town, where they have a great market of provisions once a week, and a great sale of shoes brought from all parts round for near thirty miles; and there are at the market generally 4 or 5000 people. The foot of Carne Bray hill comes to the rivlet, it is the beginning of a ridge of hills; this end of it is very curious, the top and sides abounding in a large masse of grey granite, many of which lye one on another. The castle is very curious: 'tis a very small building on three or four of these stones; at one end there are five of them one over another, in other parts two or three, and lying loose in such a manner that one sees between them under the foundation of the castle. To the west of it is what they call the altar, which is a large flat granite stone; in it are seven litle basins, most of which, if not all, have communication one with another; they are so shapeless that I thought it might be the softer parts of the stone worn away. But Mr. Borlace and others are of opinion that it is a work of art, and served in some religious worship. In his drawing he has two more basins on a lower part of the stone. This gentleman also has observed an irregular inclosure, of which I saw a drawing; at the end of it is a sort of a scroll something like the serpent, but on consideration of the figure of his drawing I imagined it might be designed to represent some beast they worshipped, and that this was the tail. Farther west is a pile of great stones lying one on another from three to five, and three or four in length. Two or three years ago they found some coins on this hill, some Roman and some British; but, what are most curious, are of a pale gold, with the reverse of a horse or person sitting and some other figures ill done; but the heads of some of them on the other side are very good and resemble the head of Jupiter, which I think, without doubt, are Phœnician or some coin of the ancients. Twenty or thirty years ago a man digging for stone observed a cavity, and opening it, sent down a boy, who found a litle cell, with a nich at one end, and a book in it, which was carried to the minister of Red Ruth, no body knew

what language it was; but the book was taken away in leaves by those who came to see it. From this hill we had a view of both seas and of St. Michael's Mount. We came to some stamping mills, which is the first process the ore goes through after it is brought from the mines, which is performed by water mills that work the stamping irons, and pound the ore very small, the process of which may be seen in the paper annex'd :—

The manner of Dressing Tin or preparing it for Smelting.

The tin being broke and brought to grass from the mine is either buck'd or spall'd.

To buck it, is to beat it to pieces with flat hammers, till 'tis reduc'd to the size of small horse beans, and this is done only when the tin is very rich, and when it requires no farther dressing to smelt it.

To spall it, is to break it with a large smith's hammer to about the size of hen's eggs, when it is put into sacks, and carried to the stamping mills.

These mills reduce it to the smallness of common sea sand; it may be greater or smaller according to the nature of the tin and the judgment of the dresser, for the mills force it thro' a plate of iron punch'd full of holes of such a size as the dresser thinks most convenient. Having pass'd thro' these grates, 'tis receiv'd by a recevoir, which is call'd the stamps pit. This pit lying slanting, the tin divides itself into two bodies. The heaviest or best tin subsides at the top of the pit, the lightest is carried with the slime to the tail of the pit, and this they call slime tin ; and these are both dress'd separate.

The best is carried to be dress'd or cleans'd to the buddle, which is a pit cas'd with wood or stone about six feet long, 2 feet 4 inches broad, and 2 feet 6 inches deep ; at the head of which and about 4 inches above it is placed a shelving or slanting board the breadth of the pit and about 16 inches over. On this board they place about

the quantity of a shovel full of their best tin at a time, on which a water very gradually is let run; this water gently carries all the tin into the buddle, where the tinner stands with naked feet, and as the tin is wash'd down he keeps it fluctuating by gently moving one of his feet backward and forward on it. This causes the lighter tin or waste to be wash'd to the bottom or lower end of the pit, whilst the best subsides at the top or head. When the buddle or pit is quite full, the water is turn'd off, and the upper part or best tin is sav'd, the lower part is set aside as of little or no value, but always belongs, if it is good for any thing, to the owner of the stamps or mills as a perquisite.

What was sav'd is buddled down again as before, which is again divided into two parts. That at the head of the buddle is now call'd floren or crop-tin, which is the best of the whole, and all the grains are exactly of one size. That at the tail of the buddle is call'd rough tin, and all the grains of this also are of one size, but much larger than the floren tin.

The floren tin is further cleans'd in this manner: there is plac'd in a large keeve, such as we brew in, about six gallons of water, which is kept fluctuating by a shovel continually stirring it, during which time the floren tin is gradually let down into the water by the sides of the keeve, and this continues to be done till the whole tin is in the keeve. Keeping the tin thus in continual motion causes the heavier parts to get under, and the lighter to swim on the top, and this is called trelubing.

The next thing done is packing it, which is a continual beating the outside near the top of the keeve with wooden mallets, which causes the tin to settle so hard together as scarcely to be able to thrust a shovel into it. When 'tis well pack'd the upper part is skimm'd off with a very thin shovel, and that is call'd small tin; the under is fit for smelting.

The rough tin is thus dress'd; another keeve is fill'd full of water, in which a coarse hair-sieve is held; in this, a shovel full or two of the rough tin is put at a time. The sieve being immers'd in the

water almost to its brim causes the water to come up thro' the bottom of the sieve, which forces up the lightest or waste with it to the top, which, when the tinner sees rising, he washes over, and preserves the rough tin in the bottom of the sieve, which is now thrown out into another keeve, and thus they continue doing till the whole rough tin is cleans'd.

The small tin is buddled and trelubed over again, as the whole was at first.

It is common to see men employed in collecting the mud which is washed off with the stream. I have also seen 'em work over the ground where a stream had run off an old work. We passed by Trechiedy, a very grand new house, offices and improvements of Mr. Basset's, but in a sad situation. We passed by a smelting house at Angarick, and then had to the north that great bank of sand on which a village called Philack is situated. This sand is good manure and great quantities of it are taken from this place, and the hill is constantly encreasing from the sea, where the small river Hele empties it self; we came opposite to Lelant, and turned to the south along the strand, which is made by a sort of bay from the sea. We passed by Hele, a small port with warehouses, and so we arrived at a poor village called S^{t} Erth. There were some thoughts by a private person of proposing a scheme of cutting a communication from this river to the south sea, but the mouth of this river would be always choaked with sand, and the ground is so high to the south that it would be a work of great expence and would answer no end, as they are so near the western point of England, except in time of war, when ships might pass from one chanel to another without danger of privateers, which frequently snap them up in their passage between Scilly Islands and the Land's End or Cape Cornwal.

Tavistock in Devonshire,
Oct^{r} 13, 1750.

From S^{t} Erth I went on Oct. 2^{d} across the river a mile to Trelowth, a smelting house for tin, and then northward to Lelant; the

sand is gaining upon the ground here, insomuch that several people have lost the profitable soil, and they say it blows from the bar of the river. In the way to S^{t} Ives I saw a tin work, and I observed a black granite here, and a sort of a black stone like the touch-stone, of which kind the rocks are about S^{t} Ives.

S^{t} Ives is situated on the side of a hill over the bay, to the north-west of Hele river; there is a head sets out to the east, on which there is a chapel built, and a platform of seven guns on the east side; they have a considerable trade here of pilchards, which they barrel and send to Spain and Portugal. We went from this place over very disagreeable heaths called Downs towards Morva; about the middle of the downs we came to the foot of a hill, where I observed a small oblong square enclosure about 15 feet by 10, made by the granite stones set up an end; from this, I observed stones set up an end in a winding form, and, if I mistake not, extending from the four corners, which I thought might relate to the ancient serpent worship. About a hundred yards to the west, and nearer the foot of the hill, I observed a circle made by stones laid flat and fill'd up with stone. We ascended the hill and came to a circle call'd the Nine Maidens, it is about 23 yards in diameter. It consists of twenty stones from two feet to three broad, and from four feet to seven high, and three yards apart, except that there is an opening to the west eight yards wide. About 100 near north there is another stone, the circle is about 23 yards in diameter. It may be supposed these were call'd the Nine Maidens from so many of them being higher than the rest. We descended to the north-west to Morva, observing old works along the hills, and saw Madern and S^{t} Burien, to the south and south-west, where the tinworks begin and continue, for four or five miles all through the parish of S^{t} Just. This ore when it is work'd seems to have some red mineral in it, which I conjectured to be iron. I here observed that they put up poles on their works, which is to show that they are working in those places, for anciently the Dukes of Cornwall gave leave to all people to work for ore, provided they marked out their bounds, and these are called

bounders; if they met, they were to give over and put up a bound mark at the place: they had a property as long as they work'd, which was signifyed by putting up the poles, but in length of time the bounders came to make this priviledge a perpetual chattel, which they can now dispose of as they please and remains their property, tho' they do not work; but they have no property in the surface.

We saw Cape Cornwall, the north-west point of England, to the north of which is a litle bay, that is a fishing cove.

3. I went from S^{t} Just to Sennam, and a mile further to the Land's end, the most western point of England, where the granite rocks extend into the sea, and I went on them as far as it is safe to go; beyond them are some rocks called the Long Ships; a litle to the north I went down the sea cliff, and saw a vein of tin which they are working. They find here a great variety of shells. I went three miles to S^{t} Burien; 'tis said that King Athelston, returning from his conquest of Scilley Islands, built a church here, and made it a sanctuary; but in William the Conqueror's time it was a College of Prebendaries, it was afterwards a Deanery in the gift of the Duke of Cornwall, it has under it S^{t} Sennan and S^{t} Levaw. I was not informed till after I left the place of the 19 large stones in a circle twelve feet apart at Biscauwaune or Buscawen-oon near Burien, from which place the Boscawens have their name. We came by a litle port at the north-west corner of the bay call'd Newlin, where Guavous Lake is esteemed the securest part of the bay; about a mile further is Pensance; and Moushole, a small fishing town, is about two miles to the south of Neutin; this is a very fine bay opening to the south-east and is about 3 miles deep and 4 broad, a fine improved country rising up about it; besides these towns are Market Jew, S^{t} Michael's Mount and town, which altogether afford a most beautiful prospect. Pensance is a town of some trade in pilchards, which they send to Spain; and they have a good mole and a platform for guns near it. A mile up the hill to the north-west is Castle Horneck, which commands a fine view of the bay and

particularly of the Mount, which from this place looks like a rich piece of Gothick carved work.

4. I went to see S^{t} Michael's Mount, commonly called the Cornish Mount in this country, and in Cornish Caricause in Cous, that is, a hoary rock in a wood ; for tho' it is now an island in the bay when the tide is in, yet they say that the sea has gained, that there was formerly a wood on the spot, and that they sometimes discover trees under the sands. A ridge of rocks extend from it about a quarter of a mile to the beach, by which they can go to it when the tide is not high. The foot of it is near a measured mile in circumference. It consists of a grey granite, the stones of which on the west side lye in a beautiful disorder; on the east side there is so much earth that there is a hanging garden on part of it. They found a tin vein in the rock, which was worked some time ago, and a very rich ore was dug out of it. Mr. Borlace showed me a celt or copper instrument of war, which, if I mistake not, he said was found here ; and it is said that they found spearheads, battle axes, and swords of copper all wrapt up in linnen, when they were digging for tin. William, Earl of Cornwall, in the time of Henry the first, built a cell here for two or three monks, and probably the chapel. It is said that the monks pretending that S^{t} Michael had appeared to them was the occasion of giving it the name of S^{t} Michael's Mount. The chapel is lately repaired by the late S^{r} John S^{t} Aubyn, and there are some convenient apartments made by him out of the old buildings, as he took great delight in this place, where he usually spent his summers. They say the whole mount is consecrated ground, and the people of Market Jew have a burial place at the foot of the hill. John Earl of Oxford, after Henry 6th was defeated in Barnet field, whose part he had taken, fortifyed him self here against Edward IV. and defended it bravely till his men gave way on the assault; and Duke of Hamilton was in this fortress when the Parliament forces took it, and the lines they drew are still to be seen towards Ludgvon. At the north foot of the mount is a

safe mole for shipping, and several warehouses and publick houses are built on the south side of it. Opposite to the mount is Market Jew, said to be derived from Market Jupiter,[a] because the market is on a Thursday; it is a small fishing town and no harbour, the chief trade is in fish and deals. We went on towards Helston and saw many tin works in the way; and at a distance to the north-east Godolphin, the ancient seat of the noble family of [that name, who have been there ever since the Conquest. At these tin works the river Hele rises, within two miles of the south sea, and consequently this is the place that must have been cut across for a communication. We came to Helston, a borough town situated on a hill and the side of it, a small river running by it, which empties it self into Loo pool, a large lake made by a neck of land between it and the sea; below this there are large timber yards, and they have shops in the town to supply the neighbouring country.

5. We went nine miles to the south near as far as Lizard point, to see the Soapy rock, which is in a little opening in the cliff, where a rivlet runs over a vein of soapy rock into the sea, the lode or vein running along the bottom of the valley; it is about four feet wide, most of it is mixed with red, like the terra lemnia, and the stone or walls on each side are of the same colour, and they find some of it hard and unfit for use even in the vein; there are white patches in it, which is mostly valued for making porcelane, and they get five pounds a ton for it, for the manufacture of porcelane, now carrying on at Bristol, there being much trouble in separating the white from the red; but they have received instructions lately not to be so exact in separating it, probably on their not being able to afford it at that price. There is a narrow vein of green earth near it, and about twenty yards west a small vein of white, which seemed to me not to be of so soapy a nature. It feels like soap, and being so dear

[a] Dr. Pococke adds here in a side-note, "Or rather from the Jews, who formerly were the principal workers in the mines, and resorted hither to buy and sell, which gave rise to the town."

it must be much better than pipe clay; there is a vein of something of the like nature at the Lizard point. We went to the south-east towards Helford, and coming on the downs of heath I observed about a dozen barrows near the dry tree, which form something of a circle; these are mentioned by the name of Erth and are called heaps of large stones, as they may be, but are now covered over with heath. We came to Helford, a sort of narrow bay from the sea into which several rivlets fall. It is a very fine harbour, and they have a key and about a dozen houses only, being frequented chiefly for the export of corn. I crossed the ferry, and passing by some coarse lead mines, after travelling half a mile farther came to Falmouth.

Launceston, October 15th, 1750.

Falmouth is situated on the water and up the side of the hills, in a fine harbour into which several small rivers fall, the principal of which, being the Vale or Fale, gives name to the town. The harbour is reckoned the best in England, next after Plymouth, and a great number of ships might anchor in it. King William settled packet boats from this place to Spain, which, when we were in war with that kingdom, were removed to Lisbon; and there are four packet boats that go to that port. The post comes once a week with the packet for Lisbon and Spain, for there are now two packet boats that go to the Groyne. Every passenger that goes to Lisbon pays four pounds to the Post Office; and the common price to the captain for acomodations is four or five moidores. This has occasioned a counterband commerce between this place and those ports, which of late has been much interrupted by the searches of the custom house officers; for it is not permitted that these boats should trade. Their chief commerce here is an export of salt pilchards, which they catch in great abundance with the Dungarvan net, which encloses 'em. They have also a great export of tin and corn and an import of timber, iron, and coals for the tin works. There are two fortresses at the entrance of the harbour; that to the west is on an high peninsula, and is called Pendennis Castle; it was

built about the time of Henry VIII. and is very strong. I saw the lines which the Parliament army made, who took it by intercepting their provisions. Mr. Carteret, of the Isle of Jerzey, sent them frequent supplies. Below this castle is the seat of the Killigrews; the famous jester was of the family. On the other side is the fort of St. Maws, built by Henry VIII.; the hamlet is a borough. This fort is now entirely neglected. The harbour is supposed to be what Ptolemy calls Cenionis Ostium.

About two miles from Falmouth, on the same opening, stands Penryn, at the mouth of a small rivlet, pleasantly situated on the side of a hill over the creek; it is a borough, and has a good share in the same kind of trade as Falmouth. We went through this town on the 14th in the evening to Truro, over the moors, on which there are some tin works, and pass'd by a smelting house within a mile of Truro. To these smelting houses the tin dust, when washed, is brought to be smelted. When it is brought in they take out four ounces of it, to essay it, to which they add half an ounce of culm coal and put it into a crucible. It commonly yields from two ounces and a half to two ounces and three quarters of pure tin, which they cast into litle blocks, and according as it yields they pay them or give them the tin when smelted; and if they will sell the tin to the smelter they will give a higher price; if they will take the tin in kind they give 'em printed bills for it, which will pass at the market price as well as bank bills. It is to be observed, when there is much sulphur in the tin dust after it is washed, that they put it in a kiln and burn it to get out the sulphur, some requiring two burnings. Here at the smelting house they put it into the furnace, making a fire behind, which has communication with the tin, the flame drawing into it, and they put culm in upon the tin, which, they say, makes it ferment, and separates the dross from it, which they scum off, and this dross is called . Some of this is a composition of tin and iron, which they use to harden brass or copper for engines, and it looks like spelter. They burn it thus six hours, and then cast it into

small blocks called tappings. They then melt it over again, and it remains in the furnace about an hour, when it is cast into blocks for coinage. They have lately found out a method of making it very fine, which is by beating it, or throwing it on the ground in small pieces after it is coin'd, which purifies it to the highest degree, and when it is thrown on the ground it forms it self into very curious shapes. The tin will drop through the furnace, and forms small pieces in different figures call'd .
They cast it in a granite mould, on which is the device of the smelting house and the initial letters of the person's name who coyns it. They stamp on it afterward the initial letters of the person who owns the tin and the number of the blocks run that quarter; it is then carried to the mint towns. They are Lestwithiel, Truro, Helston, Leskard, and by connivance Pensance. Here they take off a piece at the corner and try it, and put the mint mark on it. At Truro they commonly coin about 3170, at Pensance about 1700, at Helston about 600, and at the other towns they coin none, or very litle, each block weighs about .
What is sent abroad to Turkey is afterwards cast into small bars of any weight from two or three to seven pounds weight, which are more convenient for tinning, the use they put it to.

15th. I went to St. Agnes Hill, where within these few years the richest tin-works have been discovered. There is a remarkable hill of this name, which is much worked, and so all down to the North Sea, to which the foot of it stretches. The veins are seen in the sea cliffs, and they have follow'd one down near the sea cliff, through which there is a descent by steps not very inconvenient, and they have work'd it about fourteen fathom under the sea. Some of the veins hereabouts are in some places fourteen feet broad and the ore so rich that they call it grain tin, and might send it to the blowing houses (but they choose the smelting houses) without stamping it. The blowing houses are work'd with charcoal, and it

is an easier process than smelting; but in the blowing it must be free from sulphur, and then it produces finer tin than from the smelting houses. The grain tin shoots out like chrystal, only it is of different kinds of figures, and looks a litle like a black chrystal. Some I have seen yellowish and brown, probably tinged by some water which may pass through it, as the spars are, which are found here in very beautiful shoots, some appearing like topaz; but I was inform'd that being broke they have not been of that colour throughout. I saw some pieces here with several small shoots coming out from the sides of the larger, and they say the large shoots of tin have been cut into seals, and appear like a brown chrystal. I was here informed that in the country which disorders a lode they generally find a small vein called a leader, which brings them to the lode again. When they have very fine tin at any of the smelting houses or blowing houses they grain some of it for dyeing by passing it when liquid through a sieve, the holes of which may be about $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch square. If it is not very pure it will not grain, that is, it will not pass through the sieve. These grains they use for dying in grain. When they send the common stamp't tin to the smelting house they commonly send three sorts: what they call crop, which is the heaviest and remains behind at the first washing; slime, which is what has washed off, pounded over again and washed; row, or, I suppose, rough, is the larger pieces, which are so rich that they do not send 'em again to the stamp mill, but are fit for the smelting house; and this is the lowest price, since they give the smallest quantity of pure tin, and these are valued on the back of the bill which they give for the tin. The mines of St. Agnes are so rich that Mr. Donithorn, to whom they belong, pointed to one out of which he said he got the value of twelve thousand pounds in six months; and the ore is worth four pence a pound before it is sent to the smelting house. From St. Agnes we went eight miles to Modishole or Mitchel, commonly called Mutchel, a poor village which is a borough, the roadway being across disagreeable heaths.

9th. We went to the south-west about five miles, and came to Gosmore, out of which the river Fale rises, a large morass, in which there are great stream works for tin, but there are no lodes found near it. Here are remains of some works called the Fats, which probably had their names from the fat or rich veins. On the north side of it is Castle Downs or Danes, a high, broad hill, on the top of which is an encampment, said to be made by the Danes when they landed here. It consists of three fossees, and is 164 yards in diameter within the trenches. To the south-east of the morass is Hensborough, looked on as the highest ground in Cornwall, but I should think that some of the eastern hills were higher. There are some signs of shoading on this hill. The foot of it stretches along the south side of the morass, on which stands St. Denis. To the north of the hill and the east of the morass is a great curiosity, Rock rock, of dark grey granite. It rises up, I suppose, near sixty feet, in some parts perpendicular; in others great masses of granite which have tumbled from it forming a very rough descent from it. On the top is a building said to be an hermitage, which, tho' small, occupies the whole top of the rock. It is ascended by a ladder where it is perpendicular; and I have been informed that even some ladies of masculine courage have gone into it. Near it is the village of Rock, and a good church belonging to it. From this place we went north-west along by Castle Downs again, and came to St. Columb, a small town situated on a heigth in a fine uneven country; and two miles further near west came to Nanswidden, the seat of Mr. Hoblyn, who has built a fine house of a stone found near the sea of a greenish cast, the coin stones are of moor stone or granite and the cornish of Bath stone. He has a fine library in it, which contains a very curious collection of books. He is improving the natural situation in a very good taste. There is a stream here which comes from Gosmoor, and they had formerly stream works here. Their white lime is made of the Plymouth stone; but this gentleman has found a stone near the sea which makes a good building brown lime.

Tiverton, October 19th, 1750.

From Nanswithen I went on October the 10th through S[t] Columb, and going in the road to Wadbridge, about three miles, we came on the heath to what they call the Nine Sisters, which are nine stones from four to six feet high, of a sort of a stone which appears to me to be a blew marble with veins of white in it, that may be a spar. The eastern stone has been thrown down, and is twelve feet long. On the rising grounds near are some barrows, and in a field near it are many large stones, some of which I thought after I left the place had been disposed in some order by art. From thence we crossed the moor and descended near St. Issey to a litle stream which falls into a creek made by the tide which comes up the river Camel, and so came to Padstow. Near the shoar some miles to the south-west is Lanhern, the ancient seat of the Arundels, created barons by the title of Lord Arundel of Wardour in Wiltshire, and farther west towards St. Agnes I was informed a church and parsonage-house was buryed in the sand, and that they built a church only four hundred yards distant from the old church ; if I mistake not it is Perran-in-zabulot, near which is St. Cuthbert, where by the seaside is an allum water, esteemed very good for washing and healing any outward sores, especially such as are of a scorbutick nature.

Padstow is situated in a litle hollow of a hill, which is at the mouth of the river Camel, that rises almost directly to the east near Camelford, where Leland saies King Arthur the British hero was slain, and there is a tradition confirmed by Marianus that a great battle was fought here between the Saxons and Britains about the year 820 ; near that place is Nun's Pool, call'd Allernon, which they have a notion is good to cure madness, by dipping the person in it, and a litle farther on the coast is Tintagel, where they say King Arthur was born. At Padstow is a pretty good mole, but there is a large bar, at the west end of which is a very narrow entrance to the harbour. They have a trade to Ireland in corn, and to Bristol for many goods, and to Wales for coal ; and they have a trade in

the fine light slates of Denbole, which are brought to it from Port Isaac. At the upper end of the town the Prideaux's have a seat, which was left by a distant relation to the son of Dean Prideaux, whose son now enjoys it; it is a very fine situation and well improved. From Padstow I went on to the south-east, and had a fine view of Padstow and of the country to the east from the high grounds, and came in five miles to Wadbridge, which is over the Camel, and consists of seventeen arches, some of which by reason of the quick sands, they say, are built on wool packs. It was the work of Nicholas Lovebone, vicar of the parish of Egleshall. We went four miles mostly near the river and through a well timber'd country to Pencarrow, the seat of the Molesworths, baronets. The present S^r^ John married a daughter of S^r^ Nicholas Morrice's, and S^r^ William his son left S^r^ John's second son an estate of above 3000*l.* a year, being the dock of Plymouth, leaving near the same to S^r^ John St. Aubin, a nephew by another sister; and the house and furniture at Werrington, and an estate of 1500*l* a year entailed, to Mr. Morrice, a descendant from their common ancestor Secretary Morrice. I went to a heighth over the park to see an ancient camp. To the south is a circular entrenchment 64 yards in diameter within the fossees, which are double, the outer fossee being about 10 feet deep and the inner 15; to the north of the entrance and 27 yards from it is a semi-circular entrenchment, and another to the north of that, 44 yards from its entrance, then an oblong square joyns on to that 160 yards long from south to north, and there seemed to have been another of great extent, which probably enclosed the whole. From this place we went three miles to Bodmyn, situated on the sides of two hills, on each side of a rivlet, which falls a litle below it into the Camel; it is a long town but seems to be very poor. In 905, King Edward the Elder founded a bishop's see here, but being disturbed by the Danes it was removed to St. Germain. In 926, King Athelstan founded an Abbey of Benedictines here, destroyed by the Danes in 981, the lands of which were granted by the Conqueror to Robert, Earl of Moreton and Cornwall; but in 1110 Algar Duke of Corn-

wall rebuilt the abbey, and put black canons into it, and the church is now converted into a court-house; the east window of which appears to have been a fine piece of work, but of a later date. The parish church they say belonged to a priory; it has a very ancient door case at the west end, and was probably the door case of the cathedral, tho' the cathedral it is said was entirely demolished by y^{e} Danes, and then y^{e} see was translated to St. Germans. On the hill to the north of the town is an old tower and the foundations of a small church, which they say was the old parish church.

Perkin Warbeck gathered his forces here before he went to Exeter, and in King Edward VI. time the Cornish and Devonshire people rendezvoused here against the King.

11. We went near Lord Radnor's seat, and came to a beautiful narrow valley, the hills on each side of which are covered with wood; in the middle of it runs the river Fowey; and on a litle hill in this vale adjoyning to the hills to the north is the Castle of Restormil, which is a circular building, encompassed with the fossee about twenty feet deep: there are seven apartments in it formed like wise a circle within, each of them being about 18 feet deep. From the room opposite to the gate way is an entrance to an oblong square room about eighteen feet by twenty-three, built as a tower without the circle, which seems to have been the grand room. This was the castle of the Earls and Dukes of Cornwall, and was probably built about the time of the Conquest. Uzella of Ptolemy is thought to have been about this place.

From thence I went about a mile to the litle town of Lestwithiel, on the same river, situated in the bottom and on the side of the steep hill. Here the Earls of Cornwall seem to have had another house, and probably their chief offices and domesticks, Restormil not seeming large enough to receive the attendants of such great princes. There are remains of the ancient house, part of it is converted into a jayl, and another part into a coinage house for the tin. The spire-steeple of this church is a curious old building, there are not above 2 or 3 more in Cornwall. I went a mile to Lanlivery to see some

large granite stones in a field to the south-west of the church; one of them measured about 30 feet by 20 and fifteen feet high.

I return'd to Lestwithiel and went on through Boconnock Park, and came to an old circular encampment on a hill called Castle Cart; there is a double fossee round it, and it is about ninety-two yards in diameter within the trenches. I came to Duloe again, where I was shown in a field five large stones which seemed to have made part of a small enclosure, that probably might have been some ancient burial place.

12th. I went on to Leskard, pleasantly situated on the side of two hills and a hollow ground between them; on the east side of the town was a castle, of which there are now hardly any remains. From this place I went three miles to Redgate inn, and came to a heath at the foot of Ring-Cheese, where there are great tin works. In a field near it is what they call the other half-stone, one is in the form of half of a seat cut in stone, it is in a litle pit; the other is a granite stone about nine feet high, two feet thick one way and eighteen inches the other, and at the top there is cut a sort of a groove; both of them seem to be only parts of two stones which made a cross, and by some accident might separate and be carried away for other uses; as I was informed, one of them was to make a gate post; it is probable they formed a cross, and it is said an inscription was found on one of them importing that Donert or Dungarth gave that land for the benefit of his soul, which it seems was given to the Religious when Doniert King of Cornwall was drowned in 872; the words are "Doniert Rogavit Pro Anima." But I did not see the inscription.

Going on towards Ring-Cheese we passed by a stone about eight feet high with a cross on it. We soon after came to the stones which they call the Hurlers. There are, first, four stones which seem with some others to have made a small circle; a litle farther is a circle of thirteen stones mostly four or five yards apart, but by the distances in four places there seem to have been four more, and to

the south there is a large opening of twenty-three yards, and in another place of forty yards, if I mistake not, towards the north. Farther northward is another of twelve stones, mostly at about the same distances, there are two wide openings of about twenty yards towards the south with only two stones between them; and by the other spaces between some of the stones there seem to be eight wanting, one of the stones larger than the rest is six feet high, six broad at bottom, and two feet thick. I went up to the top of the hill called Ring-Cheese; at the bottom of it is a stone-cutter's grott cover'd with one stone thirty-five feet long, nine broad, and three thick. On the top of the hill we saw those stones over one another like cheeses, which give name to the hill. The most remarkable heap consists of five stones one over another; and five much larger over them, which have been left so, without doubt, by the washing away of the earth from them. On many of these I saw such holes as we observed in Carn-bray. And one in particular, on one of those heaps which seemed to be inaccessible without a ladder, and I should think that they were cut by the people that work'd in the mines, and came to receive water for their use. Going down the hill I observed many tin works, and towards the top many heaps of small stones, like barrows, which I thought might be pick'd up for the sake of the grazing, in order to clear the ground.

Taunton, October 20th, 1750.

From the top of Cheese ring I saw Sharptor, a summit of the same mountain, about two miles to the north, with a curious ridge of rocks running from it to the west, I saw also on a hill to the north-west Dosinery Pool, which covers 38 acres of ground, and a rivlet which falls into the river of Fowey rises out of it. To the north of this is the mountain called Brownwilly, seen all over Cornwall. The foot of it extends to Garrah, where I observed near Bodmyn it appears like a steep cliff. To the north of this is that rocky point of a mountain called Rough Tor. Out of these hills a river rises which falls into the Camel. We descended Cheese ring,

and passing over Karaton mountain we came to [*blank*], about which the country is very uneven, and full of woods.

13th. I ascended the famous hill, or rather mountain, called Hengston, formerly called Hengist Hill, where antiently there were great works; and they have begun to work again in some parts of it. About 831 the Cornish Britains who joyned with the Danes under Hengist to drive out the Saxons were here forced to a battle by King Egbert, and defeated and cut to pieces by him; from which time it is supposed the hill has had the name of Hengist Hill, from Hengist, their first leader into Britain. There are two summits to this hill: the western, called Kits Hill, the eastern, called Calstock, where we saw some tin works. Under Kits Hill, on Hengston, Callington is pleasantly situated, a borough town. From this place we came towards the part of the hill call'd Calstock, where we saw some tin mines, which are now working, and great marks of old ones. We descended down the hill to the Tamer, to Newbridge, below which is Calstock, where they have a manufacture of coarse earthen ware, and particularly of earthen ware ovens, and they were attempting some things of a finer sort with a yellow clay brought from St. Stephen's, near Saltash, from Hollowmore Bay, near St. Germans, and also from Kelly. I was informed that they were endeavouring to set up such a manufacture as they have in Staffordshire, at Bovey Tracey, near the river Tynge, in Devon shire, where they have plenty of good pipe clay, and have found a coal that will serve for that purpose; towards the top it has an offensive smell, but not below, and appears like a black wood; the clay also over it will burn, and smells like amber; it is in layers or strata, inclining to the south. Below Calstock is Culteel, where the branch of the family of the Edgcombs formerly lived from which Lord Edgcomb is descended, the house from which they have their first origin and name being in the parish of Milton, five miles north of Tavistock, where one Mr. Edgcomb now lives, of which family was the late Rector of

Exeter College in Oxford. Mount Edgcomb came into the family by a marriage.

I crossed over the Tamer into Devon shire, and in about two miles came to Tavistock, situated in a bottom between hills, on the river Teave, that runs through the town; below it the river Walkam falls into the Tavy, and above it the Lamber, on which Lamerton stands, and above that the rivlet called Burne. Oragavius, Duke of Devon shire and Cornwall, had his palace here, and his son Ordulf built the abbey, and a nich in the old wall of the church remaining in a court of a house built on the site of the church is supposed to be his tomb; he is said to have been a very active man, of a gigantick stature, and they show in the parish church a thigh bone twenty-one inches long, which they say was Ordulf's bone. There was a school in this abbey for the Saxon language, and the fabrick continued till of late; there was also a press here, and it is said that a Saxon grammar was printed here about the beginning of the last century. It was the last abbot but one who had the contest with Hugh Oldham, Bishop of Exeter; and the last abbot was mitred and made a baron in Parliament about three months before the Dissolution. The several mannors belonging to it are now mostly in the Duke of Bedford; Werrington, late S^{r} William Morrice's, was the park of the abbey.

From Tavistock I went two miles to Lamerton, where, in the church, are some remains of good paintings in the windows; the east window was given by the last Abbot of Tavistock, who was mitred, in which he is represented in a posture of devotion. There is also a remarkable monument in it of the Tremaynes, which was renewed about forty years agoe, with the statues of the family in the base, about three feet high, and particularly the twins, who, being alike in lineaments, always sympathized in hunger, thirst, sleep, and pain, and were both killed in Queen Elizabeth's reign, in 1563, at the battle of Newport.

15th. I went nine miles to Launceston, in Cornwall, situated on the side of a hill over a rivlet, which falls into the Tamer about two miles lower. The church here is a great curiosity, being built of granite, and all the outside adorn'd with reliefs of coats of arms, and between every coat is one letter, so as in the whole it makes up the Ave Maria; over the door is St. George and the Dragon, and St. Roch giving his garment to a poor man. The church is dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, and at the east end she is represented in a prostrate posture; in a grotto on each sille are litle figures as playing on all sorts of musical instruments. This is very singular, and resembles the Egyptian way of adorning the outside of their temples with hierogliphicks. On the south side of the town is the castle, in an irregular oblong square figure; the strongest part of it is a great heigth, which seems to have been made steeper by art, on which there is a round building, the walls of which are ten feet thick, and at the distance of seven feet another circular building within of the same thickness, and I believe about thirty feet in diameter within; there is a staircase up through the wall to the top, and it seems to have consisted of two stories. From Launceston we crossed the water to Newport, a litle village which is a borough, and ascended up to Werrington, late S^{r} William Morrice's park. It is very fine rising ground on each side of the river Atre, and beautifully improved in wood and lawn; to the left, on a heigth, is a building to represent a ruinous castle, and lower in the park S^{r} William began a temple of the sun, which appears in a wood: to the right there is a very fine terrace, winding round the hill, and above it, opposite to the house, a triumphal arch, on the model of that on Sidon Hill, at Highcleer. Descending we came to a hermitage, like that at Richmond, and beyond it is a model of what is called the Tomb of the Horatii, near Albano. Returning down towards the river there is a large alcove trellis seat, and above the river forms a beautiful serpentine river. From the river we went up to the house; the old part is a roomy, convenient building, before which and adjoyning to it S^{r} William built

three rooms, with a large gallery leading to them; in the front is a bow window with the door in it; over this is an attick story; 'tis built rather in the style of a lodge; it is of brick, with the door case and the middle window of each side and at each end of Portland stone, with a balustrade; and it seems to be built as to be enlarged at pleasure by building round a court. In the old house are some good pictures, as the views of Caniletti, two pieces of Salvador Rosa, Lucretia of Guido, Henry VIII. and one of his queens, very good, but rather better colouring and more life than Holben's usually are, two or three small pieces of Poussin, and his capital piece of a land storm, which cost 500*l*. To the west is a small building in a wood; and farther on the hill is the church built by S^{r} William Morris with a Gothick tower and a turret on each side of it: the church is Gothick without, and in niches round are some old statues of the apostles, which were given him from some ancient building; it is Roman architecture within and the porch on one side and a vault on the other, with a seat over each, one for the family the other for the servants, form a cross. This park is to be looked on as one of the most beautiful in England, and part of it is in Cornwall and part in Devon shire, the river being the bounds between the two counties. And now having finished Cornwall, I shall give some account of the dutchy, and of the customs of it. The Conqueror gave it as an earldom to Robert de Moreton, his half brother by his mother, with 793 mannors, and not long after it was settled in the next heir to the Crown, and erected into a dutchy. The lands are of three kinds: the old dutchy lands, leased out at a certain rent, and renewable every seven years, paying only 6*d*. fine; the new dutchy, leased out at a certain rent, but renewed with a fine at will; and then other lands, leased out for a term of years at pleasure. The auditor holds a sessions for renewing. The Duke, the Prince of Wales, has a lord warden, an auditor, receiver, and other officers. The lord warden holds the Stannary Courts and the Convocation, the members of which are chosen by Launceston, Lestwithiel, Truro,

and Helston, each sending six convocators, who choose a speaker; they can adjourn as to time, but not from the place they are called to. Their business [is] to make laws in relation to the tin mines and tinners; and the Duke has a prison at Lestwithiel, where they are confined for debt. The Prince of Wales has such a court also for Devon shire, where 'tis call'd a Parliament, and those which are chosen by the four towns of Tavistock, Asburton, Chegford, and Plimpton, are called Parliament men, six for each: they meet on Dartmore mountain, at a place called Crocken Tor, in the parish of Wydecomb, where there is a stone table and single stones round for the members to sit on, from which place they adjourn to do business. They both met in Queen Anne's time. The Duke's lands bring in about twelve thousand pounds a year, and the tin mines 4000*l.*, but the prince does not receive above 10,000*l.* in the whole. In Cornwall and Devon shire they have few wheel carriages by reason of the steep hills, but every thing is carried either on hooks on each side of the horses, which are long or short according to the nature of the burthen ; they have drags for drawing up the side of steep fields, and what wheel carriages they have are drawn by oxen and horses which they use for ploughing. They have a particular way of dressing their land in Devon shire and Cornwall, which must be very useful in uneven countrys, which is taking the earth round the field for about ten feet broad, and laying it in a heap with lime; they also plough the field slightly, and mix up the top part with sand, and lay it in heaps, and spread both over the fields ; the best of the soyl in the steep grounds washing down to the lower parts of the field makes it a very good manure. About Penzance, in the rocks, are jays with red bills and legs, called a Cornish jay, and by Pliny Pyrrho corax. They make great use here of Cloume ovens, which are earthen ware of several sizes, like an oven, and being heated they stop 'em up and cover 'em over with embers to keep in the heat; and in the very western parts they have pot-ovens, a round piece of iron which is heated, on which the bread is put, and then it is cover'd over with a pot,

on which they heap the embers to keep in the heat. In Devon shire and Cornwall they keep up the old institution of rural deans; they are appointed at the visitation, generally a new incumbent; they are obliged to go round to all the churches within the deanery, and direct proper repairs to be made, and a certificate to be returned to them in such a time that the repairs are accordingly finished; and if they do not, the rural dean returns 'em to the Bishop's Court, and process issues out against them. They have a custom in many parts for the clerk to read the first lesson, and so that office is frequently very ill executed The churches in both these counties are large fabricks, with fine square towers built to most of them. In the western parts of Cornwall they keep their parish feasts with great prophaneness and debauchery. The people of Cornwall are very hospitable and exceeding civil to strangers, and the common people are much polished and ready to do all kind offices, which I observed more especially among the tinners. But they cannot be defended in falling in so violent a manner not only on wrecks but on ships that are drove in with all the people, and might be saved, but the common people come and plunder, even to the breaking up the vessels. Tho' they said that about Moushole, near Penzance (which lyes most out of the way place), they speak Cornish, and I met with some people that said they could speak Cornish, or the old British, yet upon examination I did not find that 'twas a living language among them, but consists only in a few common expressions, and in a knowledge of the derivation of the names of places. They have a great many additional stories of the saints of these places to whom their churches are dedicated, as well as to many Irish saints.

Glassenbury, October 21st, 1750.

Oct. 17th. I went from Lamerton by the fine downs to Brent Tor, which is a high rocky hill, on which a chapel is built, that is a sea-mark to those who bear with the harbour of Plymouth. This heigth commands a fine view into Cornwall of the sea and

sandy banks to the west of Biddiford and to the east of Hartland Point, called by Ptolemy Herculis Promontorium, of the mountains of Dartmore and of that large hill, called the Black Down, which lyes between Dartmore and those downs we came over. At the foot of is Peter-Tavy, of which a son of Dr. Pococke's, the famous orientalist, was minister, as another was of Cheriton in this county, both of them preferred by Bishop Lamplugh, who, being turned out by the Parliament Commissioners, as well as Dr. Hammond, they were both invited by the Professor to Childrey; and Lamplugh, his relation, in gratitude gave two small livings to one son and another small living to another.

18th. I went by Brentor to see a fall of a rivlet into the Lyd; and, coming down to the Lyd, saw the remains of a hermit's cell, adjoyning to a chapel in a most retired place between the hills, covered with wood; it belonged to the Abbey of Tavistock. Going above a mile up the river I observed the marks of tin stream works, and came to the cascade which falls down a rock so near perpendicular that 150 feet in the inclined plain make the fall of 110 feet perpendicular. The stream above may be about three feet broad, and the rock setts out a litle, about 30 feet from the top, and more than that about 20 feet lower. In other places it glides smoothly down the rock, and below this it may be four feet in breadth, and it rushes down through the rocks to this fall 95 feet and 70 in perpendicular heigth. From this we went up the hill, crossed the stream above, and came to the bridge over the Lyd at Lyd ford, the single arch of which I guessed might be about 10 feet wide where it makes a semicircle built on the rock, but stretching out two or three feet farther to the south. It is over the Lyd, which I suppose is 100 feet below it, the rock being uneven on each side, and the river working down under the bridge in beautiful cascades. About a mile higher up the rocks are so close that the river seems to fall down out of a hole of the rock. There is a square castle here on a low mount; it may be about 60 feet square, and probably had

a large precinct which was destroyed not long after the Conquest. Lydford is now only a poor village, but was formerly a considerable place, as it appears from the Conqueror's Survey book that it could be taxed only when London and Exeter was taxed and in the same manner; and the custody of this castle was given to men of the greatest quality. They formerly sent members to Parliament, and it is said that all Dartmore is in this parish. I went to the north-east round the end of Dartmore, and in eight miles came to Okehampton, situated between the Ock and a small river to the east, which joyns it so that it falls into the Tawridge, that runs by Biddiford and empties it self into the river below Barnstable near the sea. Okehampton is a small town at the foot of Dartmore, being supported by the thorough fare into Cornwall from Exeter and other parts, and by a manufacture of white serges, which are dyed at Exeter. There is an indifferent chapel in the town, the parish church being a mile off. Half a mile to the west of the town are the remains of an old castle, the square tower still standing on a mount. It is mentioned in Domesday book as held of the king by Viscount Baldwin, and it afterwards came to the Courtenays Earls of Devonshire. The river Dart rises near this place, which falls into the sea at Dartmouth, after having run through all Dartmore. This chain of hills is twenty miles long and fourteen broad, many rivers rising out of them. There are many villages all round the foot of it, which feed their cattle there in summer, not less than 100,000 sheep, and it supplies them with excellent turf. The people about this moor are as civilised as in other parts (tho' vulgarly reputed otherwise). There is a great variety of what they call morestone or granite on it. *It was made a forest in King John's time,*[a] and tin works were then carried up on to Dartmore, but have not been worked for many years; those who have been over the hills say they were only stream works. There is the black

[a] The whole county of Devon, except Dartmoor and Exmoor, were disafforested by John, Earl of Mortein, afterwards King John, in Richard I.'st time, he being lord of Devon and Cornwall by the gift of his brother Richard.—(*Note by Dr. P.*)

game on these hills, call'd the black grous and the heath-poult. The cock is black with white feathers in the tail, as large as a hen; the hen, something less, is of the colour of the woodcock, and they are in such plenty that they sell for eighteen pence a piece; the first is mostly black, but there are good spots in it that might be cultivated [*sic*]. The parish of Wythicomb comes further of any place on the hills. There are two places, Belliford and Hartland, about four miles from Chegford, where there are two or three houses of herdsmen.

19th. I went five miles to the river Tau, which runs to Barnstable, and, having crossed it, I found another sort of face of the country, the red soil with the red sandstone, and all the country full of rising grounds, and small hills beautifully improved. Three miles further I came to a poor little town, called Bowe, where they have a manufacture of serge. Seven miles further is Crediton, a long town, the west end of which is almost all new built, it having been burnt about six years ago. There is a manufacture in the town of serges and narrow clothes. This was a bishop's see, which was removed from Tawton to this place, Devonshire being the diocese, which with Cornwall and the diocese of Wells containing Somersetshire, was the bishoprick of Sherborn from about the year 900. There were but two or three Bishops of Taunton before the see was removed to this place, and in 1050 it was removed to Exeter. A collegiate church was founded here. The present church is a large building, and was built temp. H. 7 or H. 8. *vide* Leland *Itin.* In this church is the tomb of S^{r} William Peryan, L^{d} Chief Baron of the Exchequer, who dyed in 1605, and the monuments of the Tuckfields of Teadbourne, who have a house and park near, and were formerly buryed in this church; and in the cross isle is a very old monument of a man and a woman, the latter having on her head the square coif. A meadow to the east of this church they call the Palace Meadow, where it is supposed the bishop's house was; and further east is a mead called My Lord's Meadow, which is a long

meadow on the river, they say four miles round; this, they supposed, belonged to the bishop. At the west end of the town are the remains of the chapel of St. Laurence; that is, all but the south side, and they have built tenements in it; they say it was burnt when the town was suffer'd by fire. In the front of it was a college of twelve prebendaries; but it is now destroyed. In the large meadow the Devon shire rebells assembled and fortifyed them selves in Edward VI. time, and went from it and laid siege to Exeter. I went nine miles mostly over hills to the river Ex at Brickley Bridge. Those hills command a fine view, more especially to the north and north-west, and from them I saw the hills that run to the sea beyond the river Ex about Minehead. From Crediton to Tiverton I observed a slate stone among the red soil, which probably is a stratum in the hills between the Credy and the Ex. From this bridge I went on the west side of the river three miles to Tiverton; the hills on each side of the Ex, on which there is an agreeable mixture of wood and fields, affording a very pleasant prospect. Tiverton is situated between two rivers, the Ex and the Leman, the principal part of the town being on a heigth over the former; and a rivlet is brought through the town, and is divided so as to run through every street. This parish is divided into three portions, given to three persons, and [*blank*] College puts in a fourth, and these in their turns weekly take care of the church and chapel of St. George. The church is a handsome fabrick with a small library adjoyning; and Mr. John Greenoway in 1517 built a fine chapel on the south side of the church, in which he is buryed. He also built and founded an hospital and chapel for six poor men, which is an handsome building, embellished with Gothick ornaments and small statues. The chapel is an handsome building with galleries of the Ionick order. The castle is finely situated over the river, and there are great remains of it. There was a chapel in it, which, I suppose, is that in which Edward Courtney, Earl of Devonshire, and his wife were buryed. On the monument was this remarkable inscription:

Ho, ho, who lies here?
'Tis I, the Earl of Devonshire,
With Kate my wife, to me full dear.
We lived together fifty-five year.
That we spent we had.
That we left we lost.
That we gave we have.

This castle now belongs to S^{r} John Carew.

There is a free school here for reading and writing, in which 100 boys are taught gratis. But the greatest benefaction in this town was that of Mr. Peter Blundell, clothier, who built a free school and endowed eight scholarships at Baliol College in Oxford and as many at Sidney College in Cambridge. It is a handsome building of free stone consisting of one room, divided only by a passage into the upper and lower school, and behind it an apartment for the master and usher.

They have a small manufacture here of serges, shalloons, and druggets, which with the thorough fare is the chief support of the town. This town has frequently suffered by fire. At Dulverton, about six miles off, they have a stone of blewish cast with white spots in it, which seems to be a very close, hard free stone, is very smooth when work'd, and makes very handsome monuments.

20th. I went on eastward, the road being exceeding good, in a sandy soil, and I saw Columbton on the river Columb, which falls into the Ex. It was the demeasne of the King of the West Saxons, and Alfred left it to his youngest son Ethelward. Coming towards the borders of this country I saw West Leigh and the quarries of lime stone in the hills near it, which is a blewish stone with white veins in it, and is the only limestone in all this country. To the east of it is Hulcombe, where there is an old castle. All the prospects here are very delightful of a rich, well inhabited country, and fine hills to the south-east. Passing over a common we came at the bottom of the valley into Somerset shire. All the country to the south from Totness to Plymouth is called Southham,

which is so famous for cyder, but by the introduction of the Herefordshire redstreak of late years they make far better cyder near Exeter. They let the apples fall, and put them in heaps in the orchard to rot and ferment, and then grind and press them out. They have an apple called the bitter-sweet, which gives a fine flavour to the cyder; the menagement afterwards is drawing off frequently. There have been many eminent persons of this county of Devonshire,

As Bracton, who writ De Consuetudinibus Angliæ.
S^{r} Thomas Bodley, founder of the library at Oxford.
Lord Clifford, High Treasurer of England. S^{r} Francis Drake.
S^{r} John Fortescue, L^{d} Chancellor, who writ a book, De Laudibus Legum Angliæ.
John Holland, Duke of Exeter, General in Henry V. army.
George Monk, Duke of Albermale. S^{r} Walter Raleigh.
And the following eminent divines:
Dr. Cowel, who writ the Institutes of the English Laws and the Interpreter.
Thomas Harding, Bp. Jewel's antagonist.
Mr. Hooker, author of the Ecclesiastical Polity.
Ezekiel Hopkins, Bishop of Derry. Bishop Jewel.
Bishop Prideaux, and many others.

Wells, October 22^{d}, 1750.

October 20th. I came from Devonshire into Somerset shire, and had a fine prospect of that vale in which the river Thone runs, which rises towards the North Sea, and runs near Wivelscomb, where they have a yellow loam, which they use in colouring leather. I saw also the Tor of Glassenbury about 30 miles distant. I soon came to Wellington, situated on a rising ground; it is a small town, chiefly subsisted by the thorow fare and the woollen manufacture. There is a good church at the end of the town with a fine tower. In it is the tomb of S^{r} John Popham with this inscription :

" S^{r} John Popham, Knight, Lord Chief Justice of the Exchequer,

of the Honourable Privy Council to Queen Elizabeth, and after to King James, aged 76, died the 10th of June, 1607, and is here interr'd."

He and his lady are in leaden coffins in a vault under the monument. The family in Wiltshire are descended from him, who have an estate and a house at the west end of the town. The rood-loft remains here, and the altar is at a litle distance from the east end with a partition behind it. There is a meeting-house here built like a church with a burial place to it. The Anabaptists have a meeting here. Within a mile of Taunton we passed through Hilbishop, where there is a Presbyterian meeting-house. We came to Taunton situated on the river Thone in a very rich country. It is a large town, it may be two miles in circumference, but all the town except two streets is indifferently built. They have two churches, St. Mary Magdalene the larger, the fine tower of which is crown'd with beautiful pinacles of open Gothick work, it is 225 feet high. In it is a monument to the memory of Robert Green, Esqre., who was a poor boy apprenticed to a taylor, ran away to London, and in 1636 founded an hospital here for seven men and ten women. The other church, St. James's, has nothing remarkable but the old rood loft, some remains of fine glass-windows, and an old octagon font with reliefs of our Saviour crucifyed on one side, with the Virgin Mary and St. John and three persons in each of the other sides, the Apostles, and some others. One Mr. Huish founded an hospital near the great church for 13 men, the fund of which is lost. There are remains of the old castle, built of a white crumbling free-stone; it was of large extent, one part of it is used for the Courts of Laws, and another for a Free school. It does not appear by whom this castle was built; but Ina, King of the West Saxons, built a castle here, which Desburgia his wife destroyed after she had driven Eadbricth, King of the East Saxons, out of it, according to Cambden.

There is a fine old hexagon cross in the market place with statues on every side, and inscriptions much defac'd. There are Anabaptist,

Quaker, and two Presbyterian meeting-houses here; and there has been usually a private academy for breeding young men for Presbyterian preachers, who board with the professor, but now there are very few. There is a pleasant walk by the river; but the avenues to this town are very dirty, which might be remedied at a small expence. They have a great woollen manufacture here, and very great markets. There is navigation to Taunton from Bridgwater, and the tyde comes to Hammills.

21st. I passed by an hospital called the Spittal for 6 persons, which had the arms and mitre of a bishop, and was afterwards informed that Bishop Ken was the founder. We soon came to the moors, which are large marshes on each side of the Thone, of excellent land, throwing up not only flags but large thistles; they extend beyond Glastonbury, and feed many thousands of black cattle and sheep in summer, but from November to April they are commonly under water, and then the road is by Bridgwater 4 miles about. I crossed over the Thone and came to Ham mills, three miles from Taunton, where they make linseed oyl. The tyde comes to this place. The way for seven miles further was over the marshes, exceeding good road, often passing the river on wooden bridges till we came to Burrowbridge, which is of stone, where on a hill there is a chapel built with a tower in the middle of the cross, and is called Burrow Steeple, now in ruins; they say it belongs to the King. Here the Thone falls into the Parret, and here it is mentioned that there is a river island formerly called Ethelingay, now commonly Athelney, of which a place called Anthony in the maps may be a corruption. This island is remarkable for King Alfred's lying hid in it when the Danes had ravaged the country. The firm ground that was not over flowed is said to have been only two acres, which probably might be the hill on which the church describ'd call'd Burrough tower, and in the map Michael's burrough stands: the church being dedicated to St. Michael, which Malmsbury mentions as a monastery, supported by four posts fastened in

the ground, with four chancels round it, which in form may answer to the present fabrick, which was built on the same figure. Near Athelney a curious piece of antiquity was found some years past, which without doubt was lost by King Alfred when he was at this place. It is mentioned as a picture, probably enamelled, and is of an oval figure with an ornament at the end of a tyger's head; on one side is an ornament like a lily, on the other a figure as of a person in armour with something held in each hand, and round it to this purpose in Saxon, "Alfred commanded me to be made." 'Tis supposed the King carried it about him, and that the figure is St. Cuthbert, as William of Malmesbury saies that St. Cuthbert appeared to the King and his mother the same night when he was here after his defeat, and assured him that he should be a great king.[a] From Burrowbridge, I saw Bridgewater, the Holm Islands and Wales to the north; and to the south the low hills of Dorset shire, and to the south of them the high hills towards Weymouth; and all this flat country encompassed with beautiful low hills. I was told they have lime stone at Langport, and towards Glassenbury they have a blue hard stone, which looks like a marble, but is not a lime stone. From this place we went about two miles to another moore, about 4 miles over, and came to Glastonbury situated between two streams, which with another meet at Meer Poole, which is dry in summer, and falls into the sea with the river that runs by Taunton. This is Sedgmore, where the forces of King James with the loss of only eighteen men defeated the Duke of Monmouth and his party.

Glassenbury, the town and abbey, are situated on the foot of Tor hill, and of another hill to the west of it, together with a village east of the abbey, call'd Chickwell. I went up to the top of Tor hill, which is very high, there was a church on it, the fine steeple of which remains; over the door is the relief of a woman milking a cow, and of a pair of scales: the devil has his foot in one, and an

[a] This picture is in the Ashmole Museum at Oxford.—*Note in margin of MS.*

angel is by the other, in which they say is the Bible. From this hill I saw Wells, the Wokey, Mundip, and Brent hills, Axbridge, thought to be Bovium, the 11th station of the 12th Iter; the Bristol Channel, and a hill near Warminster in Wiltshire, and Chedder to the north-west of Wells, where the famous Chedder cheese is made; and to the south-west near to Ilchester, supposed to be the Ischalis of Antonine's *Itinerary*. The foss road which began at Moridunum, now Seaton, or rather at Exeter, went through it to Bath, and so to Lincoln, and to the sea at the mouth of the Humber. I went to see the famous abbey; there is a tradition that Joseph of Arimathea landed in England, and came to the hill on which the wind mill is built to the west of the town, and being got to the top, stuck in his stick, which grew, and is the Glassenbury thorn, and said, "We are weary all," from which it has the name of Weary all hill. But their tradition does not seem to be well founded. They say that the chapel under ground was afterwards built, in which Joseph of Arimathea, King Arthur, and several other British princes, were buryed, and a body was not long ago found at the south door which they said was that of Joseph, another opposite, which they say was King Arthur's. The arms of the convent were a cross, with a vial on each side. For they say that Joseph of Arimathea brought with him two vials of water and blood, the washing of our Saviour's wounds, which were kept in a square nich on the north side of the high altar, from which nich the Papists have scraped away the free stone and broken off pieces of a harder stone at bottom to carry it away out of devotion. Going into the convent from the west there is first a grand gateway with the porter's lodge to the north; we soon came to the famous kitchen, which is a curious piece of architecture, thirty-four feet square, with a chimney at each corner built within; from which four chimneys four other sides spring above in a curve line, so as to make it an octagon; above is a cupola into which all the smoak went, and in it there hung a bell. There was a building before the door, on one side was the oven, which opened into the chimney,

and on the other side was a room where the meat was brought to be sent to the table. Near the kitchen is a place where they say a monk stood who understood many languages, and rung a bell after meals, and then the poor came in and eat what was left. The tradition is that six oxen were brought in weekly, stall fed, and six from grass, which, with a proportion of other meat, were spent weekly, except in Lent; but those that were then due were brought in at great festivals, as an extraordinary provision. Near the kitchin was the lord abbot's lodging, and those for strangers of condition ; the outward walls remain ; and they say there were three stories of seventeen rooms each. I was then conducted to an house built out of the ruins of part of the church, where I saw the arms of the abbey already describ'd, and another, the pelican feeding her young with her blood, with a mitre on it ; a griffin on another stone, and some roses finely cut, which were probably in the arch of the church. I then went to what is called the chapel of Joseph of Arimathea, feet wide and long; under it is the old chapel, which is plainly a work of great antiquity, consisting of five flat arches springing from the pilasters on each side, with a window to each of them; the doors are of what they call the Saxon arch ; but what is extraordinary, there are holes about six inches apart on each side of the principal stones, which divide each arch into eight parts: these they say were to hang up mourning standards ; but I rather suppose they were to hang up any offerings made on vows, what they call *ex voto*'s, to the shrine of Joseph of Arimathea, or for the inscriptions which will be mentioned. The ground here is risen up almost to the top of the capitals of the pilasters. The upper chapel is a very fine building; within it is divided into several compartments by arches intersecting in the centre, supported by a sort of Gothick-Corinthian pilasters; these compartments were all painted, and there are some remains of the painting. The east window is a Gothick arch, and the others are narrow windows ; at each corner is a beautiful small square tower rising up about ten feet above the building, adorned at top likewise

with arches intersecting each other in the middle. This building is all over grown with ivy, which is of the growth of timber, and a Roman Catholick had a piece sawed off to make a chalice, which he said he would send to Rome. The arches of the under chapel are turned with a light porous stone, called Holland stone, but it is like that of Gloucestershire, which they call petrifyed roots and moss, of which they make rustic and grotesque works, and I saw some petrifyed leaves in it. To the west of this was the great church, a most magnificent building in form of a cross, with Gothic windows: the arch of the quire is very high. On the south side of the altar was the abbot's seat, a narrower arch than the others; the pilasters of this and of the nich beyond it have capitals, all of different foliage finely carved, and they are higher than the others by reason doubtless of the ascent to the altar. The body of the church is all destroyed. To the south-east at some distance is the abbot's barn in form of a cross of hewn stone; on the west end is the abbot's statue, who built it; on the east end the abbot without a head, who was beheaded in King John's time for taking part against the king; and the four evangelists are cut in relief at the four ends. The tradition is that there were 500 Benedictine monks belonging to the abbey. Not far from the barn is Chalice hill, a litle rising ground, where they say the last abbot was hanged, who refused to surrender the lands into the King's hands. The abbot's Inn in the town has a very handsome Gothick front, where all people who were not of rank were lodged and entertained at the expence of the abbey, and might stay three days: 'tis said they could accommodate 400 horse; and there is, as I was informed, stables at present for sixty, and that the income of the convent was 40,000*l.* a year. They had the free stone for building this convent from Douling, about six miles off, to the east of Wells, and the lime stone from Vinegar, seven miles off on Mendip hills, that about Wells not being so good. They have a tradition about the kitchen that King Harry y^e^ 8th / John said he would send and burn the abbot's kitchen

because he kept a better house than the King, on which the abbot built a kitchen without any timber in it.

The people here seem to have learnt by tradition to lament the loss of the support they had from this abbey, and affirm no one ever prospered who took the stones of it away, out of disrespect, to build, or for any other uses; and go so far as to say that the market house being built with the stone, they have never since had a good market, tho' before it was a remarkable one. They have also a story that when the house of the farmer was pulled down who executed one of the abbots, a spring rose with a scum on it like blood, and that it bubled up strongly every August, in which month it happened. But when it is considered what purposes of morality were answered by this profession, it may easily be determined how much it answered the ends of true religion; and with regard to civil policy it is much better the poor should earn their bread by labour than be maintained in idleness, which is so much loss to the publick, as well as their encouragements to pilgrimages, which diverted people from their business, and consequently lessoned the advantages to the publick which arise from a more strict application to their affairs and the employments of their several callings. 'Tis said Joseph of Arimathea first built a small church; that Devi, Bishop of St. David's, rebuilt it, which was repaired by twelve North Britons. King Ina in the place of this built a stately church to Christ, St. Peter, and St. Paul, which afterwards was the see of Savorinus, Bishop of Bath, under the roof of which were twelve Latin verses; this probably was under part of the chancel of Joseph of Arimathea, which possibly might be fixed in those holes in the arch mentioned before, either in wood or brass. It became a place of great study, and especially for the Irish, St. Patrick, it is said, having spent 30 years here. St. Dunstan got Benedictines placed in this abbey, and was the first abbot. The thorn which grows here and has been propagated from this place, which blows about Christmas, and is probably a thorn from some country where that is the time of its blooming. This church was always esteemed as a

place of the greatest sanctity in England, to which people had recourse more than to any other. There are two parish churches here, the smaller has bishop Bevis (?) cypher and mitre on it; the other is a large building with a fine tower. In this church is buryed one Atwell and his wife, a great benefactor to the church: there is a tomb for each of them. There is also a tomb of John Campbell, with his couchant statue of white alabaster, and a purse tyed to his side, and tho' it is not mentioned so by Leland, yet they say he was the abbot's purse bearer. Since I left it I was told that there is a Latin inscription round it to this purpose, "I humble my self every day to my Master, as my name imports." On it are several arms, as a camel, the five wounds, and the great cross, with the Virgin Mary on the right, with our Saviour in her arms. At Tor hill they have great variety of shells in free stone.

Bath, October 23rd, 1750.

On Oct. 22d I went from Glastenbury to Wells, 4 miles. The three rivlets which make Glastenbury almost an island, having been called in British the Iniswritten Glassy Island, from which it had its Saxon name of Glassonbury. One of them, the most southern, rises out of Selwood Forest, where, near a village called Pen Kewiwatch, the West Saxons entirely defeated the Britains, and Edmond Ironside the Danes, when he pursued Knute the Dane. But Ethelred in 1001 was beat by them there; and in the neighbouring parish of Mere are four camps, one of which, having a double ditch, must be Danish. There was a monastery at Bruton on this river, and at Alford a purging water of the nature of Epsom waters. The island made by these rivers was called Avalon, from the plenty of apples there, and Ld Peterborough is Viscount Avalon. The three rivers make a fen below Glassenbury, which in winter is cover'd with water, and then they fall united into the litle bay or æstuary called Uzella. It first passes by Edington, where, about eighty years ago, they found many moulds of fine clay for coining and a mosaick

pavement; it then passes through Brent Marsh (Frog Marsh), which gives name to some hills to the north of it. Wells is a litle to the north of one of them at the foot of Mendippe Hills, and had its name from the springs rising in it. King Ina first built a church and college here; and many persons, especially King Kenelwulph, gave large estates to it. In the time of Edward the Elder it was made a bishop's see in 905, taken out of Sherborne. In Henry 1st time the see was translated to Bath, and Savaricus, Abbot of Glastonbury, being Bishop, translated the see to Glastonbury, but on his death it return'd to Bath. There had been disputes among the monks of Bath and the canons of Wells about the election of a bishop, which were composed by Bishop Robert about 1193, who settled a dean and sub-dean, &c. in the church, so these two bishopricks grew into one, with the title of Bishop of Bath and Wells. About this time Bishop Jocelyn improved the church with new buildings, and it is probable that he and his successors built that magnificent fabrick which is now standing, the front of which is exceeding fine, having four buttresses adorned with four or five stories of statues, one in front and one on each side, all which has a very magnificent appearance. There is also a tower at each corner, which do not seem to have been finished with pinacles, as that over the middle of the cross isle is. The whole fabrick of the church is excellent masonry, and adorned in good Gothick taste. Before it is the close, round which are the houses of the dignitaries and prebendaries. On the north side of the church is a building and cloyster round a court for the vicars and singing men, which was finished in 1100; and to the north the bishop's house, which is large and moated round, and to the outer court which leads to it is a grand gateway. There is a large market house in the town, and a plain cross and a conduit of fine Gothick work. The parish church and the steeple belonging to it is a very fine piece of workmanship; so that it seems as if the bishop and secular priests here vyed with the monks in their neighbourhood. The pillars and roof of this church are exceeding light, and I saw remains of

some older work at the east end of the south isle. In repairing a chapel lately on the north side they found a painted figure of a size larger than the life, under it 'Salvator Mundi,' and these letters on each side in ten lines IHS MCY, under all is St. Luke with his emblem in small figures. There is a monument of Henry Luellyn of 1614, who founded an hospital for six women. I was shown a ruinous building in the south part of the town which they said was a monastery.

From Wells I went near two miles to the north-west to Ochie or Woakie hole, under Mendip Hills. The approach and entrance to it is beautiful, being a narrow valley with high, steep cliffs on each side and perpendicular rocks at the end, out of which grow a variety of trees and shrubs. At the bottom is an opening like a cave about twenty feet high and a litle way within it the river comes out of a hole in the rock, but litle larger in dimensions than sufficient for the water to pass, so that no one can enter that way; but the entrance may be fifty feet higher, to which there is a narrow way on the side of the hill. It is a small entrance, and, both within and without, the incrustations, occasion'd, as I imagine, by the running of the water, have made sparry shoots, which it has not far in, and so do the same incrustations in many cavities of the free stone quarries. Whether this may be owing to the nitre which is in the air, and that it may be concluded from thence that the air has some share in causing these shoots from such materials, I will not pretend to determine. They showed me a small vein at the entrance of what they told me was Kalmi or Lapis Calaminaris, and there is of it in these hills, and as the editor of Camden saies, yellow oker and magnesia or mangonese. There is first a narrow, winding, uneven passage, and then it opens into large grottos. They say it measures 500 yards in length, and in the broadest part 70, and that it is 70 feet high. There is much of the stalactites and of the stalagmates made on the ground by the droppings which rise up in pillars and in different shapes, and there are several places in which there are pools and currents of water, tho' never known so

low and dry as at present. In the pools there are yellow incrustations on the sides like rough rock work. The perpendicular rock without may be near 300 feet high, all a fine stone, as all the mountain is below; but in most parts above it is lime stone coming near the surface, and is of different depths down even to sixty feet. The river Axe rises out of Wookie Hole, on which stands Axbridge, and to the north of it is Cheddar, famous for cheese. I could not find that they were now made larger than common cheese. It comes nearest to Parmesan in flavour, and sells on the spot for six pence a pound. There is a remarkable passage through the hills called Cheddar Cliffs. To the north of Mendippe Hills is Congers bury, where it is said Conganus, a son of an Emperor of Constantinople, lived an hermit. Not far from Ochie Hole, in the time of Henry VIII., they cast up in ploughing a plate of lead with this inscription on it—

TI. CLAVDIVS CAESAR AVG. P.M. TRIB.
P. VIII IMP. XVI DE BRITAN.

which is supposed to be a trophy, tho' possibly it might be only an inscription on the lead which they cast for the use of the Romans, as I saw it at S^{r} John Ogilby's at Ripley, in Yorkshire; and it is to be observed that this year Claudius obtain'd two great victories over the Britains.

23. From Wells I ascended the high Mendippe Hills, and, crossing over the heath, came near the rise of the Frome, that falls into the Avon near Bath, where there are coal pits. Passing Midsummer Norton we came up the hill, which is of free stone, and there I found in the quarries several of those bivalve petrifyed shells, call'd hearts, and a cornu ammonis; and, passing Dunkerton and ascending another hill, I found in the quarries of the same a variety of cockles, a large heart, and a very particular muscle. From this hill I descended down to Bath.

Bristol, Nov. 2d, 1750.

Bath is situated in a narrow valley between high hills. The present town, with a few gardens and meadows to the south and west, have the river on three sides. The old town is encompassed with walls, except about an eighth part of it on the river to the east; the walls in some places are twenty feet high on the outside, but the ground is risen almost to the battlements within; they may be about three quarters of a mile in circumference. The town is well built of hewn free stone, and great additions have been made without the walls of late years, as of all Queen's square to the north-west, mostly inhabited by persons who live constantly at Bath, and the whole consists of very fine buildings, and since that a great pile of buildings facing one way to the north over the Abbey orchard, and the way to the south, each of them having a terrace before them, called the North and South Parade, being terminated to the east by the river. The account of the British King Bladen or Bleyden first finding Bath waters is not much credited, tho' there may be some foundation for it in tradition; it is most probable that the Romans, who had been used to bathing, first brought these waters in vogue; they are mentioned by Solinus, Ptolemy, and Antonine; and, as they flow so evenly and always of the same heat, it is conjectured with great reason that the Romans did encompass the hot spring with a strong wall, so as to keep out cold springs from mixing with it, of which there are great numbers about the city. The main spring is at the King's Bath, and all the other baths are supposed to be supplied from it. This spring, tho' it rises up from most of them as from distinct springs, is thought not to be so warm as they are at a distance from the source. The Queen's bath has an immediate communication with it, but not so warm and has no springs of its own. The hot bath is to the west a considerable distance from the King's bath, and was the hottest of all, but now the King's bath exceeds it, it has its spring where the pump is, which supplies that and the Cross bath. From this, the water goes into the Lepers bath for poor eolepp and lepers, but there is no communication from the

lepers bath to the hot bath. The Cross bath near is the most temperate, of much the same heat as the Queen's bath, but better, because it has its own springs. No one knows where the chief spring is, nor how the waters are conveyed to the several baths, and they are careful not to dig any where very deep for fear of drawing off these springs. The Bath waters were brought into vogue the last century, in the year 167 , by Dr. Guidot, as appears by an inscription near the church. Osrick King of the Wiccii in 676 built a nunnery here, and when it came to the Mercians, King Offa built a church to St. Peter, in which Edgar was crowned in 973. The Danes did great mischief here, and destroyed at lest one of their churches. In 1010, Elphege, Archbishop of Canterbury, founded a new church on the spot of St. Peter's. Robert Mowbray, who raised a rebellion against William Rufus, destroyed and burnt the town. But John de Villula, Bishop of Wells, purchased it of Henry 1st, removed the see to this town, and built a new cathedral, which going to decay, Oliver King, bishop, built the present church near the same spot, which is a handsome fabrick full of monuments of many noble persons who have died here. In the front on each side is Jacob's ladder with the angels climbing up. 'Tis said there was a temple to Minerva here. There are several hospitals, of which an account is given in Dr. Guidot's treatise of the city of Bath, and of the Bath waters ; and for a more particular account of the waters any one may see what Dr. Pierce and Dr. Oliver have written on that subject. The great antiquity of Bath is proved among other things from the many Roman inscriptions which have been found in and near the city, which are most of them published in Camden. The Saxons in 520, about 50 years after their landing, beseiged this city, but were routed by King Arthur, and flying to Badon-hill fought to the last, and a great slaughter was made of them. This hill is supposed to be a high single hill, two miles to the east-north-east of Bath over Batheaston and not Bath stone, nor is this any part of Lansdown; and the valley below, in the Saxon authors, is called Nant-Badon. This hill is now called Little Salisbury,

having to the west Swanswich ; it is for the most part strong by nature and has been helped by art, and it appears plainly that there have been walls round it ; it is about 450 paces long from east to west, and 400 from north to south, of an irregular figure, approaching nearest to a square. The hill is an hard free stone full of shells, mostly of the cockle kind and rises small ; towards the top of the hill, especially to the south, is a great deal of it loose and of a reddish colour, which the people call burnt stones, and they really look as if they had been burnt, which cannot be well conceived in any other way than that they might set fire to the town. They told me that they frequently found shells and bones on the hill. From this hill I crossed over the Avon at Bathampton, and observed at the church an old belfrey as in the middle between the chancel part and the body of the church, which seemed to be of great antiquity and of a peculiar form; I saw also the remains of a very old *Corniche* on the north side of the church. The tower to the west seemed to be a more modern building. I ascended up the hill to Bathampton down, which is to the north Clarden-down; it appears to have been fortified all round for half a mile in length from east to west, and about a quarter of a mile broad, and there seemed to have been walls built on the weak sides of it; there are marks of the foundation of several enclosures, and it seems to have been a place of constant residence in times of danger, as well as the other hill, and it is likely was one of those fortresses for which lands were given to be held on condition that they defended these places ; and the Avon being the bounds between the kingdom of the West Saxons and that of the Mercians is doubtless the reason why so many of them are seen in these parts. Returning to Bath by Widcomb, I was informed that the south part of Bath is supplyed by water brought from Beachen hill to the south of the river, and the north part of the town from Beacon hill to the north. From the top of Bathampton, I saw into Wiltshire a fine country, and Bathford a pretty village finely situated at the confluence of the Avon, and a small river which comes from the north, over which is Ford's hill. Another day I

made an excursion to the quarries to the south-east, there are several of them at the top of the hill ; examining the strata, there is first about a foot of earth, then a stratum of lime stone about 4 feet deep which seemed to be full of very small shells, the exact form of which are not discernible to the naked eye, but with a microscope some curious observations might be made on this and the other strata. The second stratum, two feet deep, is what they call strigery, it seems beside the other stone a mixture of spar. The third is pitching stone with which they pitch the streets, it is a composition of spar and of small nodules like the small pea of a fish. The fourth they call rag-stone is of the same kind but has more spar in it, and they saw it for paving, this is four feet thick. The fifth is picking bed five feet thick, of the same appearance only has less of spar; it is softer than the free-stone they work and will not stand the weather. Then follow the several beds which they work from two feet to four feet thick ; they say there is good stone 30 feet deeper than they work, and I suppose they at present work 12 feet below the picking bed in all about 30 feet, and lately in digging a well here they came to gravel, after digging about 70 feet; it was if I mistake not of the depth of about ten feet ; and I observed at Bath a clay soil in the Abbey garden. In the crevices and hollow parts where the waters run stalactites are formed; some are fine as those of Darbyshire, which I suppose to be the fine particles brought by the water from the spar, some lies in strata and of different kinds, which are like the jasper-agate of Saxony ; and some of the stalactites are mixed with the fine particles of the spar and the free stone, some of the strata of the former shoot like crystals and these the workmen call cockles, and are very beautiful for grottos. At Twiverton, a mile out of Bath, they have a blewish lime stone with which they pave the streets in Bath.

I went up to Lansdown, and near as far as the four mile stone is a monument on the brow of the hill to the memory of S^{r} Bevil Greenville, who was killed here in battle in 1643, erected by Lord Lansdown. There was an inscription on it and which is worn out.

Descending into the narrow valley on the other side, on a height which they call Prison Hill, is an old single entrenchment, which I traced on the west side, on the brow of the hill, for 600 yards. On the north it is partly strong by nature, and improved on by making the ascent steeper and without ramparts. It is lost in a wood in Mr. Parrot's park, and I conjectured it might be half a mile in length from east to west, and broader on the east than on the west side. This might possibly be the camp of Ceawlin, King of the West Saxons, who besieged and took this city by storm in the year 577. I returned to the monument, and, going to the west through the old quarries round the edge of the down, I came to Stokes Down, a part of which, stretching out in an angle to the west, is fortified to the east, so as to make a triangular fortress by the natural situation of a high cliff to the north and south, the latter being 340 paces long and the former 450. The fossee to the east is about the same length; in the middle of it is a small flat barrow, in which some great person might be buried. This I take to be rather a fortress than a camp. It is probably Stanton bury Camp, mentioned as between Bath and Keinsham. Oliver's Camp is also put about this place in the map of the country five miles round Bath. From these heigths I had several very fine views, first, to the north-east, along that vale in which the river Bord runs, that falls into the Avon opposite to Keinsham, and of that vale in which Chippin Sodbury lies, and of those hills to the south of it, which are most beautifully adorn'd with houses; of the hills which terminate in a very bold manner to the north-east, of the Avon winding away to the west of Bristol, the Severn, and of the hills of Wales and the Forest of Dean. In a word it is altogether one of the finest prospects I have seen.

I went also to Bristol. Two or three miles out of Bath are coal pits. At Keynsham, Mr. Bridges has a large house with four fronts and no improvements about it, built close to the church and to that poor town, but to the west there is a fine park. In the quarries about this place they find a great number of Ammons

horns, and one sees 'em set up in the fronts of their houses. Beyond Keynsham is Bristleton Common, where, at the entrance of it, are quarries of a very good paving stone, and all the country abounds in coal as far as Stratton, near Wells, and particularly Kingswood forest, which has in it 5000 acres. The editor of Camden says that the veins of coals are covered with a black stone, called Wark, in which they find the impression of fern leaves. It has been observed by S[r] Rob. Atkyns in his account of Gloucestershire that, draw a line from Newcastle to Bristol, nay, some say round the globe, coal may be found within 30 miles of it. The vein also runs along the south and north of Wales. Not far from Keynsham, at Bishop's Chew, is that earth called ruddle, and towards Bristol is a red sand and a red sandy stone. A rivulet runs by Keynsham into the Avon, near the rise of which at Stanton Drue is a Druid piece of antiquity, called the Wedding, ninety paces in diameter, consisting of several stones five or six feet high.

They have built at Bristol within these 12 or 14 years a very fine exchange, the portico round the inside being of the Corinthian order. I went to see a manufacture lately established here, by one of the principal of the manufacture at Limehouse which failed. It is at a glass house, and is called Lowris (?) china house. They have two sorts of ware, one called stone china, which has a yellow cast, both in the ware and the glazing, that I suppose is made of pipe clay and calcined flint. The other they call old china; this is whiter, and I suppose this is made of calcined flint and the soapy rock at Lizard Point, which 'tis known they use. This is painted blue, and some is white, like the old china of a yellowish cast; another kind is white with a blueish cast, and both are called fine ornamental white china. They make very beautiful white sauce boats, adorned with reliefs of festoons, which sell for sixteen shillings a pair.[a]

[a] There is nothing in the manuscript to explain the long interval between this letter and the succeeding one.

Abbots Aston, near Ailesbury,
Bucks, May 12, 1751.

I left London on the 9th of May, and ten miles from it passed over the Brent at Bryan's bridge, which river falls into the Thames at Brentford. At Uxbridge I cross'd the Colne, which rises near Hatfield, in Hertfordshire, and falls into the Thames, near Colnbrook. At Uxbridge the church is a mean building of flints, and, if I mistake not, it is a chapel-of-ease to Hillingdon. We went three miles in the Oxford road, and struck out of it to the northwest towards Alesbury, and travelled along by the river which falls into the Colne at Chelfont St. Peter's, near four miles off, and in two more came to Chelfont St. Gyles, the vale being narrow, with regular rising grounds on each side, which afford no great variety. But two miles further, at Amersham, we came between the chalky Chiltern hills, that are divided into several beautiful summits covered with beech, and the sides of the hills are finely improved. Amersham is a small market town, and here the bone lace manufacture begins. Beyond the town, on the right, the parsonage house is most beautifully situated on an eminence, as well as Mr. Drake's seat at Shardelois to the left, which is finely improved in wood, lawn, and water. Two miles further we came to Little Missinden, and about the same distance to Great Missenghen, where the church is delightfully situated on a rising ground towards the foot of the hill, an avenue to it from the abbey house and a plantation round it having a very fine effect. On the down over either Amersham or one of these villages I observ'd a round trench like those which are made about ancient barrows. We began to ascend from the vale to Wendover, still continuing between the hills, and had a view into the great vale in which the Tame runs; here the hills on each side are most beautiful, especially Brottington hill, which is high, a fine down, and the top of it covered with wood. On the other side is Macom hill, at the foot of which the church of Elsborough is pleasantly situated. Wendover is chiefly supported by a manufacture of lace, and the market.

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10. I went five miles to Alesbury, from which town I rid a mile to Hartwell, S^r^ William Lee's, nephew to the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who was born here. It is an old house with a very good front to the garden, the entrance being to the back of the house. The stables also have a very handsome front to the garden; there is an apartment on the other side separated by a Dorick portico. On the right, at the entrance, is a grove with an Ionick building at the end of it, and there is a piece of water and a winding walk, in manner of a wilderness, on the side of a rising ground, then to the house is a fine lawn and an artificial serpentine river at the bottom of it. There is a lawn also and some single trees to the back of the house, a rustick building facing towards Ailesbury and a Dorick building in another part. Above this is a wilderness, which leads to a round Gothick tower, in which there is an open room. It is altogether a very beautiful improvement. I went a mile further to Stone; in the church there is a colonade of Gothick pillars, with two Saxon arches turn'd in this manner ; four of the pillars are with single leaves, one of them being plain, the fifth consists of a half round at top and bottom, a list and an . These arches and pillars are probably of the sixth or seventh century. In this road they find free-stone near the surface, but it rises small, and is of a crumbling nature. I found in it many oysters and cockle shells, Ammon's horns, and some of the turbinated kind, and a few hearts. A litle beyond Stroud I saw two mounts close to each other: they may be thirty feet high, and the people have a notion they were built as fortresses. Tho' large, they might be monumental, for they could hardly be designed to defend any pass in an open country, and on a river which I suppose is commonly fordable. We soon passed over the Tame on a fine bridge built with an elliptical arch, at which the river is stop'd to raise it for the view of the neighbouring house of S^r^ William Stanhope, to which we came: it is called Eythrop.

This estate did formerly belong to a family of the name of Pelham, and afterwards to the Dormers, Earls of Caernarvon, and the Chesterfield family marrying into that house it came to them by inheritance, and the late Earl of Chesterfield left it to his second son, now S^r^ Wm. Stanhope. It is situated on the Thame, and is an old house consisting of two corpses of buildings, one joyning to the other at the angle, so as to make an oblong square court between, and tho' additions are made to it there are three old fronts to one and two to the other. To the west is an handsome new front before the court of good architecture, designed by Harris. In a line within it are stables, with a very fine Roman front, but backwards it is Gothick, to answer the house. This is the design of Ware. There are two very handsome lodges leading to the house. All the new buildings are of a fine freestone from Tatternel, about twelve miles off towards Dunstable. There is a good old hall and gallery in the house, a handsome apartment, and much convenient room. The gardens are very fine; the Thame is made to wind, and is enlarged with great expence, running to the south of a fine lawn, adorned with clumps of trees and two buildings. To the north a hill is planted, on the summit of which is a temple; the prospect is improved by two clumps of trees; there are walks in them, being at a distance on a rising ground to the south, and also with an obelisk to the west. They have a tradition of a great battle fought near about Coney Lane.

A litle farther is Winchendon, the seat formerly of the Duke of Wharton, but at present the estate of the Duke of Marlborough; it was esteem'd a very fine place, but is now neglected. Four miles further is Wootten, the seat of the Greenvilles, ennobled by the title of Cobham.

I returned to Ailsbury, which is pleasantly situated on a litle hill over the Tame, in this vale of Ailsbury, which extends northwards towards Newport Pagnel and southward to Wallingford and to the Vale of White Horse. It was a town in the time of the Saxons and a royal mannor. It is the bridle road to Banbury and Warwick;

but the coaches go by Oxford, Woodstock, Chippen Norton, and Stratford-on-Avon, and the wagons by Winslow. The chief support of the town is the market thorowfare and assizes. The church is a good old building covered with lead, tho' it is not a flat roof; the chancel part seems to be about the time of the beginning of Gothick arches, temp. Hen. I. The ornamental arches in the wall are supported by Corinthian pilasters of single leaves. There is a remarkable old font in the church of white marble with a couchant statue, said to be taken out of the Friery. There is a net to the helmet, a lyon's head as on the paps and middle, a girdle round the thighs, a lyon at the feet, and the head reclines on the crest, which seems to be a calf's head muffled; near it is this remarkable epitaph of 1581 to a monument on which there are two statues kneeling and two children as in swadling cloathes, a third being taken away:

Entombed here doth rest a worthie Dame
Extract and born of noble house and blood,
Her sire Lord Paget hight of worth in fame,
Whose virtue cannot sink in Lethe flood,
Two brethren had she barons of this realm;
A knight her peere, Sir Henry Lee he hight,
To whom she bare three impes which had for name
Jhon, Henry, Mary, slayne by Fortune's spight.
First two being young, which caused their parents mone.
The third in flower and prime of all her years.
All three do rest within this marble stone,
By which the fickleness of worldly joys appears.
Good friend, sticke not to strew with crimson flowers
This marble stone where in their cinders rest,
For sure her ghost lyes with the heavenly powers,
And guerdon hath of virtuous life possest.

There was a Friery towards the river; the spot still retains the name, tho' there are no remains of it; but the marks of old foundations from the uneveness of the ground. The castle was to the south-east of the town; but no remains of it, except a mount about twenty paces in diameter, which seems to have been a round tower at the corner, and houses are built on great part of the site of it. This

country abounds much in beechwood; they mark every large stick with as many notches as it is pence in value, and a load comes to about twenty-five shillings. The poor people of this town are supported by breeding young ducks; four carts go with them every Saturday to London. They furnish them at Christmas, and formerly had nine shillings a couple for them, but now only three, the market being well stor'd from neighbouring places; they hatch 'em under hens. The custom of supplying the King with straw for his bedchamber for three nights, and with three green geese in summer and three eels in winter for three times, if he should come to this place so often, seems to be derived from the Saxon Kings. Two miles near west from Alesbury is a mansion house of the Baronets of the name of Lee, the ancestors of Lord Litchfield. Near it is Quarendon Chapel, in which they were buryed, tho' they lived mostly at Bustern, in the parish of Abbots Aston. On the south side of the chancel is a tomb with the couchant statues of S^{r} Anthony Lee and his wife; he was father to S^{r} Henry Lee and son of S^{r} Robert. On the north side is the tomb of S^{r} Henry Lee, Knight of the Garter; he served Henry VIII. at 14 years old, and afterwards the four succeeding princes, being Champion to Queen Elizabeth. He travelled much abroad, and dyed in 1611. His couchant statue reposes on the left side; the buckle of the Garter is on the outside of the left leg, which is now wore behind, and the collar is adorned with the Garter buckled and four tossles between, which seems to be the original of the SS. Near the tomb is a long historical epitaph to him of later date. The canopy over the tomb is supported by two coats of mail on terms. To the west of it is a very elegant tomb, which appears to have had a statue on it, which they say was kneeling. There is no inscription on it, but it is said to be the tomb of his mistress, and that the soldiers in the time of the Rebellion threw it into the mote of the house which is near. I went to Abbots Aston, which is four miles west of Alesbury. The house, which is on S^{r} William Stanhope's estate, belonged to the Abbey of St. Albans, and the mitred abbots used to pass their Lent

here, there being large fish-ponds to support their table. I went two miles westward to Stukely church, which is a very ancient Saxon building, tho' there are arches intersecting one another in this tower which do not seem to be so ancient as the rest of the church. I then went to Winge, in which church the Dormer Knights are buryed, the ancestors of the Earls of Carnarvon. In an isle is the tomb of S^r^ Robert with a kind of sarcophagus adorned with bulls' heads and festoons; he dyed in 1552. On the north side of the chancel is S^r^ William, I suppose his son and Knight of the Bath, but there are no supporters nor any other distinction in his arms. His eldest daughter Jane was married to Don Gomes, Duke of Feria, of Spain; he died in 1575. On the tomb are the couchant statues of him and his lady. On the south side is the same kind of tomb of S^r^ Robert Dormer, his son, master of the King's hawkes, which was afterwards hereditary in the family. At the entrance of the church is a very old capital and three Saxon arches on each side of the nave.

Selby in Yorkshire,
May 20th, 1751.

On the 12th I went to Weedon, where in the church there is a monument of one of the Lees, ancestors of the Earl of Litchfield. I went on in the evening towards Buckingham, twelve miles further, and half-way passed through a small town called Winslow, where we crossed a stream, and, coming to Adstock, I observed in a small rivlet a very small shell-fish of the turbinated kind. At Buckingham I saw the church, which is a handsome Gothic building with a tower of ancient architecture, on which there was a steeple burnt by lightening about 60 years ago. Near it is a rising ground called the Castle Hill, and in the middle of the town a chapel said to be built by Thomas à Becket, now converted into a school. I went on to Stowe. An imperfect account of that noble improvement is in print, and views of it ingraved. The Chinese house is taken away. Where the water was is turned into a vale with lawn. The late Lord built a temple on the left entrance to the house of the Ionick order,

in part on the model of the temple at Baalbeck, only it has but one colonade in front, and there are three arch'd windows on each side, which are not in taste. The late Lord designed a triumphal arch near the pillar which his lady has erected to her lord with this inscription, 'Fortunae Brittanicae Domi Forisque.' There is a ruin near the temple dedicated to ancient virtue, which the writer of the description calls the temple of modern virtue, and tho' no ill thought, yet no such thing was designed. Wings have been added to the house, and there is much spatious room in it and fine offices. In the parish church is a monument with a couchant statue to Lady Peniston with these remarkable verses on it:

Shut in this sepulchre lies
The ashes of fair Peniston, who, lov'd
By the most worthy of her time, remov'd
To heaven, so to draw up her lovers eyes
To the divine beauty and the Deity, wherein
She may love all that lov'd her, and not sin.

It is to be observ'd that lover, relating to her husband only, very much alters it, and takes off from the iniquity of a sense which at first view occurs. This place, now the trees are grown up, appears much finer than it did formerly, and some alterations have been made by the present Lord in great taste.

This estate, as I was informed, belonged to the Abbey of Ousney, situated in Watling Street. I passed by Lusfield Abbey, in the way to Towcester, and so by L^{d} Pomfrets to Northampton, which town stands finely on the side of a rising ground, and has been in a thriving condition, both by its fairs, chiefly for horses, and by being a great thoroughfare. But the Yorkshire road being carried another way, and as they have lately neglected repairing the roads, the Chester post road is now through Daventry, so it is now only the great thoroughfare to Leicester and Nottingham, and consequently begins to be on its decay; but their fairs continue, especially three great fairs for horses. They have a fine new church, which was built after the fire, with an handsome portico of the Ionick order.

K. Charles II. gave 1000 tons of timber towards it and seven years chimney-money of the town. The church of St. Sepulchre, the old part of which is round and about 20 paces in diameter, has a sort of dome supported by pillars four feet in diameter, with a plain kind of capital. It seems to be a Saxon building, as well as the church of St. Peter, near which is the Castle Hill. There are two almshouses in the town built like chapels with cells in them for the poor. The great George Inn was built by Dr. Driden, Canon of Windsor, and by him given to the support of the hospital here, as appears by an inscription on it. They have a small manufacture of shaloons and some other woollen stuffs. About two miles from the town I passed by Buckton, a seat of the Earl of Straffords, and crossed a rivlet call'd Pesford, which falls into the Nen, on which Northampton stands; and to the south is another rivlet which joyns it. We came to Brixworth, where Mr. Rainsford has a seat, and to Lamport, a village and seat of S^{r} Edmond Isham, Knight of the Shire, afterwards by Maidwell, where Mrs. Scawen has a seat, as Mr. Hanbury has at Kilmersh, and so descended from Oxendon to Market Harborough, 12 computed and 18 measured miles from Northampton, Lamport being mid-way. This town is in Leicestershire, on the river Weland, which divides the counties, and is 84 miles from London. We went through a fine, uneven country to Leicester, of which town I formerly gave you an account. There is a very old tower to the church of St. Nicolas, and the old part of St. Maries may be placed amongst the finest Saxon buildings. They have a handsome town house, built three years ago of brick, as most of their buildings are. They have a great manufacture of wove stockins, caps, waistcoats, &c. I purchased here at a shop a very fine marble antique head of a young Nero, which I happened to see, and might either belong to a statue brought here when it was a Roman town, or may be the fragment of some statue brought to England by the curious. The foss way from Exeter to the mouth of the Humber passed by this town. They have large coal here from Coleorton, about 14 miles off, which is sold for 9*d.* a

hundred. From Leicester I came about six measured miles to Mount Sorrel, where the Quarley Hills end in rocks of different shades of a dull red and yellow granite. At about the same distance is Lougborough, a small market town, in which there is a very handsome Gothick church. Just beyond this place the Stour and a small rivlet which falls into it divides Leicestershire from Nottinghamshire. We passed by Mrs. Herberts, late Dr. Butler's, then Mr. Philips's, and afterwards Mr. Lewis's. We came to Bunney, where S^{r} Thomas Parkens has a seat. In a hill near it they dig a stone they call plaister, which they burn and pound to make floors. It appears like a white alabaster, and I was assured they had raised of it large enough to make chimney pieces. If I mistake not it is a sort of spar. I came to Nottingham, which town I have formerly described. The situation in it self somewhat resembles some part of Constantinople, making a sort of natural theatre in a hollow between two rising grounds. The account Dr. Dering writ of this town is just published They have two glass-houses here and a manufacture of brown stoneware. They are supplyed with large coal from Woollatton, two miles distant, for 3½*d.* the hundred. St. Mary's is a handsome light Gothick building; in it are buryed the 1st and 2nd Earls of Clare of the names of Holles, from which family the castle descended to the Duke of Newcastle. In Plumtrees Chapel is a curious old monument of a person couchant in robes and a cap in this particular shape; among the reliefs round it is one figure with a mitre. Nottingham begins to be much frequented by gentlemen, some who retire to it from their-country houses, others who have left off trade, and many gentlemen of the neighbourhood have houses here for the winter. There are many grottos in the rocks about Nottingham which serve for several uses. I left this place on the . There are two principal roads to the north, one by Papplewich, Mansfield, and Rotherham, to Richmond; the other by Retford, Alcerton, Thoresby, Worksop, Blythe, Bautre, and Doncastre, to York. We came to the Forest of Shirwood, in which I thought I saw some

remains of a Roman road, probably of the foss-way to the Humber, and of a road crossing it about 3 miles from Rufford, and six miles from Retford I observed the remains of an octagon cross. Going over this forest I saw Beauvoir Castle, Southwell, and Newark. I came at the corner of S^{r} George Savile's park to the road in which I went to Southwich in my last tour, and saw S^{r} George Savile's house, which is a great pile of building, probably part of it the remains of the old Abby of Rufford ; the new part consists of four floors. I left the road again at Allerton to go to Tachford, and came over to Botumsal on the river, and went by the remains of the house and through the park of Houghton belonging to the Duke of Newcastle—it is a hop country—and came to Tuxford, 136 from London, in the high road to York. In the church is the monument of Jn^{o} White, knight, son of Thomas White, Esq^{r}, servant of King Philip and Queen Mary and of Agnes, daughter of W^{m} Lord Burghleigh. There are two couchant statues, and the woman has a double chain about her neck. There is a broken couchant statue near it, and one of a woman with a knotted girdle hanging down and a square head-dress. On the east window is an inscription to pray for the soul of a person who built the chancel and other inscriptions on the other windows. In a nich in the church is a bad relief of St. Laurence on the gridiron and 3 men near him; one is blowing with a pair of bellows, the others are broke. But the greatest curiosity is a sitting statue, broken off in the middle, of a woman with a girdle hanging down, fine drapery, and in a Roman chair, probably set up here for a saint, but seems to have been the statue of Cybele; it is of very good workmanship, tho' of free-stone. There is an handsome free-school here for teaching English and Latin, by the person who founded a school at Drax, in Yorkshire; it has this inscription on it, 'Condita per Carolum Read 'et disciplinae charitatique designata. What God hath built let no 'man destroy. Faxit.' This Read was a judge in Ireland. I went eastward to Retford on the river Idle, which falls into the Trent. It is a burrough, but no thorough fare, and chiefly subsists by hops

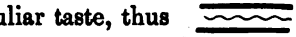
market and fairs. There is a handsome old church in it, which has been new modelled after the more modern Gothick taste; on the side of it is a remarkable alto relievo sitting, it seems to be of our Saviour. In the church at West Retford are the remains of good painted glass. I returned into the great road to Barnby Moore, and went two miles westward to Blythe, a small market town, where I was surpriz'd with a very large and ancient church, with a gallery over the isles, opening with arches into the nave of the church after the manner of the ancient churches in Egypt, which may be seen in the description of the East. Over these arches are small windows with true arches, and under are two arches between the isles and the body of the church. The capitals are in the shape of the Corinthian, but plain, except that there is a volute at each corner, and a head with the beard cut out in most of them. In the middle of each side there are six arches, and a noble arch at the east with one of those of the church is taken into Mr. Mellishes garden. The gallery on the south side is not standing; and the north isle having probably been ruinous, the arches to the gallery are turned into windows, this isle being lower than it was at first. I went from Nottinghamshire to Tickhill, in Yorkshire.

Thrusk in Yorkshire,
May 21st, 1751.

May 18th, in the afternoon, I went from Howden 3 miles to Wreshil Castle on the banks of the Derwent; it belonged to Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, a younger son of the first Earl of Northumberland, was forfeited to the king, and then given to John, Duke of Bedford, 3rd son to Henry IV. who left it to his nephew Henry VI. Edward IV. gave it to John, Marquis of Montague, it came afterwards to the Percys again, and to the Dukes of Somerset, and now belongs to the Earl of Egremont: only one side remains of this great fabrick, which was built with hewn stone round a court. It is thought the stone from the nature of it was brought from Bramham More near Tadcaster, and not from France; it was

moted round. The grand apartments are up one pair of stairs, first a lobby called the Grey chamber, then to the left a large bed-chamber in which there was a bow window now built up; round the top of this room is an architrave and frieze richly carv'd in oak, as are the doors to it; over this is another grand room. To the left from the loby is a grand dineing room with portals to the doors, which are part of hexagon or octagons and all covered with rich carvings of oak, and so are some bows of the same kind for staircases which sett out a litle way in the room; round the top of the sides of the room are arms cut in wood very richly adorned, and gilt in ten compartments in the length of the room, and five in the breadth. The windows are of a peculiar Gothick style; this is called the Golden room, beyond which is the chapel, the top and rafters of which are adorned with paintings of arms, &c., and inscriptions, particularly the motto of the Percy family, 'Esperance en Dieu' and 'Esperance en Dieu ma Comfort.' Over this was a lodging room, and over that was the library, which is square, but might be made octagon by the presses, as 'tis reported to have been in that figure. This was called Paradisa, probably from the delightful views it commanded in so fine a country. The side next the river was a grand hall, and the rooms for servants might be on each side without a gateway which now remains to the west.

From Wreshil I crossed the Darwent and afterwards the Ouse to Selby, pleasantly situated on the banks of the river. Henry 1st was born here, and William the Conqueror his father founded an abbey in this place, which was governed by a mitred abbot. The church is very fine and grand, with a great variety of Gothick architecture; the north side of the west part tho' old has been raised, the upper arches being Gothick, the other side has probably fal'n down as all the arches except the lower ones are also Gothick, and not long ago the outer wall fell by a fault in the foundation, and with it the gallery over the isle, but it is in some measure repair'd; there is great variety in the pillars. To the old front a large pile has been built, which hides the whole church on the

approach from the west. From the tower which is in the middle, the choir to the east is all modern Gothick architecture, highly adorned with exquisite fine carvings, it consisted of seven arches on each side, the pillars cover'd with eight semicircular pilasters, the capitals of which and of the other pilasters and many other ornaments are cut in a hollow work of running foliages in a great variety, which were done after they were set up, one remaining plain; over every pillar was a base for a statue supported by some figure in that grotesque ridiculous taste which is seen in this church, in York, and at Howden. Over each statue was a Gothick pyramidal canopy, with four heads at the bottom of each well carv'd. The openings through the pillars above are adorned in the same manner, and the ballustre of the gallery is in a peculiar taste, thus  with Gothick ornaments. The east window is very fine, divided into seven parts, in each of which are seven figures as in niches, or with ornaments round them, and there seem to have been ten in each, over which are the king's arms and other ornaments; above this is another window which is hid by the wooden ceiling which has taken place of the arch. In each of the four divisions of the other windows is a single coat of arms in the middle, with an ornament both above and below, it is adorned with niches all round below; and the back part of the skreen behind the high altar is ornamented with beautiful sculptures. What is most singular in the lower windows there are capitals, not any to the pillars on each side, but to those which divide the windows into four parts, and that on the outside as well as within. The outside also is adorned with three figures of angels and men all along between the pinnacles as looking over the balusters, which are in the same taste as within. In the south side of the choir is a tomb on which is a couchant statue said to be the architect of the church, probably of the choir who might be desirous to be buryed in that church, which he might justly think did him so much honour. In the body of the church is a tomb with a statue cross-leg'd and a woman at his feet, both being couchant. The upper part of the tower of this

church fell in 1690, and beat down the south cross isle and part of the south isle of the quire, occasioned by a pillar settling and sinking, which they perceived. The tower is repaired in a plain way which it was of the old building and so is the south isle, but the south cross isle remains in ruins; the lower part of the cross isles were old, but they were raised and the grand end windows were made new. To the south of the choir is the oblong square chapter house with a room over it, now a school. To the south-west corner of the church is a building on pillars and arches, by which there possibly might be a communication from the cloyster to the church. At some distance from the west of this is a grand gateway, not of the very old building, the arches being of the Gothick kind. This leads to the convent on the south, some of the outhouses are remaining, especially a barn about 300 feet long and 50 broad, which seems to have been in the shape of a cross, one part of the transept remaining. Near the river is a large store house of hewn stone, which served for their cloth before the Aire was made navigable, when they brought it to this place by land to be ship'd of. They have some trade in building small vessels but the principal is what the navigation brings, and they send out some flax and a large quantity of salmon; they also manufacture wool and linnen for their own use, and many of them are farmers. This living and Braiton adjoining are in Lady Petre's gift, who has some part of the estate of the abbey. To the back of the town is a rivlet called Thorp Dam which makes a morass to the west. To the south is a low hill called Braiton Barf, and to the west of that another call'd Hampeton hoff, which as the country is flat are seen at a great distance. This town is no corporation, and has neither clergyman nor justice of peace in it. They chant all their service, except the litany; and the clerk goes up to the Communion table and stands on the Epistle side to make the responses, and they sing well not only the psalms but anthems.

Middleham in Yorkshire,
May 22d, 1751.

On May 20th I went from Selby to the Mills, to Cawood on the Ouse, where there is a ruined castle of the Archbishop of York, given to the see by King Athelstan; part of a grand hall remains, and near it a building, on which there are two large and round turrets as resting on one stone as a base, like a pyramid inverted and built in the wall; here is also a fine gate-way, adorned with arms. Fairfax held this castle some time for the Parliament. The people here are chiefly supported by farming and the salmon fishery. I went four miles to Sherborn, in the great road to London, by a rivlet which rises near the town, which is a very poor place. Hungate's hospital or school here is not in good order: 25 boys are every way maintained, and some, tho' few, go to the University, the rest are apprenticed. In 1645 there was a battle here between the King and Parliament forces. The church yard commands a fine view. To the scuth is Faitorne, where they have a quarry of alabaster or plaister. I saw Ledsham, near Castleford, formerly mentioned, within a mile of Huddlestone, where there is a quarry of good stone, and under Haslewood 'tis said is the quarry called Peter's port, out of which the stone was dug for York Cathedral, and also for Henry VII. chapel. They told me of another quarry to the south-east, the stone of which is not so good. This is called Hanshill quarry. Haslewood, the seat of the Vavasors, of which family there have been several great men; it is a very fine situation, going by Touton, famous for the defeat of the Lancastrians, formerly mentioned. I came to Tadcaster. I observ'd the stone toward the surface was in thin strata, and at one, within half a mile of the town, the stones are divided by their lamina, both in the perpendicular and horizontally in a very particular manner, something like the Ludus Helmontii, a specimen of which I brought away with me. Passing through Tadcaster, I went by Newtown Kyme, thought, as formerly observed, to be the Roman town Callcaria; and it is said an urn of alabaster was found

here with ashes in it, melted lead, rings, and a key. I saw on the other side of the river Warfe the seat of the Stapletons, and further on Thorp, where a spaw water has been lately found. I went over Clifford Moor or Down, and passed through a large camp, which has a wood to the north-west, where the Earl of Northumberland, in Queen Elizabeth's time, encamped his army in favour of Popery. The people tell you the King's army was encamped here in the time of the rebellion. We descended to the river Wharf, and crossing it on a bridge came to Wetherby, a poor town very pleasantly situated; they have a chapel of ease here to Spoford, of which the present Archbishop of York was minister. To the east of the town from the hanging ground is a fine view of the bridge and waterfalls, and on the rising ground covered with wood on each side of the river. The town subsists by being a thorowfare, and a small trade in coarse linnen, with which they supply themselves and some neighbouring places. I went on, and passed by Arundel Maleverer, the estate of Mr. Arundel, son of the Lord Arundel of Wardor, whose mother was married to Thomas, Earl of Pembroke. The park is encompassed with a brick wall. As all the buildings here are brick, I conclude there are no stone quarries near between the Wharf and the Nyd, except it be in most parts on the banks of the rivers. I passed the Nyd at Wasleford, a litle more than three miles from Wetherby, and in seven more came to Burroughbridge on the Youre, on which there is a fine bridge of three true arches, which I conjecture to be towards 60 feet wide. There is a Saxon door to the church, and on the way to it a Gothick crucifix with figures of two persons on each side. I mentioned the obelisks formerly: it is said there was a fourth near the middle one, which was thrown down to see what they could find under it. I examined the materials of them, and found them a gritty gravelly stone; that which is to the north is of a different colour, one side being of a light colour and the other of a dark reddish brown. I saw some of the same kind in the church

walls. In the garden wall of the Crown Inn, which, it is said, was a Friery, I saw this inscription in letters about four inches long. The joyning of the two last strokes seemed to be new. This inscription is mentioned as in the garden wall of S[r] William Tancred.

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Kettlewel in Yorkshire,
May 25th, 1751.

From Burrowbridge I went five miles to Topcliff, and turned off to see S[r] Tancred Robinson's, a beautiful park very finely situated on the Swale; the house and offices are well built, but nothing well finished within. At Topcliff I saw the monument of the family of S[r] Metcalf, of 1688, and S[r] William, of 1736, the father of S[r] Tancred and of S[r] Thomas, Knight of the Bath and late Resident at Vienna; S[r] Thomas Robinson, who was Governor of Barbadoes, is another branch of the family. I went half a mile to the mannor house of the ancient Earls of Northumberland; it is about a quarter of a mile to the south-west of the farm house, on a rising ground which commands a fine view both to the east and west. This heigth is about an hundred yards to the north of the Swale down to which there were gardens: and there are remains of a string of canals. The site of the house was strongly fortifyed with a rampart, and the park below to the west and north, where probably the offices were by another, and there are remains of an old pond to the south. Towards the river is a mount where there might be a tower, and to the east is an oval enclosure, a small mount in it, with a winding ascent called the Virgin's Bower with trees on it, this might be another garden. The whole contains about four acres, and there is a paved way from it to the west to Topcliff village; this is L[d] Egremont's estate. I went five miles farther to Thrusk; at the entrance of the town to the west one sees the ramparts of the old castle held by Roger de Mowbray when he called in the Scots, and being

surrendred by him was destroyed by Henry II. The chief support of this place is the market and fairs once a fortnight in the spring for cattle. They are supplyed here with coals from Resty Fells. Coming to this place I saw S^{t} John's Mount, a most beautiful hill finely improved, belonging to Mr. Elsley, and to the west of it over Upsal a new building on the side of the steep hill, a romantick pleasant summer situation. Thrusk stands on Codbeck which rises out of Hamilton hills, and the vale and uneven country on each side of it is most delightful, the hills to the north being finely improved, and I imagined saw a fortification on one of the highest towards Hambleton hills. I came in eight miles to North Allerton, on the great northern road, by which it subsists. To the south-west of the town on the north beck are small remains of a building called the old Hall, which was moated round containing about two acres, and might be some mansion house and probably of the Bishops of Durham, as this town belongs to that church. Just before it is the castle built by Bishop Comin, it is a fine situation and very strong, a circular rampart and a mount within it, a strong work to the west before the entrance and a fossee drawn from that to the north beck, and one towards the Wisk and a third to the south-east towards the same river. But the castle was destroyed by Henry II., it is called in some maps Roman-bye Castle. Near this town was fought the battle of the Standard with David King of Scots in 1138, who invaded England ; it had its name from the standard that was set up on this extraordinary occasion; on it was painted a chariot and over that a banner and a cross, with the banners of St. Peter, St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfrid. The Scots were routed, and, saies the historian, the hill was called Standard hill, and many holes about it called Scots pits, where it is supposed they were buryed. I could not find any hill of that name, but a mile and a half northward in the way to Darlington there is a lane which goes by this name of Scots' pits; and levelling the ditches on each side of it, in 1746, for our artillery to pass, they found several bones of men about 3 feet deep, which were very perfect as the man informed me who assisted

at that work; enquiring the name of the nearest hill he told me it was called Lovesom hill; but this spot being rather a high ground it might have the name formerly of Standard Hill. Edmund Guest, Bishop of Salisbury, Almoner to Queen Elizabeth, was born at this town, and Bishop Dudley founded an hospital here, and if I mistake not forty poor people have 1*s.* 4*d.* a week in this hospital which makes it probable that it was founded by this Bishop. The Wisk which passes by this town rises at Kylehead. They are supplyed here with coals from Ederley, thirty miles off. Crossing the country towards Bedall I saw on the other side of the Swale near Kirkby Fletcham, at Kiplin, the seat of Mr. Crow's, nephew of the late Consul of Leghorn, in whom all the estates of the three brothers centre, who are all dead. I came to Skruton on the other side of the Swale, and went to visit Mr. Gale, who was not at home, the son of the late Roger Gale, Esq., who was a person of great learning, especially in antiquities, and grandson of a Dean of York of that name. I came three miles further to Bedal, where in the church-yard is a very curious Gothick pillar of carved work. In the church are two very fine monuments of S^{r} Brian Fitz Alan and his lady; over them is this inscription lately put up: This is the monument of S^{r} Brian Fitz Alan, Earl of Arundel, and his Wife. He was the King's Lieutenant of the whole realm of Scotland in the time of Edward 1st. He built a castle at Kilwanly, and another at Bedal, Com: Ebor. His coat of arms is in the window of the south isle of the chancel, viz., Gyronny Bearing of eight pieces of Or and Gules. There are some other old monuments, two of which they call Knights Templars, but they are not cross-legg'd. The country beyond Bedal is full of a lime stone like free stone, which is much used for manuring the land, and sells for seven shillings a chaldron which is about 2½*d.* a bushel. We went four miles to Masham finely situated on a rising ground on the south side of the Youre; it is but a small town, but there is a large square not regularly built, they have a litle trade in shalloons and woolen yarn. In the

church are buryed the baronets of the name of Wyvil, and Beckwith, and the Danbys. This parish and Kirkby are a peculiar belonging to Trinity College, Cambridge, and bears the name of the dissolved prebend of Masham, and the College appoints a Commissary. I went two miles down near the Youre to see a fine wood of Mr. Aislabie's called Hack-fall; passing Bourne and Beckhaum town, our road was on a rising ground having a view to the north side, first of fine plantations, and then of hanging ground and hills covered with wood. We came to the pleasant spot through which ridings are cut, which command a view of the Youre of Masham and of two gentlemen's seats seen through these ridings, and cascades of water are seen tumbling down the hills. But the most beautiful place on a heigth over the river, where there is an octagon Gothick building lin'd with a rock-work of that sort of stone which is commonly called petrifyed moss and roots which they dig near it. This commands a fine view of the river and woods on each side. Both above and below to the river and to the north the ground rises high, and is all covered with wood, being the estate of L^{d} Bruce, and is known by the name of Dansil Hall. There are two walks down to this building with a rivlet running on the outside of each of them, and falling down in beautiful cascades; one of these walks leads up towards Nutwith hill, a fine down to the south, at the east end of which is an old fortification call'd a camp, which may be about three furlongs in circumference, and seems to have been wall'd and might be a place for people to retire to in time of war; the whole top of the hill being naturally so strong as that it might well serve for a camp, being about 2 miles in circumference, and probably was the British Camp, as about Dansil on the other side might be a Danish Camp. On the top of this hill are quarries of a fine yellow free stone, and there is a good view from it of Swinton Hall, Mr. Danbie's, and of some other seats. In the wood below I met with the following plants I had not observed before, 1st, Aspenda, or Wood-rosse; 2nd, Caryophilata montana purpurea, or Mountain Avon; 3rd, Saxifraga rotundi folia alba, or

round leav'd white Saxifrage ; 4th, Alearium, wild garlick. The second has a flower much like Columbine.

Gargrave, in Yorkshire,
May 26th, 1751.

I crossed the river Sor, which falls into the old river Don, below Thorn, and came from Nottinghamshire into Yorkshire, and soon arrived at Tickhill, a poor market town, where there are remains of the old cross, which had about a dozen steps up to it, many mannors round it were called the Honours of Tickhill. This was one of the mannors of Roger de Buislis, who resided in the castle here. 'Twas given by King Stephen to the Earl of Chester; by a female it came to Robert de Vipont ; Richard II. gave it to John of Gaunt, and then it came to Henry IV. The church is a large building with a high tower ; in it are the remains of fine painted glass ; in the east window there was a crucifix in the middle, and on the sides the Virgin, St. John, St. Peter, and St. Paul remain. There is a tomb of a Fitzwilliams, of 1490, in the south isle, and in the chancel the monument of William Atfeld, seneschal of this honour and of several other mannors, who died in 1387. In the town I saw a peculiar old house of wood, the upper part of which projecting is supported by semicircular wooden pilasters on stone bases. There is a paper mill at this town. I went on, and passed near Edlington, belonging to an old Dowager Lady Molesworth, where I was told there was a remarkable epitaph on a dog. We came to Coningsburgh, probably from the German word Koning (king), that is, the King's town. It is remarkable for its castle, situated almost over the Don; it was called in British Caerconan. The top of the hill is encompassed with an irregular wall, defended by round towers, and there were buildings on each side the entrance ; on one side of the court is a very fine round tower, which extends to the brow of the hill, the wall joyning to it at two of the six great buttresses, which are nine feet broad and ten deep, the lower part being much larger than the upper; for of twenty tiers

of stone every other stone sets out about 3 or 4 inches; they are sixteen feet nine inches apart. There is an ascent of about twenty feet to the castle, the walls of which at that heigth are 14 feet nine inches thick, and the room within is twenty-one feet in diameter. There is a round hole in the middle, three feet in diameter, leading down to a room to which there is no other visible entrance. There is an ascent through the wall to a room over it, which is larger by one foot eleven inches in the diameter than the lower room, and over that another, as I presume, so much larger also than this. To these two upper rooms are chimneys with a Gothick Corinthian capital on each side of them. At the entrance to each is a place for water, like those in churches for holy water. It is all fine hewn stone work inside and out. Over the door are two oblong square windows, one over another, to the two upper stories, with arches turned over them, and each of the arches are fill'd with two stones. The other openings for light are like pike holes, with semicircular tops. This is, perhaps, one of the finest remains of Gothick antiquity. Hengist took shelter here after he had been routed by Aurelius Ambrosius. A mount before the castle has been said to have been Hengist's tomb. This place belonged to King Harold, then to William I., afterwards to the Earl of Surrey; it came to the Crown in the time of Edward III. or Richard II. It belonged to Edmund de Langley, Earl of Cambridge, and then to his son Edward, Duke of York, who left it to his nephew Richard, son of Richard, Earl of Cambridge, called De Coningsburgh, because he was born here. In the church are several old capitals to the pillars, and in the church yard is a very remarkable tomb or sarcophagus; on one side is a relief of St. George killing the dragon, on the other fishing and hunting, and near the entrance to the church yard is a stone which seems to be the cover of it, on which are two reliefs, which are disfigured, as of birds or beasts. I went two miles across the Don to Mexburgh, to see the banks on the hill, which are very small round the brink of the hill, to strengthen the natural situation, being fences probably made in the contests between the kings of the Heptarchy. But to the north-east of Mexburgh I found the

site of an old castle, a mount, and possibly the round tower, a work before the entrance, and the castle it self a small semicircle. I crossed the Don again, and went up to Melton on the Hill; near it is West Melton, which was the birth place of William of Melton, Archbishop of York, who died in 1340. He finished the cathedral, which had been neglected, and did many other great works. I went from this place two miles to Sprotborough, the seat of Mr. Copley, to whose father it was left by S^{r} Godfrey Copley, who left that excellent benefaction of 100*l.* to the Royal Society for the best experiment of the year. It is a most beautiful situation on hanging ground over the meadows on the Don, which, winding here, affords a most delightful view of the river and of a vale to the south-east, and here might be a terrace a mile long on this beautiful ground. There is a very good modern house, and some good pictures, among 'em a supposed Raphael of the disciples asleep, a Gaspar Poussin of a storm, like that of S^{r} William Morrice's, but smaller, a fine King Charles of Vandyke, all which were very politely shown me by the master of the house; this was the estate of the Fitzwilliams's, Earls of Southampton. By coming this way I missed Bawtry, where they drive a great trade in mill stones, brought from Derbyshire, and conveyed from this town by water to many parts. I came two miles further to Doncaster, which was a Roman town called Danum, where the prefect of the Crispinian horse were garrisoned in 759; it was burnt by lightening. The fine Gothick church with a beautiful tower is on the spot of the old castle, adjoyning to which was the Friery. In the church I copyed this remarkable epitaph on a benefactor to the corporation:

Howe, Howe, who is here?
I, Robin of Doncaster,
And Margaret, my Fear.
That is spent that I had,
That I gave that I have,
That I left that I lost.
A.D. 1579.
Quod Robertus Byrkes, who in this world dyd regne
Threscore years and seven, and yet liv'd not one.

There is also another remarkable epitaph, I believe, is of Thomas Ellis, which I omitted to copy. At the east end of the church is a very ancient building, which I conjecture was built about the time the Romans left this kingdom. There is a large window to the west and three on each side. The pillars are of the Corinthian order, with one plain leaf. At the end of the town towards London is an old cross, called Hal cross, with this inscription on it:—

(: CESTES: LA CRVICE: OTE: ATILLIA: K: ALME:
DEV: ENFIACE: MERCI: AM:

It is in one line round the cross. I was informed that there was a cross in the high street in Doncaster, put up by the Fitzwilliams of Sprotborough, which had this inscription on it:

He that hungreth and listeth to eat,
Let him go to Sprotborough, and he shall have meat
For himself; and for his horse, hay
For a night and for a day,
And none shall ask him when he goes away.

The corporation here is rich. They have laid out lately 5000*l.* on a mansion house only for publick dinners and assemblies, besides offices and other convenient rooms; there is one which is sixty foot long and thirty wide and high. There are three windows like those of the banqueting house, with galleries to each, which reste on the rustick story below; at the angles and between the windows are couplets of Corinthian pillars, which support a pediment of the wideth of the building. Doncaster chiefly subsists by being a great thorough fare. I received great politeness from Mr. Stoven of this place, whom I accidentally met. He showed me a curiosity dug out of Amcotes moors, in the Isle of Axholme, in Lincolnshire. They found under ground a skeleton, the skin of which was as firm as tan'd leather. I saw a hand of it with the nails, and a sandal found on the foot of tan leather, with five separate loops on each side and twelve small ones at the toe, all cut out of one piece of leather. This country is supplied with coal by water from Park

gate, 2 miles from Rotheram at 7*s*. a wagon of 3500lb. weight, and with stone slates from Thorp, two miles from Sheffield, and Marr, about 3 miles from Doncaster, produces that sort of Trichites Gypse, which they call plaister, and being calcined and ground or powdered is used for floors. At Doncaster are remains of the Roman road to Lincoln. I went 3 miles to Kirk Sandal, where is the burial-place of the family of the Rokeby's; here the bowels are deposited of William Rokesby, first vicar of this parish and of Halifax, and then Bishop of Meath and Archbishop of Dublin; over a tomb on a brass plate is an inscription signifying that he dyed in 1521. Here is also the monument of S^{r} Thomas Rokeby, who was a judge, and died in 1699. I went four miles farther, to Hatfield, over that Chace which is famous for a battle between Cadwallin, King of the Britains, Perida, King of Mercia, and Edwin, the first Christian King of Northumberland, who, with his eldest son Offrid, was slain there in 633. I saw the remains of the fossee of a camp, which they say may be traced round for two miles in compass. It is also famous for being the birth-place of William of Hatfield, second son of King Edward III.: they pretend to show the room in the mannor house in which he was born, which, tho' now inhabited by a farmer, has been fitted up in a very elegant taste, as I suppose, in the style of Inigo Jones; but great part of the house is pull'd down. It belonged to the Earls of Surrey, but coming to the Crown, was given to Edmund de Langley, fifth son of Edward III. and enjoyed by his heirs till it came again to the Crown. I could find no foundation for the story that there are no rats in this place. In the church is a curious old rood loft, and the west and south doors are very old; the pillars of the former are a sort of Ionick, with the volutes inverted. I took a guide, and went three miles to Thorn, riding a mile over a marsh through water, the floods here and in all parts being greater than have been known for many years. Thorn is a populous market town, and subsists by the water trade, by farming, and by the wood which they raise out of the moors; the oak they call black-oak, and the firs moor-wood, they find it from two to three feet under ground;

the deeper it is the better: that found near the clay or surface is rotten and good for nothing. At about the depth of 3 feet they meet with a white sand when they dig for peat and for this wood, and so throwing in the surface on the sand they plough it, and it makes very good land. I travelled on the bank of the Don about two miles to Newbridge, near which Lord Down has a seat at Couick, near Snathe, a market town. We turn'd to the east on the same river near to Goulbridge, and crossed the marshes northward, and came at Stock to the river Ouse, after most of the rivers of Yorkshire are faln into it; we crossed it in a boat. About three miles to the east is Mesham. 'Tis said a Roman pottery was found there, about a mile from the military road, and that urns and cinders were found, but as I could not be informed of the truth of it I went to Howden, formerly call'd Hoveden, one of the canons of the collegiate church being known by the name of Hoveden. It is two miles from the Darwent, which falls into the Ouse at that distance above it. There is a very fine church which was collegiate, the east part of which, with the chapter house, are in ruins, all exactly on the model of York Cathedral: the west part serves for divine service. The Bishops of Durham, to whom this place belonged, had a house near it. The steeple, built by Bishop Skirlaw, is 146 feet high, and a fine structure. It is said it was designed as a place for the inhabitants to take shelter in against inundations, but I could not find there had been any such inundations in the memory of man, or from tradition. They have a great market here for wool and many country goods, which are the chief support of the place. The yearly mart for the Londoners to sell goods by wholesale has been long discontinued.

Gisborne in Yorkshire,
May 29th, 1751.

From Masham, I set out for Middleham six computed miles, and descending down to Jervaulx Abby I had a most beautiful view of part of the vale call'd Wensdale, which extends to Ascrig, consisting

of hills rising one over another on each side of the river towards the mountains and most highly improved, being chiefly fine pasturage; we first saw the ruins of Jervax Abby, then East Wilson on the hill to the left over the steep ground towards the river; further on to the right, Danby, Mr. Scroop's house, at the end of a hill. Further on to the left we saw Middleham with its castle, Scotch cue to the left of that, and Laybourne on the side of the hill to the right and Preston on the same at the end of the hill, the view being terminated with Bolton Hall. Altogether making one of the finest landscapes I ever beheld; but the finest prospect of all is over Midlam. There was first in King Stephen's time an abby founded at Fors higher up, and then removed to Jervax. There are great remains of this abby, but the church to the north is entirely destroyed. I saw two doors of what is called Saxon architecture, one leading to the church, the other to the cloyster; the church and cloyster were paved with tyles 3 inches square painted in figures. In the cloyster they found many stone coffins with covers on most of them; there is a sword in relief and inscriptions. These I copyed out: 1, Will. Neman. 2, Tumba Gilberti de Wate. 3, Philip Filī Johīs. There is a tradition that Gilbert de Wate was a great man in this country. On the river Cover which falls into the Youre from the south is Coram or Coverham, an old priory dependant on Jervaulx, in which there are several old monuments. At Middleham I saw the fine old castle, the walls and even the partitions are ten feet thick; to the middle building there is a tower at each corner, and in the middle of each side there have been grand apartments in the three stories. On the outside building are the same number of towers, and from them were buildings all round within. The tradition is, that about the beginning of the last century the Loftus's of Ireland sold the timber, lead, and furniture that was not destroyed in the time of war. It was the honour of Alan, Earl of Britany, who gave it to his younger son who built a castle, and it descended from a female to the Nevils, and was forfeited and settled on Richard, Duke of York. Edward,

only son of Richard III. was born here, who dyed before he came of age. Before the Conquest it belonged to Gilpatrick the Dane. Middleham is a deanery in the gift of the Crown and a peculiar exempt jurisdiction.

We went by Wenslow, from which I suppose the vale has the name of Wensdale, generally esteem'd one of the most beautiful spots in the world, and this is the finest part of it; the wood avenue, and the other plantations of the Duke of Bolton which belong to Bolton Hall a mile further, a good house with two wings of offices on each side, are great additions to the beauty of it. We ascended by the hills to a village situated in a very romantick manner under the rocks near the top of the hill, and going along the side of the hill came to Bolton Castle built round a court with eight towers as at Midlam; the court is 35 paces by 27, and the building round 14 paces deep. On one side in the middle floor was a chapel, and on the other a grand hall. Mary Queen of Scots was kept a prisoner here two years, and they talk of some needle-work done by her here. This castle belonged to the family of the Scroops, and by a female came to Charles Pawlet, Marquis of Winchester, whose son Charles was made Duke of Bolton in 1689, taking his title from this castle. From the castle I descended to the village of Bolton, and on the 24th I crossed over the water to Temple, the estate of the Revd. Mr. Dupont, author of the *Loyal Pieces*. It was formerly a priory of the Knights Templars. This gentleman has the parish of Asgarth and 5 chapels dependant on it, which did belong to the church of Coram. From this place we went to see the great natural curiosities of the Youre, the falls of water of Asgarth. The first we went to is about half a mile below the church, and falls in four sheets from the rocks, the highest about five feet, and then running twelve paces on the rock it falls about two feet, and after it has run six paces it falls three more, and then in four paces more it falls seven feet; after the river has run a litle way there are five litle falls, and higher up, at some distance apart, are several small falls, and further up the highest in this reach

consists of two falls, where the river runs between the rocks in a narrow compass, and the rocks rising up on each side between twenty and thirty feet with trees growing out of them add greatly to the beauty of the prospect ; and the different strata of the rocks afford many natural curiosities of petrified shells, one stratum being full of oyster shells, another of muscles, and one of the large Conchæ Anomiæ with a lip in the middle. But the most curious are the coral, which spread wider on these stones than ever I saw before, in a beautiful manner, but they are mostly small, none of them exceeding above a third of an inch. I found one large uncommon scollop shell finely striated, about eight inches broad. We went to the church, and about an hundred yards below it descended about fifty feet to the bed of the river and saw another fall which consists of three parts, the upper about eleven feet, the other about four, and on each side the rocks overhang for a considerable way down, which with the trees makes a very romantick appearance. I went to the bridge a litle above the church, which is of one arch, as I conjectured towards 100 feet broad. It was built in 1539, 'twas thought to be fifteen yards high, above it is a fall of ten feet, and about 40 yards higher another fall, and beyond that a star or break in the rock, which has a good effect, and all highly beautiful in wood as well as perpendicular rocks. This country was formerly very woody, which it is thought gave occasion for this distich in the house at Temple, put up in 1608,—

> "Who shall come into this house, O Lord, do them protect,
> And who passes by, the same Jesu their way direct."

The church is remarkable for a fine Gothick skreen gilt, said to be brought from Coram, which is probable, as the living belonged to that church, and as the skreen is much too broad for this. On it is a crosier and mitre. In one part of the church is this inscription, A. S. An. Dom^{ni} 1536, which is thought to stand for Adam Sedbery executed at York with Lord Derby for a conspiracy. A little farther is a farm and house called Bee-park; it might be a summer

place for the Abbot of Jervax. Here is a stone with the arms of the seven instruments of our Saviour's passion supported by two winged angels; under it is an imperfect motto in Latin, and on each side H . E L under a ducal crown. This it is likely was set up over some door by an abbot of the name of Elias. We soon after passed in view of Nappa, a pleasant seat of Mr. Metcalfe, on the foot of the hill, and finely improved with beautiful plantations. We went on to a hill over Bayn brig call'd Bruff or Burgh, it is about 110 paces from north to south, and 130 from east to west, with an entrance on each side in the middle; the west part of the hill is fortifyed, and there are lines drawn from the tower to the river. From an inscription found there it is supposed that it was called Bracchilem, that it was fortifyed with a stone wall, and that the 6th cohort of the Nervii was stationed there. At the foot of this hill one passes over the Baynt on a bridge, which has given name to the village; that rivlet rises between the mountains and running a litle way forms a cove called Semere water, and then runs for some time between its banks and empties it self here into the cove. Opposite to Bruff we saw a very small remain of Fors Abbey to the north of the river. We came to Hardraw where to the north of the village is a great curiosity called the Scar of Hardraw, it is an entrance between the perpendicular rocks like the Gorda near Malham but not so high, and a rivlet falls from the top in a most beautiful manner, so as that one can go round it; a smaller stream coming out a litle to the west, and a very litle one to the east, and going up to the top we saw many litle falls down the rocks. In the hard frost, there was an extraordinary icicle found at this fall. it began to freeze round the place where it fell and also at top and at last met in one hollow column, which was seventy-two yards and three quarters in circumference, the water forced its way through the side, if I mistake not, below. Many people came to see it, and a man walk'd round it but a few minutes before it burst, when all fell down.

Coln in Lancashire,
May 31st, 1751.

From Hardraw I went westward, and saw a fall of ten feet at a rivlet called the Cotter with several small cascades above it. We ascended a hill of the same name, which is very high, our guide guessed from the top down to the Ure 600 yards, but I did not think it so much. We went along the side of this hill, and came to Hellgills, called in the maps Helbeck Lunes; it is a rivlet which rises a litle further to the north, and has worn down the rock about twenty feet deep, and about four feet in width. It is curious to see the waters run at so great a depth in such a narrow channel, and to step over it. To the east of it is another very small stream, which divides the county of York from the county of Westmoreland, and falls, if I mistake not, into the Hellgills. Hellgill is the rise of the Eden, which falls in at Caerlisle. About half a mile lower there is a deep water in it, from which they say the Ure rises, the water going under the ground about a quarter of a mile, and coming out in a field called Lin Park, and they say they have put chaff into the one and it has come out of the other. About two miles to the north rises the river Swale, a litle beyond a natural rock call'd Hugh Seat, and about three to the west the river Lune. We were about two computed miles from Pendragon Castle, six from Kirkby Stephen, and ten or twelve from Apelby. There are no deer in these mountains. The prospect from the heigth of Cotter is the most awful and grand I ever beheld. The mountains all round, some with their lofty heads at a distance, as Ingelborough and Penigent and the valley beneath, which, tho' it is much narrower to the west of Ascrig, yet it is still a fine vale of good pasturage, and, what is uncommon, there are houses built in most of the fields, which is an unusual prospect, and at a distance make the appearance of scatter'd villages. About Hardrow they find freestone flags, which rise very large, and in them are figures of worms, snakes, and the like, but whether only accidental figures,

or such reptiles inclosed, I cannot take upon me to say, but I rather think the former.

On the 24th, leaving this fine dale, we went to the south-west, over the vale in which Widhill Beck runs, having Weather Fell to the right; and, ascending up Tenant Hill to the south-east, we had a fine view of the green vale and the lofty mountains all round. On this hill we came to some shafts where they had dug for lead. The stones they dug up are of an ash-colour'd marble, and full of trochi and entrochi, and so I observed the rocks were as we went along the mountain. We soon came to Camhill, and near to some cabbins called camhouses, to the north of which are two springs near each other, which soon joyn, and fall down into the valley, and then it is called Cam Beck; this they call the rise of the river Ribble. In the valley below, a litle to the north of it, is a wet moor, out of which there arises a spring, which is the head of the river Wharfe. A rivlet comes in a short space on each side, and several others afterwards, so that it soon becomes a large river. I observed one of the springs of the Ribble, if I mistake not the southern one, that it incrusts the pebbles with a loose stony matter, which rises up as in litle columns about half an inch high, and is doubtless caus'd by the stony, coarse particles the water brings along with it, finer particles frequently either petrifying or incrusting with a stone coat. We went along the Wharfe as far as Bolton Abby. The first bridge over it is of wood, all the rest are of stone, and, being either a gravelly or rocky bottom, the river often passes under the beds of gravel or loose rock, and is not seen. Till we came towards Kettlewell we had pasturage on each side up the feet of the mountains and very litle wood, but towards Kettlewel the country is improv'd, and the vale is wider. On the north side I saw stones full of cockles, mostly the Conchae Anomiae. I was informed there was a natural grotto in Shale Park, and about that place they find chrystals in the shape of two hexagonal pyramids with their bases joyned together. We went along by the Wharfe on the south side, and came to a beautiful vale extending

to the south-east. Before we enter'd we passed by an incrusting spring called Cold Keld Spring, coming out of what is called Windbank Hill. We went up this vale, which abounds in fine pasturage, some trees, and most beautiful rocks above, some high and perpendicular, others rising up in three or four terraces one over another as on each side of the dale we had passed, which is called Langstreth Dale; it is Kettlewell Dale about that town and lower down Wharfdale. In the vale to the south-east we passed Arncliffe, and came near to Old Cote, where I went in to see a grotto, which may be about twenty feet wide and two hundred yards long, a winding way and having several pools of water in it, and at last I came to deep water, which hindered me from going any farther, and I could not learn that any one had been at the end of it.

We returned and went up the hills to the south-east, near the entrance into the vale of the Wharfe, in search of a grotto called Douca Bottom Hill, and it is said full of fine white stalactites and incrustations by the dropping of the water, but, being late, we did not go to it, but descended down to Kilnsey Cliff, which is a very high perpendicular rock; the top overhangs, and it is very beautiful, being adorn'd with wood. We came to Girsington, a town of miners, who work in the lead mines of the Grey Hills. I was informed here of a peculiar method they have of loosening the ore in the mine, which they call hussing; it is turning a stream of water into it, which works its way thro' and loosens the ore, and, passing through the neighbouring lands, the copperas kills the grass, and there are law-suits begun to prevent this method. They have litle or no corn in all this country, but are supplyed chiefly from Richmondshire.

On the 25th we saw a smelting-house for lead just without the town, belonging, as the mines do, to Lord Burlington. We went near Linton, of which parish Mr. Smith, a nephew of S^{r} Isaac Newton, is minister. We ascended up to Thorp Fell to see a

rocking stone, the measures of which are twelve, ten, and four feet, the other side inaccessible might be about ten feet; it is six feet deep, and this, like the main Amber in Cornwall, so exactly poised that it may be moved with the foot. Descending to Thorp, I observed some shafts in a small hill, in which they had formerly been digging for lead. We went down the Wharfe, and passed through Burnsall, famous for being the birth place of S^r^ William Craven, alderman of London, a great benefactor to this country and to several public charities and father to William, first Lord Craven. I was told after I left it that in the parish church are some monuments of this family. We came a litle farther to Appletrewick, where Lord Craven has an indifferent house, call'd High Hall, probably belonging to his ancestor before the family was enobled, and they have the title of baron from this place. About these places the hills come close on each side to the river, and sometimes the foot of them ends in perpendicular rocks, which with the wood makes a very romantick prospect. I was informed of a break or gully in the mountain about this place, near the Wharf, which is generally dry, but, upon an approaching change of wet weather to dry, it gushes out with a very strong current, and is looked on as an infallible prognostick of fair weather, which may be occasioned by the greater weight of the air, on the approach of fair weather on some morass, which may press out the water as from a spunge. To the north is a high hill, if I mistake not, called Outer Hill, on which some imagine there was a camp, and that it was mons exploratorum for the castra at Ilkley and Gargrave; but, being shown it at a distance, it appeared to me like a natural rising on the hill. To the west of it is a high rock on the hill, called Simon's Seat, which commands a very fine view. Two or three miles from this hill, on the west part of Knaresborough Forest, is another rocking-stone, twelve yards in circumference, and about three feet thick, which may be shook with a finger. They say from this place one may see York Minster, the Wolds, and Black Hambleton, one way, and on the other Pendle Hill, Blackstone Edge,

and great part of Lancashire. We went on by the Wharf, and came to Barden Tower, one of the seven seats of the famous Countess of Pembroke, so often mentioned as the heiress of the Cumberland estate, and it is said she divided her time equally between these places. Three of the others were Bolton, Appleby, and Brougham Castle. There is a long inscription on this with all her titles, giving an account that it had been in ruins almost ever since 1589, when her mother lay in it, and was big with child of her, till it was repair'd by her in 1658. It ends thus, Isa. chap. 58, ver. 12. God's name be praised. There is a hall, a chapel now used, and much irregular room in it, and all going to ruin; it belongs to the Earl of Burlington. Here I saw the mother of the steward, Mr. Simpson. She is 103 years old, her maiden name Elizabeth Saxon, born at Ceiling Hole, near Wetherby. She did business till within these four years, but is now deaf, hardly to be understood, but looks well. She was up, but sleeps almost all her time. I found her with her head laid down on a cushion, on a high table before her, her diet spoon meat, which she supt out of a dish. From this place I went half a mile lower to what they call the Stride, where the Wharfe is so confin'd between the rocks, that a person might leap over. I came to Bolton, of which I have formerly given you an account.

Congleton, in Cheshire,
June 3d, 1751.

Going from Bolton, I left the Wharf, and came to Draughton, where are quarries of lime stone, in which they find the figures of small Nacchilus and Amonites, and passing through Skipton, I went into the gardens of the castle, and had a better view of the high hanging ground covered with wood, which is on each side of the river that runs under the castle. I saw also in the castle the picture of George, Earl of Cumberland, taking leave of his family when he was going an embassy to Spain. The tradition here is, that, the peace being made with Spain, he was tryed for having

deviated from his instructions, and part of his estate was taken from him, as being thought, say they, too great for a subject. This is the principal town in Craven, and is called Skipton in Craven. Craven is a denomination of a tract of country thought to have its name from craggy vein. It seems by the best I could learn to extend from the rise of the Wharfe to Bolton Bridge, and from the source of the Aire to Keighly, and also a litle beyond Settle to the west: from Settle (*sic.* Skipton?) I went to Gargrave, where, a Roman pavement being found and ruins, some people have imagined that it was a Roman town; this place is pleasantly situated on the Aire, where a large brook falls into it, but I could find no other marks of it.

On the 26th I went to Marton and returned by Broughton, a fine estate of Mr. Tempest's, a Roman Catholick. To the north of it he has a large pond or lake, called a tarne, which abounds in fish. An old abbey was mentioned to me at Thornton, of which I can find no account.

On the 27th I went four miles from Gargrave up the hill to the north of Flastick Crag: this hill extends away to Thorp. I went in order to see Norden Tower, which is a building of the Middle Ages, where the possessors of those hills lived, and were secure in times of danger. We went again to Malham, and saw what is called the real rise of the Aire, very near that village. There are two springs called the Upper Head and Lower Head, which soon meet. The other two which fall into it are Cove Beck, which comes from the Cove, and Gordell Beck, which makes the fall at the Gordell, both which places were formerly described. Into the former fall two small streams which rise nearer Malmhead, one of which is called Rise Gill Beck, and the other runs from Geltree Well. We passed by the remarkable Swallows from Malham Tarne, which have been found to be the sources of the upper and lower heads. We came down to the Ribble at Staynford, and went to Horton, higher on the same river, near which place in the side

of the hill to the south is a famous quarry, called Covem, which produces very fine flags, some being raised twelve feet long and six feet broad and near two inches thick. This place is directly under Pennygent mountain, and there is a school there endowed with 30*l.* a year for a master.

On the 28th we went still up the Ribble, and passed near the real rise of it, as they say here, being two streams which soon meet, and that which we saw at Cam Hill falls into this, having the name of Cam Beck, whereas this has the name of Ribble. We came to the famous mountain called Ingleborough; and observed three parts of it; the higher, southern, is called Ingleborough; between that and the middle summit, which is much lower, is a shallow dale called Fairweather Sike, which flows in the same manner before fair weather as that described near Appletrewick; the northern summit is call'd Cold Path Fell. A litle before we came to Chapel-a-dale, we saw on the other side of the vale a very extraordinary natural curiosity, which was a great hole, called Weather Coat Dove or Cove, it may be 50 yards long and 30 broad, and the west side is about 50 ft. deep. Ten or fifteen feet below the top on that side a river comes out of a hole, and pours down in a large sheet, and a litle to the south, about fifteen feet from the bottom, another stream falls down, the rocks being almost all perpendicular, except to the east end, at which we descended, and saw in the falls and spray two beautiful oval rainbows, and we were soon made very wett with it. The first fall has wore a deep hole down. From the north-east also there falls down a stream or two through the rocks, altogether making one of the most extraordinary and surprizing scenes I ever beheld; this whole cavern has been some times full of water, and run over. A litle south of it is a large chasm in the rock, called Jingly Pot, which is like Elden Hole in Derbyshire, but is not so long; beyond that is another large hole, it may be 4 feet diameter, called Hurley Pot, in which there is a black still water. We went into Chapel-a-dale, where a rivlet

rises, called Chapel Beck, coming out a large stream at once; it then goes under the rocks for some way, and comes out again, these rocks are call'd God's Brig. A litle lower many large streams flow into it from the foot of Ingleborough; the rivlet at Ingleton is joyned by the river which comes out of King's Dale, which river is called Kingsdale Beck, and then they have name of Greta, both which I shall describe in my next.

Leek, in Staffordshire,
June 4th, 1751.

On May 28th I went from Chapel Dale, at the foot of Ingleborough, across Tweeselton Scar, to the west, there being another rocky low hill running along the foot of Ingleborough, which is called Ingleborough Scar. We descended into King's Dale, in which there is only one house, and crossed to the west side of it, to Jardours Cove, to which there is an entrance, something like that of the Peke of Derby, but not so large; it leads to a very grand high cave, the sides of which are smooth perpendicular rocks, about 50 feet high, except in two or three places, where there are some curious incrustations made by the water. There is a small passage to the left, but what is most extraordinary, we went into the passage to the left between the rocks, through streams of water, and came to a cavern, where two or three streams come tumbling down the rocks with a great noise for ten or fifteen feet, and in other parts there are cupolas so high that we could not see to the top. I went up the hill, over it, and saw the stream come rushing down a great way over the rocks, with several litle falls coming out towards the top of the mountain, and it is lost in the ground near the place where we saw it come out in the cave; both this rock and Weather Coat Cave abound in shells of the Conchae Anomiae. We went to the south by Kingsdale Beck, in which direction it runs about 3 miles, and then turns to the east, and has a narrow passage between two hills, this passage is called Thornton Foss, it is finely adorn'd with wood, and there are a great number

of beautiful cascades for a mile and a-half, all the way to Ingleton; but one of them in particular is extremely fine: it consists of three different falls, the main fall to the north may be about twenty feet wide, then is a break about five feet from the top, and another ten feet lower, and then it falls, as I conjectured, about forty feet in a sheet; to the left of this a stream falls about 5 feet wide and fifteen feet from the top of the rock coming out of a cleft of it, and falls about thirty feet on the rocks which rise up under it, down which it runs in many breaks to the bottom. To the left of this again is a fall about ten feet broad, and comes out something lower, falls fifteen feet to a break, and then ten feet to the rocks below, and so all meeting, there are three or four small cascades below; all most beautifully ornamented with trees, which in some places grow out of the rocks, and cover part of the falls. I saw in this vale the lilly of the valley growing wild. We came to Ingleton, near which village they have a quarry of green slate, called Skirath Quarry; it abounds in white cubes of mundick, some of it large and very beautiful, and I observed in the common slate some small cubes just discernible to the naked eye. We went up Ingleborough, and turned a litle out of the way to the left, to Willey Hill or Tatham Wife Hole, which is a small hole with a spring in it; it consists of a black stone; here many petrifications have been found, as particularly scollop shells; but we could meet with none, but some curious corals, which are very sharp and hard. We passed near a scar or break in the hill, occasioned, as they say, by the earth falling down. That spot, they observe, is remarkable for several particular plants, as the sweet willow, which I saw in many parts this day; pansies grow here, as well as in many other parts in this country, and wild garlick, a flower called bird's-eye in a sort of star: it is a pale red, and smells like the cowslip; this, I think, is Primula veris flora novo; but what is most curious is the knute, which I formerly mentioned, 'tis called also cloud berries: the botanical name is Vaccinia nubis; it is not a shrub; I could see but very few in the second leaf, which mostly resembles a currant

leaf, each plant bearing, as I was informed, but one berry. I saw also in other places bifolium or twa blade ; there is also here, as I was told, the one-leav'd plant ; and in all these parts much of the shrub called bird cherry or Ceresus avium racemosa, also the blew ladies' slipper, &c.; and I was informed that a botanist lately carried away roots of between 30 and 40 rare plants from this mountain. We came to the steep summit of it, which may be between 2 or 300 feet in heigth, and very difficult of ascent; the top is a fine green sod plain, about half a measured mile in circumference; they have run races on it. There are in some weak places a sort of rampart of loose stones, and in one part, towards the middle, are some buildings of loose stone, one, a thick wall of thin stones laid without mortar, seem to be old, but I could see no sign of walls joyning to it. The prospect from it is very grand, commanding a view of Lancaster, of the sea beyond it, of the Fells of Furness and Cumberland, and of all the mountains in Yorkshire and Lancashire. We descended towards Clapham by Clapedale, and leaving that village and the dale to the right came by Giglewick to Settle, where I had formerly been.

On the 29th I went down by the Ribble to Gisborne, a poor little town. In the church I saw in the east window fine paintings of the Virgin Mary, St. John, and a person in the middle with St. Andrew's cross before him. Near the town is Mr. Lister's house and fine park on the Ribble, it is called Gisborne Park. We crossed the Ribble again, and went to Bolton, a small village where, in the church, is a remarkable old monument of the Pudseys and his (*sic*) three wives, by whom he had 25 children, who are all in relief on a stone ten feet long and near six broad ; there is also a monument to Henry Pudsey of 1509. But what is more curious to be seen at Bolton Hall is the boots of Henry 6th of yellow tan'd leather, lined with furr and bottoned up the sides. They say that king lay hid here for some time, and they have some other remembrances of him, which I did not see, the family not being at home ;

one part of the house is old; over the door is a helmet in alto relievo of the natural size without any crest, but the shield of the arms under it, which is on one side, is not large enough for a shield. They have in the house a curious painting of Petrarch, in a surplice, red cap and red hood and bays on his head; he appears as a beautiful young person. They have also some other portraicts well done. It is a small estate belonging to two co-heiresses; one, an elderly lady never married, lives here, and it is said is a most excellent good woman. Near the house is a small round hill covered with wood, except in one part, which is rocky, and it has a most beautiful effect. I went on towards Clitheroe, in one of the finest vales I ever saw, and came to Salley, an abby of Cistertians founded by William de Percy, who fought so bravely in the battle of the Standard already mentioned; the wall is about a mile in circumference, and there are great remains of very plain ordinary buildings. So leaving Yorkshire and coming into Lancashire to Clithero.

Ashburne in Derbyshire,
June 5, 1751.

Clitheroe is seated on the side of the hill on which the castle stands, an ancient building between 50 and 60 feet square, with an irregular wall built round it according to the shape of the hill. This is probably the castle built by the Lacy's, it now belongs to the heiresses of the Duke of Montague, who not long ago built a good house near it on the hill, in the Gothick castle taste, for his steward. There is a fine view from the hill of a beautiful vale to the east and west, of the valley to the north-west, in which runs a rivlet called the Hodder, and of Pendle and the other hills to the north and south. This small town is chiefly supported by lime kilns and spinning worsted yarn and its markets and fairs, but they are a poor people, the nature of their business making 'em very thirsty and giving them a habit of drinking. They send their lime to the distance of 20 miles both for building and manure, and sell it for

about 3½d. a bushel on the spot. I could meet with no petrifactions here, but the i. side screw of the Buccinum.

On the 30th, we went three miles to Whaley on the Calder, a village chiefly supported by farming and spinning woollen yarn. Here are remains of a Cistertian Abby, first founded by John Constable, of Chester, at Stanlow in Cheshire in 1178, and then removed to this place. There are remains of two gateways, one of Nathaniel Curson's ruinated house, and another a very grand one to the west, over which is a room called the Chapter house. There are two long buildings remaining, as I judge, about the same length, one of them I measured it, fifty paces by ten, one probably was the refectory, and the other might be a grand saloon for the abbot's apartment, they stand north and south. I could see no remains of a church, so probably the parish church served for the abbey, and that the rather as there are nine stalls on each side of the chancel of fine Gothick carved work. The tradition is that Christianity was established here in the time of King Ethelbert before Augustin came to them, who baptised in the rivlet which runs by the churchyard; and history gives us an account that this church consisted of the counties of Blackburnshire and Bowland, when Augustin came into England, which latter is the hills and country to the north of the Ribble lying to the north east of Clithero. There are three old crosses in the churchyard adorned with a running work of flowers and foliage, and they say they were there in Ethelbert's time, some books mention that they were called S^{t} Augustine's Crosses. In the church under the seats of the stalls which turn up are several odd devices, one is a man shoeing a goose, under it are these words, "Wõ so meddles by of that al mẽ dos, let hȳ cũ here and shoe y^{e} Ghos." Under a vine in the abbot's seat are these words, "Semper gaudentes sint ista sede sedentes." Under the opposite seat, probably of the prior, is a relief of a hairy man lying along with a great club, and his right hand to his chin, and a woman before him, with these words, "Pensez moit et ples po^{my}.(?)" I do not know the

meaning of it unless it be, Think much in order to please. These drole conceits show the low taste of the times, as they expressed them in the most sacred places. And these two last seem to imply that the prior or deputy was to have the care of every thing, whilst the abbot had nothing to do, but to be merry and enjoy himself. It is said that the rectors of this church very anciently had the titles of deans, were married, and that it descended by inheritance till the time of the Conquest. In the time of Edward 3rd., Henry, Duke of Lancaster, gave lands for the maintenance of a hermit, and two women for his servants, his helps meet; and at this time they show in the churchyard an old building with two doors which they say were for the two women, probably the hermit lived in the room over the vestry. St. Austin appears in more places than one on the glass, and one piece they show for king Ethelbert. On one of the seats there is this inscription, " Orate pro anima Thome Lalbe Monachi." In the room over the vestry, near the chapter house, I saw some large slabs of marble full of the Trochi and Entrochi, but I could not be informed from what part they came, but probably from Yorkshire, for south of the Ribble in these parts is no figur'd fossil, nor any natural curiosity, except what relates to their coal. From this place, I began to ascend Pendle hill, and upon the foot of it came to Portfield, Mr. Bradeels, a large house built of hewn stone, three stories high, and there are ten rooms on a floor, with offices in vaults under and wainscoated throughout. The master of it died before it was finished, and his son just of age has the estate. There are a great variety of chimney pieces of marble of the neighbouring counties. The most remarkable are a blackish marble streaked with white, and a red marble of different shades, some part of which is much like porphiry. Ascending higher up the hill, I saw Langhoo between the two rivers where Duke Wada engaged Ardulph, King of the Northumbrians, without success. I proceeded up Pendle hill, Penrore, and Ore pen, and when I was on the southern heigth I had a glorious view of the country towards Preston, and of the hills to the south-west of the valley beneath, in

which runs a brook called Pendle Water, which in four miles flows into the Calder ; in which valley are hay houses and several other litle hamlets; this rivlet is not in the maps. We had a view also of a vale in which the Calder runs and saw Padiam very plain ; being got to the heigth of the southern summit, I observed there was an easy ascent to the north-east and highest summit of the hill, but on enquiry found it was an impracticable morass, so I descended by a gulley called Winbery Clough between the two summits to Buttock of Pendle, where, taking a guide, I walked up to the Beacon on the east side of the highest summit, and went to the north-west angle; I had a view of Ingleborough and Penigent and all the country between. I saw Coln to the east, as on a hill just under us, and the hills of Yorkshire beyond it. The vale beneath, tho' uncultivated with regard to planting, appeared beautiful, and the peasant who was with me conjectured we were 200 yards above it, and not less than 5 or 600 above the bed of the Ribble, tho' I did not think it was so much. This hill is a moss which is from a yard to two yards deep, and is nothing but the rotting of the vegetables, that have grown on the hill, below it is a sort of a ruble stone, and there is not one curious thing on the whole hill. The beacon is only a heap of stones. We returned to Buttock of Pendle, and went about 2 measured miles over the hill to Newchurch ; I observed an old cross in the way of one stone and a spaw water on the road, and several more on each side of the river in the way to Coln. At Newchurch, I enquired the name of the parish, they said it was a Buoye ; that Burnley was a parish, and could not learn the difference, only that this was a parish without any large village. To this place I had sent my horses from Buttock of Pendle by a boy about thirteen; he was a pretty handy youth, and giving him of the provisions I had brought, he came and sat down close by me on a settle. He told me that oat-cake and butter-milk was their common food, that on a festival they had a piece of meat and a pye-pudding; that his father paid six pouuds a year, kept a horse, three cows, and forty sheep; that his father and

he wove woollen both for their clothing and to sell; and on asking him if he would go along with me, if his father would give him leave, he expressed his readiness to accompany me, which I mention as an instance of their simplicity, and of their manner of living in these remote mountainous parts.

Dudley, in Worcestershire,
June 8th, 1751.

From Newchurch, on the 30th, in the evening, I went three miles in very rough, bad roads, part of it pleasant and romantick, near a rivlet with high banks on each side, cover'd with trees, that falls into the Calder. Coln is prettily situated on a hill, is no great thoroughfare, but chiefly subsists by its markets and fairs and by a manufacture of shaloons, serges, and tamies. Roman coins have been found in Wheatley Lane near, and at Emmot. In the church is a monument of one of the Emmots of Emmot, merchant in London.

On the 31st, I went four miles to Burnley, on the Calder, a small market town with some share of the woollen trade. The Townleys of Townley bury in this church, and there is a monument of one of them, Richard, who died in the Battle of Marstone Moore, near York, on the part of the King, and his body was not found, on which their estate was confiscated, but on the Restoration their taxes were reduced. There is an old font here, as at Coln, the reliefs are the instruments of our Saviour's passion. In the churchyard is a cross with this inscription: "Orate pro aña Johs Foldes Capelani qui hanc crucem fieri fecit ano. di. 1528." The Townleys have made a fine Gothick skreen on three sides of the chancel. It is said that several Roman coins have been found here, one of Q. Cassius and some of Rome. It seems one John Sagar lived here to 112 years old. Soon after we left Burnley we passed by Townley, the seat of the Townleys, Roman Catholics; there is another branch in the neighbourhood who are Protestants. The ground of the park is well water'd, uneven, and very beautiful. We soon

after pass'd in sight of some part of the hamlet call'd Holm, famous for giving birth to the celebrated Dr. Whitacre, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge; he dyed attending the controversy against the Arminians at Lambeth in 1596. There is at present a small estate in the family, the owner of which is called Lord of Holm, and they have a chapel at this place. Ascending the hills we came to Bacup, a large village, where they have a great manufacture of woollen clothes which they send white to London. They are mostly Presbyterians, and have, as they call them, two chapels. We left the mountains, and came to Rochdale, which has its name from its situation in a narrow vale on the river Roche. It is situated on both sides of the river, and to the south very pleasantly up the side of the hill, where the situation of the church and parsonage-house are most beautiful. Dr. Tonstall, near 90, has built a handsome house and improved the charming situation of the garden on a heigth, and there is a mount over the river in such a manner as to make it one of the most delightful parsonage houses in England. They have a large manufacture here of blankets, baies, and shaloons. I went through a pleasant country to Bury, mentioned before; both these towns are built of brick. I went over a high hill, and a heath, and passed by a chapel on one side of the road, if I mistake not, called Cockley Chapel, built with a nave and two isles, and opposite to it on the other side of the road a meeting-house built exactly on the same model with a belfrey. Bolton is a neat town, situated on a heigth over a rivlet, and is famous for all manner of fustians, and especially of that which is called velvet, both flowered and plain, and flowered cotton rugs. Lord Derby, who was taken by the Parliament forces, was beheaded here near the Market Cross. The chancel of the church belongs to S^{r} Orlando Bridgman, and there is a library in it given by Humphry Chetham, Esq^{re}, in 1655, who founded the library at Manchester. Mr. Rob^{t} Leaver built and founded a free school, here, and Mr. James Leaver in 1694 gave books to it. Not far from this town is Worseley Hall, the ancient seat, as my author

observes, of the family of the Worseleys since the Conquest, from which those in Hampshire, Sussex, and the Isle of Wight are descended. We crossed the moors towards Wigan, and came to the Canal Coal Pits; they told me they were forty yards deep. The work is called a delft or mine, the vein a drift, which is about three feet thick, and dips from north-west to south-east about a yard in twenty. What is above the drift they call the top stone, which is of a lighter black colour than the bottom stone. They find some copper mundich in the coal, and the drift is something broke by a stone running across, which they call a foull. The water is pumpt up and goes off by a channel on that side of the hill, which is call'd a souk, and they do not look on it as unwholesome. They are much troubled with what they call fiery air. They know when it rises by the smell, and send down a person with a candle to try it; if it is dangerous they see a blaze from the candle near half a foot long. One man was burnt with it that he dyed, and it raised blisters on his body. When it is very bad they let down a candle by a rope to set fire to the fiery damp, as they call it. As the vein is about a yard thick, so the coals rise about two feet, and six inches long, and at most four feet in girt. This they sell for 3*d.* a 100^{wt}; that which is broke in pieces they sell for a shilling a load, which weighs 1200^{wt}. When first they open a pit they let down a round iron grate full of fire to draw out the damp by setting it on fire. The people are let down to the work by a rope. This coal is probably in all the rising ground, which is not of great extent. They work it now from the north at Kirkle to the south-east about as far as Endley Mill, and from the west at Ince to Dr. Kendrick's pit eastward in the same parish. I went on to Wigan, finely situated on a rising ground over the river Dowles. They have a free school, built by subscription, of free stone, which they have here; it is adorn'd with Ionick pilasters, and the windows are Gothick. There is a man here who makes urns, vases, and many toys out of the canal coal, which are very beautiful. To the east of the town at Hay, the baronets of the name of Brads-

haigh have a pleasant situation on a rising ground; and tho' they have coal mines, yet they have but a small estate in the family. Going on further, I saw North Whittle, a fine situation likewise, where I have been informed are lead mines and quarries of mill stones. Near Wigan the forces of the King and Parliament engaged, in which battle Lord Widrington lost his life, and the Earl of Derby and S^r^ Timothy Fetherstone were taken prisoners and beheaded. The burning well at Ancliff, near Wigan, seems to have been nothing but the vapours or fiery damp that come out of the spring after it was cleared of water and continued to issue in such a manner that it occasioned a bubbling of the water; and, putting a candle near, it took fire, and burnt sometimes for a whole day, like brandy set on fire, and that without heating the water. I went on towards Lathom, and saw common coal pits near Lamer Green, which sells for 3*d.* 100^wt^, but lasts much longer than the cannal coal. We came to Holland, where there is an handsome Gothick church, now a chapel of ease to Wigan, but belonged to a Benedictine Priory. I arriv'd to Lathom, which came from the Lathom family to the Stanleys by marriage, who sold it to S^r^ Thomas Bootle, and he has built a very large house and offices in it, and made great plantations on the estate. Here the Countess of Derby held out two years against the Parliament army, which did not take it; but, afterwards coming into their hands, they erased the castle. It is, if I mistake not, on this estate that there is a mineral water near Ormskirk, which, it is said, consists of sulphur, vitriol, ocre, a marine salt, and a bitter purging salt. Before it was fitted up and paved with mill stones they say it threw up sea shells. A litle above this is Cross Hall, a seat of one of the Stanley family. I came to Ormskirk, situated on a rising ground, and well built, mostly of brick, exceedingly well paved, and so neatly kept that it appears more like a Dutch town than any place I have seen out of Holland. They subsist chiefly by great corn markets, frequented by the merchants of Warrington and other parts. In the church the Earl of Derby's family lie in a vault, which has wooden doors

over it so that any one may open it, and there lays the body of that earl who was beheaded. There are also two old monuments of couchant statues defaced, said to be of that family. At the east end of the church is a very remarkable relief, three feet long and about half as broad, of a man and woman. The latter holds up one hand, the other has both hands as joyned about the waste. I take it to be Roman, about the 4th century. There is another relief near it of a bird. From Ormskirk I saw the pillars at Liverpool Harbour to direct the sailors, being only 3 or 4 miles from Crosby, where I landed from the Isle of Man.

Oswestre in Shropshire,
June 12th, 1751.

Near Ormskirk towards the mouth of the Dougles was a lake called Merton Mere, which abounded with fish, but has been drained; they found at the bottom eight canoes like those of America, which 'tis thought were used for fishing, and sunk in some time of war. From Windmill hill near Ormskirk, there is a very fine prospect of the sea and the country round, and it's said that in fair weather they can see sixteen counties in England and Wales. I went on to Prescot, a litle town most delightfully situated on a hill, its steeple, windmill, glass-houses, and earthenware-houses render it a very beautiful point of view at two or three miles distance. The church is a good Gothick building with 8gon pillars, in some of which they have begun to make eight pillars round, which shows that they first made the pillars 8gon or of as many sides as they designed pilasters in order to carve them out, and it was in the same manner the ancients formed their pillars for fluting. There is an extraordinary monument in the church, of one Ogle of Whiston, an alto relievo as standing ; he is said to have built the chancel. They had a manufacture of greenglass ; but the house has been taken by one of Sturbridge in Worcestershire, in order to shut it up. They have two or three houses for coarse earthen ware and one for the white stone, where they also make the brown stone ware and work

it as they say higher with the fire than at Lambeth. They make it of a mixture of two sorts of clay which they find here. They are a pretty great thorowfare from Liverpool 4 miles off, and have a good corn market. Lord Derby's park of Knowsley comes very near the town, it is fine ground with two or three low hills in it, that to the left is called the riding hill, because they used to stand there to see horse races formerly kept here. There is a pretty building on it, consisting of four semicircles, in which there are some fragments of ancient statues repaired. On the other is a square building about 100 feet high, which is a sea mark, and is called the Stand, in one part they have fine water, and there are pleasant walks and woods in it. The old house was built in the castle way on one side of the present court; on the other side is a grand building of brick, near it fine stables, and opposite to the castle at some distance, offices of barns, &c., altogether making a very large body of building.

On the 3rd, I set out towards Warrington, and saw at a distance some remarkable places, as Setton, the seat of the Molineux's baronets; Farnworth, where Dr. Smith was born, Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry in Henry VII. time, and afterwards of Lincoln, President of Wales and Chancellor of Oxford. He was the founder of Brazen-nose College and several hospitals and schools. Not far from Ormskirk at the Dowglas Waters, King Arthur gained a memorable victory over the Saxons. I came to Warrington, of which town I have formerly given an account. I saw in the church a monument of the Irelands of Buley hall, and under it an old tomb, in which the head dress of the woman was very particular, something like a mitre; they have a tradition that these two persons were murdered, and that the wound is shown in the woman's skull. There is also in the church an old tomb of the Massy family. To the north of Warrington is Winnick, one of the best livings in England, in the gift of Lord Derby. I was told that the family of Lee of Lyme had their burial place in this church. In it, it is said, are these monkish verses:—

Hic locus Oswalde, quondam placuit tibi valde
Northanthumbrorum fueras rex, nuncque Polorum
Regna tenes, loco passus Marcelde vocato.

From Warrington, I crossed the Mersey, and went on the south side of it to Dunham Hall the seat of Lord Watrington, the descendant of S^{r} George Booth, who on account of his loyal services was made Baron De la Mere of Dunham Massey in 1661, and his son Henry, having raised some forces in Cheshire and Lancashire in favour of King Willi$\tilde{a}$, he was created Earl of Warrington in 1690. It is a low situation and in a manner in a wood, the plantations about it being so great. The house is a plain brick building round a court, mostly the work of the present Earl. There is much good room in it and a great number of family pictures, many of which are good; his only child is married to Lord Stamford and has two or three sons. There is a great command of water near the house, and the park is finely planted with large oaks, but the great beauty of the place is a riding on a higher ground to the north east, which commands a fine view into Lancashire and the west and north west parts of Cheshire. A litle further is Bowden, where the family is buryed, and in this parish is a small market town called Altringham; beyond it two miles from Stopford in Chedle, I saw the monument of S^{r} Thomas Brereton of Honeford in 1673, and on the same tomb two old couchant statues in marble, one has an uncommon cap on the head, the other is in bushy hair without a cap in a very particular manner. This family is extinct. I came to Stockport, situated in a most extraordinary manner over the Mersey on a hill, and on the sides of the hills which are on two sides of it, it being high hanging ground to the north over the river. They have a litle manufacture of the Manchester linnen, some woollen and ribands, and they have two silk mills like those in Derby; and it is a great thorough fare from Manchester, which is six miles to the north west of it. I ascended the hills, and came five miles east south east to Deisleigh, a small village in the way to Buxton and Derby, being but nine miles from the former. I went to the park and house of

Mr. Leigh of Lyme; the situation is extraordinary, the park being on a declivity up the side of those hills, on which are the bounds between Cheshire and Derbyshire, it extends also to the west on the other side of the other valley at the foot of the hills. The house is situated on a plain spot, a litle above the vale, the north side was built in the last age, but the other three round the court by the last possessor, on the model of a Roman palace, having a colonade on the sides within, and the front to the garden consists of a grand Ionick portico, and the whole front is adorned with pilasters; there are fifteen windows on a floor every way, and over the door at the entrance is a statue of Britannia, with a star on her head and in one hand the arms, if I mistake not, of the family, quarter'd with the Union flag. The ascent to the saloon is by a flight of steps, it is a good room, but not grand enough for the house ; in it at one end is the picture of the Black Prince, another of his father. There is much good room in the house, a fine old chimney piece in a dineing room in the old part, several pieces of Gibbons' carvings in wood, and an old gallery with ordinary family pictures in it There is one picture in the house of Watson, a park keeper, who is 104 years old and now alive, having been in that office ever since 1674, and has seen five generations hunt in the park ; behind the house is a large piece of black water, with wood behind it, and to the west is a hanging garden, now neglected, which goes down to the vale; but the great curiosity of this place are the red deer, the stags are brought together before the house and being drove gently up to the pond they swim through it, and it is an extraordinary sight to see their horns like a wood moving along the water; in the hot weather they often stand in the water, and many of them remained in it after they had swam through. There are no buildings in the park, except one, which at a distance has the appearance of an obelisk and an old castle whited up, which is seen at a great distance. All the avenues to the park are lock'd, and no one is admitted but with somebody that is known, unless they have the weekly watchword, and it is the same to those who would go

out, tho' one would imagine any person might be permitted to go out, who had been let in. I went near two miles up and down hill in a very hot day, and not having the word was obliged to ride back, and bring the keeper with me to get out of the park. I went on to Mr. Leigh's of Adlington, where there is a very ancient mansion house, and the present possessor has built very fine stables round a court, and made excellent kitchen gardens, and he has very fine water behind his house. I went from this place to Presbury, a pretty village on the river three miles below Macclesfield. Mr. Leigh of Adlington has his burial place in the church, and has built a seat over it, which is a pattern of the kind, and there are some old monuments of this family and of the Warrens of Pointon. But the great curiosity here is the front of a very ancient chapel in the churchyard, lately repaired by the Merediths and Davenports, to whom it belongs as a burial place. The capitals on each side of the door are a sort of Gothick composit, there are several figures on it in bas-relief, and in one of the members are twelve heads on twelve stones which form the arch. There is an old belfry between the body of the church and the chancel, which I suppose may generally be a mark that the chancel was anciently the church, and that the other is an addition to it. I went on towards Congleton, and passed by Gawsworth, late the estate of Col. Mordaunt, now of Lord Harrington, the finest farm-house and offices in England; and coming towards Congleton we saw a remarkable hill to the north called[a] , and another to the south known by the name of Mow, and ascended to Congleton, a poor town on the side of a hill, where they have litle other trade than that of making ribands. We continued ascending up the hills and soon came into Staffordshire in the way to Leak.

[a] Space left blank in the manuscript.

Lanrhaiadr, in Montgomerishire,
June 13th, 1751.

After having left Congleton in Cheshire we soon came into Staffordshire, ascending those hills out of which the rivers rise that run both to the east and west. We saw Bidolph Hall to the right, where Mr. Bidolph lives, and by the aspect of it I judged it was a place of some antiquity, but it was too late to go to it. We cross'd some hills to Leek, prettily situated on a hill in a rough country, near the river Churnet. They have a large square for a market place, but litle trade except making thread and buttons and some ribands. The tower, as very common in these parts, is of the same breadth as the church. There is an ancient plain cross in the market place. I went a mile north to De La Cress or Dicula Cress, Abbey (they were Cistercians founded by Randal, the 3rd Earl of Chester, in 121—), on the same river, of which there are but small remains. It was the estate of one Mr. Rudson, and now belongs to Mr. Wood, being a small estate of about 100*l.* a year. It is a pleasant retirement between hills covered with wood. They have a tradition that the heart of the founder was buryed in the church in a golden box.

On the 4th I went about five miles over a coarse hill to Waterfall, where there was a rivlet called Hamps Fall, which goes under ground and comes out again, about three miles off at Illam. A dry bed of a torrent meets it, which is the Manifold; this, when it is full, falls in here, and so the two rivers meet and run into one another, which is not common. I went in search of the Manifold, and, ascending the hill, came down north west to Caulton, about which village I saw the trochi and entrochi, which are in the stones that are dug up in all the fields. From this place a new scene appeared going towards Wetton, and that is, most beautiful green hills of fine down and pasturage. We first descended to Beeston Ptar, a very high perpendicular rock on the side of a hill, some part of it overhanging, and there are several grotto's towards the

bottom. Opposite to it is a beautiful high hill, which is narrow at top with a clump of trees on it. It is called Throuley Park, belongs to Lord Southwell, and was formerly covered with wood. We ascended to Witton and took a guide, who showed me the way to a high rock on the side of the ridge of hills which is called Thyrs-house Ptar. It rises up above the declivity of the hill to the east, appearing that way as a green hill, but is a high cliff over the Manifold, to which we now came. This rock is wide at bottom, and rises up something in the shape of a cone, and may be about 400 feet high from the bottom of the river; about three-quarters of the way up is an opening like an oven, being about 20 feet broad and fifty high. It is a very fine grotto within, being supported by a large square column in the middle; the descent to it is by the side of the hill. To the south there is a passage out of it, and from that a very difficult way down to the river, and another more safe, but very steep, to the top of the hill. We went down to the bed of the Manifold, which here does not run in sight. We came to a less Ptar or cliff on the other side, and on the opposite side towards the mill to another just over the place where we saw the water go under ground. Here they had been digging a black marble, streaked with white, as below on the other side, black with spots of red, being the estate of Lord Gower in Grin parish. This is called Darfort Ptar, and there is a small one above the mill, called Mill-close Ptar. They find lapis calaminaris here with a mixture of spar and iron. These are called Whitton Hills, the next range, the Coupe, and beyond those are Acton Hills, and we saw a hill about two miles to the north west, on which is the large village of Warslaw, which appears very beautiful. There are in all these parts lead mines, and I was inform'd that in many of them they find not only copper, which is common, but also iron. I found near this place a very particular sort of spar, which is not in the least transparent; it grows on the stones, and they brought me some yellow mundick on a white spar, which is very beautiful. This river Manifold goes under ground below the mill. After a litle

rain it goes down at the bridge; and if there is much rain it goes to Yelpursley Ptar, where there is a great swallow, and it must be a large flood that carries it farther, and a very great one if it runs down to Waterfall. They call these swallows of the river waterfalls, which deceives a stranger who expects to see a cascade. I went on and saw to the left a large village called Austonfield and the lead mines of Witton to the right, and came to Dovedale, that narrow vale in which the river Dove runs, which rises near the three shire stones, where the counties of Derbyshire, Staffordshire, and Cheshire meet, and divides Staffordshire from Derbyshire all the way till it falls into the Trent. The Dove runs in a very narrow vale which is no wider at bottom than the bed of it, and has on each side high rocky hills, many parts of which are cover'd with wood. The way to see it is to descend as soon as one can conveniently come to it from Witton to walk to what they call Renards Hall, and then to have horses meet one from Ashburn way and to see Illam and Okover. We did not descend till we came opposite to the cove. The first entrance into it is about 50 feet wide and as much in heigth; over the top of this entrance is an opening, and a tree grows in it on each side. The opening to the grotto is about fifteen paces wide; it is of an irregular shape, about 50 feet high, and from 10 to 15 broad, and may be about 150 feet above the river. Company frequently come to this place to pass a day. We returned up the hill, and crossed down to Illam, a very pleasant seat of Mr. Port. One of the singular beauties of it is a hill which is at the end both of the valley and the vale in which the Dove runs. It is triangular, but appears from the house exactly like a square pyramid, and I think between the size of the second and third Pyramid near Grand Cairo. Another curiosity is the coming out of the rivers Manifold and that which goes in at Waterfall. That at Manifold comes from under ground near the house, the other a quarter of a mile higher, there being a meadow between it and the hanging rocks which run from the house westward. On the other side is a high hill covered with wood; these united rivers fall a litle lower

into the Dove. But Mr. Okers lawn and water behind his house at Okover, two miles further, exceeds anything for beauty I ever saw. It rises gently, both to the south and west, to the hills covered with wood, which have some openings in them. In the bottom there is a winding river and a very agreeable prospect to the east of low, rocky hills, and of some houses in the vale. The lawn is full of fine deer and beautifull oxen and cows, and altogether is one of the most extraordinary fine scenes that is possible to behold in country life, and comes nearest to the idea of an earthly paradise. The house is an half H, built with brick, window cases and cornishes of stone, and the statues are really grand. He has a very elegant library and a few good pictures, but one of them is a capital picture of Raphael; 'tis the Holy Family. St. John offers in his lap fruits to our Saviour, who is in the Virgin's lap; St. John has a look of respect, the other of rejoycing, and the sparkling and fire of the eyes is inimitable: the Virgin looks on the fruit with a composed countenance; St. Anne rests her chin on one hand in a pensive, inattentive manner; Joseph, at a distance, looks from a flight of stairs; beyond him is a landscape and a view of buildings and clouds on the other side of the picture. In the village there is a handsome house built for clergymen's widows, the benefaction of this gentleman's grandfather, but lately finished. They have each of them twelve pounds a year, and this gentleman has built a fine farmhouse. I forgot to mention that at Witton the young men of the place were preparing to act a play among themselves. I came two miles to Ashburn, having cross'd the Dove into Derbyshire. This place is a full mile from the Dove, and stands on a brook which is called Clifton. Mr. Boothby has a house here, a younger branch of the baronet's family. The church is a grand old building; the windows of the chancel are narrow, with the Gothick arch, such as was used at the time of the building of this church. Some years ago they found a brass plate with this inscription on it, signifying that the church was built in 1241, and dedicated to St. Oswald, King and Martyr. Anno ab incarnatione MCCXLI VII° ℔l Maii

dedicata est haec ecclesia et hoc altare consecratum in honorem Sc^{i} Oswaldi Regis et Martyris a venerabili Patre Domino Hugone de Patishul Coventrensi Episcopo. In the church is an old tomb of S^{r} Thomas Cockyns family, on which are four couchant statues. One of the women has a head dress resembling a mitre than that I mentioned at Warrington. There are also here monuments of S^{r} William Boothby's family, and of the Sacheverels, and of S^{r} Humphrey Bradburne, of Bradburn, of 1581, which last consist of two statues of a man and woman.

Kerickadruidgeon [Keryg-y-Druidion], in Denbighshire, June 14th, 1751.

On the 6th we travelled in Staffordshire four miles on the west side of the Dove in the road to Utoxeter, near the place where the Charnet falls into it, on which Leek is situated, and came to Alverton, or Alton Castle, on the same river, belonging to the Earl of Shrewsbury. It is a very strong castle on a hanging ground, which may be 400 feet above the river; under it is a mill on the river for making wire. I saw at a distance to the north of the river a very romantick place, called Wootton Lodge; it belongs to a family of the name of Wheeler, being an estate of about 400*l.* a year. It seems to be a very curious old building, and situated in a dip encompassed with high ground covered with wood. We then went about 2 miles south to Crocksden Abbey, an estate of about 700*l.* a year, which belong'd to the Pierpoints, and was left to the Duke of Kingston, who sold it to Walker of Stafford, a great farmer of briefs; of him it was purchased by Lord Chancellor Macclesfield, and at present settled on Lord Parker, his eldest son. The abbey, especially the church, was a grand building; and there is one thing very singular, and that is, there are three of the narrow Gothick windows in the west end, two of which come down to the member that runs from the spring of the arch of the door. King John's bowels were deposited in this church. On the north side of the high altar was a semi-circular chapel, in which they

found a stone coffin, and over it was a couchant statue of a man in wire armour, a large shield, and something uncommon in the dress. It is probable that the founder, or some great benefactor, was buryed in this chapel. We went still southward over a heath, on which I observed some stones full of pebbles. We descended to Chekley, on the river Teane, to see some ancient monuments in the church yard, which have been thought to be Druid; they are stones about six feet high, three broad, and eighteen inches thick, on which there are in bas-relief several small figures, most of them being three and three together in three or four compartments one over another, adorned with running lines something like flowers and foliage, but of what antiquity they are, I do not pretend to determine; but I should have thought them to be Christian, not recollecting any Druid monuments that have any sort of figures on them. This place is called three miles from Chedle, a small market town, and as many from Utoxeter, to which I came, the river often running a quarter of a mile through the road, which must make it impracticable at the time of great floods. This town is situated about a mile from the Dove. It is a poor place, and chiefly subsists by its markets. A brother of the famous Lightfoot was minister of this place, and his epitaph is writ by that learned man. There is a particular oratory and chapel in the church, and several epitaphs in Latin poetry writ by one Archibald, a poet of this town, and 'twas lamented that his works, deposited in a small cupboard in the chapel, were destroyed by the sexton; they were mostly panegyricks, and many of them on the clergy of the place in his time. I crossed the Dove into Derbyshire, and went about two miles to Doveridge. In the church are buryed the Cavendishes, who allied with the Tyrrels, and have an estate here, the head of the family being now a Commissioner in Ireland. Judge Milward, of 1666, is buryed in this church. I came to Sidbury, the noble seat of Mr. Vernon. The house is not new, but the apartments are grand, and it is situated in a very fine country, the litle hills covered with wood, to the east of a rivlet which runs near, affording a most

delightful prospect. A serpentine river runs through the lawn behind the house, and in the park is a square arcade, with a turret at each corner, and trees being planted about it, through which it is seen, has a very fine effect. Two miles further, at Scrapton, is an old monument of a man and two women in couchant statues of white marble, of which I could get no account. There is another monument in black lines, the figure of a man with this inscription: Orate pro anã Wilh^{mi} Scalker Mercatoris Londinensis qui obiit ultimo die Januarii, 1484, animae ejus propitietur Deus. Amen The lines of it are cut in the marble, and filled with pitch. Going two miles farther, we crossed the Dove again, into Staffordshire, and came to Tutbury.

Carnarvon, June 15th, 1751.

The Castle of Tutbury is a curious piece of antiquity, situated on a hill over the river Dove; it is encompassed with a strong wall, which in many parts has very much the air of a Roman building, with a regular basement and cornish, especially the outer gateway at the north west corner, and it is the finest stonework and masonry I ever saw. Some other parts under which one sees Gothick arches were probably buildings in imitation of ancient walls. At the south east corner is a mount, in which there was a circular tower. At the north east corner is a Gothick building of the Middle Ages, and adjoyning to it on the east side an apartment of about three grand rooms, a floor with handsome window cases and doors of modern Roman architecture, probably built about the time of Queen Elizabeth; in these apartments Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned when she was brought from Bolton Castle. This building is now taking down, and there are great heaps of the white plaister floors of the rooms. There is a fine prospect from this castle of the course of the Dove northward. and a litle way to the east almost as far as Burton, above which place it falls into the Trent. A litle below the castle on the hill is the ancient church; the west door is a fine Gothick piece of work, and one member of

it of white marble seem'd to me to be Roman, taken from some other work, consisting of eagles' heads and fish heads, all of excellent workmanship. And over an old door on the south side is a relief on a gritty stone, about one foot six inches deep and five feet 6 long, in which are two dogs attacking a boar, who has a man as dead under it, and a lyon is making at the dogs, so that it seems to be a representation of some ancient games. I was informed that Mr. Vernon of Sidbury has lately purchased this castle of his relation Captain Vernon. Tutbury, at the foot of the hill, is a small market town. Here was a Benedictine Priory, founded in 1080 by Hen. de Ferrers.

On the 7th I went three miles to Burton-on-Trent, a large town and great thorough fare. They have a great trade at Burton in tanning, and well frequented markets. They had a fine old church here, but going to decay, they have built a new handsome church on the London plan, with a beautiful altar piece of Italian marble. Near it is an old gateway, and a large spot encompassed with a wall, which they call the old mannor, but was part of the famous abbey of Burton, founded by Wulfric Spot in 1004 for Benedictines. Hen. 8th plac'd a dean and canons here, but that church was soon disolv'd, and was granted to S^{r} W^{m} Paget. From Burton I went by the Trent, and saw several gentlemen's houses, very finely situated, and very near Burton a hill which seemed to have been fortifyed ; among the seats we saw S^{r} Thomas Griesley's, Selsey Hall Mr. Bayley's ; and crossing the Trent, on which stand Newcastle and Stone, we had a fine situation at Winchmore ; we came in sight of Litchfield, within four miles of it ; and leaving that road to the right, we went by a well timber'd park belonging with the house to Lord Mazarine, and passed near a very fine situation on a heigth, being the angle formed by the turning of the river, and in a mile came to Tamworth, where the Anker and Tame unite, and fall into the Trent lower down. Coleshil is situated on the Tame, but the rivers are not well laid down in the common

maps. Tamworth is a pretty large town, with a good market house, and abounds in inns ; it is chiefly remarkable for its church, which has been much altered as to its ancient state, and most of it rebuilt, there being only two ancient arches in it; the choir or chancel is an handsome old building in a ruinous condition, belonging to six persons, who have estates near, and are called the six prebends : one of them is Lord Mazarine. They have an arched vault for a charnel house, in which all the bones that are dug up are decently placed ; and there are remains of some old painting in it. There are several old monuments in the church ; some of them are said to be of the Ferrers, by whom the estate belonging to the castle came to James, Earl of Northampton, by his marriage in 1715 with Elizabeth, sister and co-heir of Robert Shirley, Viscount Tamworth, grandson of Robert Shirley, Earl of Ferrers. One has a collar of SS in this figure, SS and a George, and a dagger by the side, in boots, but no Garter is seen. There is a fine new monument of two of this family, whose statues are on it; but being cased up against the injuries of the weather I could not see whose monument it was: but the common people say they were both drown'd. In the windows are two or three paintings of a church with a steeple, tho' there is only a large tower to the church. This was the collegiate church dedicated to St. Edith, with a dean, six prebendaries, and their vicars, thought to be founded by the Marmions, Lords of the Castle. The castle is on a steep hill to the south of the town ; there is a gallery in it, with the arms of most of the families the Ferrers had allied with, and an old hall ; the old part of the castle is a square building, with a turret at each corner : it is said to have been a palace of the Saxon kings. There is a considerable manufacture here of Tamworth narrow cloths. I went about two miles to the church of Draiton Basset, passing by an old seat and fine park of Lord Weymouth's; this is a beautiful church, with one nave, with fine windows of painted glass, in which are pictures of saints and ornaments of Gothick canopies. There is an old monument in the church, if I mistake not, of the Weymouth

family : one man and two women in couchant statues, one of which has a singular head dress. I went on, and, coming to the heaths, crossed the Chester road at the stone which is 70 measured miles from Chester, and seeing Birmingham at a distance, came to Sutton Coldfield, a small town delightfully situated on a hill, and there are some exceeding pleasant seats near it. In the church is a remarkable monument of John Harman al^{s} Vesey, Bishop of Exeter, tutor to the Princess Mary, and President of Wales, who died 1557, aged 103. As he was born here, so he was a great benefactor to the place, and got a corporation instituted, called the Warden and Society of Sutton Coldfield. I went four or five miles farther to Bromwich, passing by a fine situation on a heigth of Mr. Jesson Lows.

On the 8th I went three miles to Dudley, coming into a great coal country. Dudley is a pretty good country town, and the castle is finely situated, commanding an extensive view. From it I saw Woolverhampton, Walsall, &c., and the mountains of Herefordshire, Shropshire, and Wales. The part at the entrance is the old fabrick. There were great buildings to the north, lately burnt down by tenants suspected to be concerned in coining. The castle and the woody hill it stands on, and the estate about it, belong to Lord Ward. Gervase Painell, the lord of the place, according to his father's design, founded a monastery near the castle in 1161, and fill'd it with Cluniac monks from Wenlock Priory, to which it was a cell. It was granted as part of Wenlock to S^{r} John Dudley, 32 Hen. 8, and by Queen Mary to S^{r} Edward Sutton, Lord Dudley. But the great curiosity of Dudley is the lime pit, which abounds much in great variety of petrifications, and especially of that crustaceous insect which, from its likeness to the human face, has been called Eruca anthropomorphe, and was exhibited to the Royal Society, most of them being rolled up like the millipedes, tho' some at length about two inches long, but of different sizes, from a pea to three or four inches long, as some of them may be conjec-

tured to have been, from the size of the upper part of them which have been found. They find also beautiful masses of bivalves, corals, and some of the buccinum. Going on to Sturbridge, we went most part of the way by coal works; some of the old ones are on fire, and the flame that comes from them is sometimes seen by night. Where these exhalations are, flies do not come, and the cattle, by an extraordinary instinct, resort to those places to be free from them; but sometimes the ground falls in, and cattle are lost. A gentleman and his two sons riding about the ground, where the colliers suspected it might not be safe, called to them, and they had not been off the ground many minutes before the ground fell in, and if they had been on it would inevitably have been swallowed up. If it takes fire when the men are in the works, they are often burnt in a terrible manner, and blister'd all over. A man at Maidly Wood, on the Severn, is famous for curing this burn: he first draws off the water from the blisters, then applies some cooling plaisters, and performs the cure in about three weeks. We came to Sturbridge, famous for its glass manufactures, especially for its coloured glass, with which they make painted windows, which is here coloured in the liquid, of all the capital colours in their several shades, and, if I mistake not, is a secret which they have here. They had also a manufacture of china, with a contract to sell it only to the promoters of it in London; but on inquiry I found it is not carried on. They have also many forges for working of iron in different ways, and it is surprising to see what a spirit of industry prevails all over the country.

Newborough in the Isle of Anglesea,
June 16th, 1751.

S[r] Thomas Lyttelton's house at Hagley is situated near the western foot of a hill, which rises greatly and is improved into a park, round which there is a plantation of trees, and a shady walk; in the middle is wood and lawn, and on the south side a wood called the Hermitage. Within the plantations round the park are large

lawns. Coming thro' (?) at the entrance into a narrow lawn, another hanging lawn opens to the north west or left, with a seat on the heigth at the north west angle. The middle lawn extends to the foot of the hill, having to the north east a very fine spreading lime, which appears like an oak. A very small stream runs from the hill to the middle of this lawn, and to the south of it are four rows of trees, through which one sees a large lawn to the right; this to the east is hanging ground, and on the brow of the hill are three or four clumps of trees and seats for repose, as well as to enjoy the prospect, which is very extensive, taking in a great tract of country, as, to the south the Morven hills, and the country beyond Glocester, to the west the Clee hills and the mountains of Wales beyond them, as well as to the north-west, and of the Rekin that way. To the south are some pools round a hill, which appear like a winding river. Coming up through the middle part, this view breaking in upon you all of a sudden is surprising. Beyond this to the east is a lawn which is a gentle rise, and to the south of it is a deep narrow vale covered with wood in which is the Hermitage. To this you wind down from the brow of prospect before mention'd. In the bottom is a string of two or three ponds, which appear from the heigth like a serpentine river. Entering the vale, at the end of it is an alcove seat, covered with pebbles curiously figured, in which are represented a cross, beads, and ornaments of pots of flowers. On the left is a walk half way up the hill, and another by the water, in which there is another alcove seat, and going up at the end of the vale, it passes by the hermit's fountain, cover'd with an old trunk of a tree, and so leads to the Hermitage at the south-east corner made with roots of trees, with a seat round it cover'd with matting, a rail and gate before it made of rude stakes. In this quiet retired Hermitage are these verses :

May at last my weary age,
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell

Of every star that Heav'n doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetick strain:
These pleasures, melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.
[*Milton.*]

There is another walk back from this to the first alcove seat, and two beyond it, on both sides of the hill, up to the heigth which joyns the afore-mentioned lawn and extends up the hill to the summit of it, on which is built a ruined castle, with a turret at each corner; that to the southeast is entire, the others as well as the walls of the castle are made as ruinous, and the Gothick windows rising above the ruins have a beautiful effect. This castle is seen in different views from many parts of the lawns and wood. The hill without the park to the south rises much higher, is planted with clumps of trees and is a great addition to the prospect in every situation; and to the northeast on the heigth is a corn-field, at the corner of which a wood crowns the hill on the greatest eminence, and is an extraordinary natural beauty. The rough lawn extends to the east and north, winding round to the west, where towards the northeast corner is an alcove with three seats. Between this and the first lawn mentioned to the north or left at the entrance is another large lawn having a hut at the east end, and half octagon seat; on the heigth to the north the ground being a descent both from the north and east. I shall have occasion to mention this seat again, when I have described the middle part, which consists of a narrow vale rising up eastward to the hill, like those litle vales or dips in mountains from which rivers take their source. The ground rising on each side is covered with trees except two lawns enclosed with wood to the right or south. Ascending up the valley there is a walk on each side, one winds up to the prospect and also along the side of the hanging ground. Going into the other to the left we came to a head, which is a bay to the water above, and on this is a rustick seat of bricks opening to the water above it in form of a

Venetian window ; a large piece of water comes up to this seat and a beautiful cascade falls down the rocks into it, by which it is divided into two parts, all finely adorned with wood. From the rustick building the rotondo above terminates the view, which is seen through a fine visto which in some places meets at top, and forms a sort of a Gothick arch. On the left are two walks, one by the water, there being a hanging ground between the two walks, with large oaks and clumps of trees on it. Then leaving the water, and having trees and lawn to the right, together with lawn and single trees and clumps to the left, we at length came to a grand lawn to the left, which is a rising ground to the north and west, and in the middle on an eminence is a half octagon open building, and a tent at the further end to the east; from this half octagon there is a view of the castle as in a woody vale between the hills, which rise over it, also of the Prince's pillar and another building on a heigth over the Prince's lawn, which I shall mention, and it is one of the finest prospects within the park. Going on in this walk at the edge of the lawn is a litle rivlet coming from under ground, falling down on pebbles, and is soon lost again ; this is a very proper place for a seat; a litle higher is a small barrow planted with trees under which is the reservoir of water that supplies the house. You then go into a winding walk through a wilderness, having hanging ground to the right over the dale, this walk leads to a narrow way to the left, which I leave, and then one goes to the left winding round ; over the vale to the left is a litle dip adorned with a variety of flowers in a constant succession. Then you come to a rock-work of rough materials of the glass-houses and quarries, which supports the hanging ground above. This is formed into a hollow in the middle, and rising up about twenty feet, the water comes out of the rock-work in several streams in a fall of about fifteen feet. Below this to the right is a grotto where the water runs, and there is a statue of a Venus of Medici as coming up out of a fountain, and a stream runs from it, to the right of which is a mossy seat with this inscription :

Ego laudo ruris amœni
Rivos et musco circumtita saxa nemusque.

Ascending to the left from this place, and then going on to the east, we came to a fine oak adorned with the twining honey-suckle, and a seat under it to repose on, and turning to the right you have water to the left and wood to the right. In this passage to a lawn we had water both above and below ; the piece of water at the rustick building and another above it appears here as one. We then had a litle deep vale to the right and left planted with shrubs, and being here in the middle between the rustick building and the rotondo this spot afforded a very uncommon and agreeable prospect. Coming to the lawn, in the middle of it is the Corinthian pillar with its entablature of Bath stone called the Prince's pillar, because it was presented to Mr. Lyttelton by the late Prince of Wales. On a heigth to the south, from which there is a steep slope, is a seat with an angular pediment, supported by four rustick pillars, and at the east end of the lawn is the Urn sacred to the memory of Mr. Pope. Going along the north or left side of the lawn, one soon comes to the end of it; and passing through a wood a lawn opens of grand hanging ground to the north, the walk continuing on the north side of the dale and water. At first entrance into this walk there is a winding path over the dale. Going by the other walk we came to the Urn on a pedestal and crowned with a double mask, as I suppose of Satyr and Philosophy. It is to the honour of Mr. Pope, as already mentioned, on it is this inscription :

Alexandro Pope
Poetarum Anglicanorum
Elegantissimo Dulcissimoque
Vitiorum Castigatori acerrimo
Sapientiae Doctori Suavissimo
Sacra Esto
Ann. Dom. 1744.

Near this is an opening between the trees and a seat, and a small stream running to the left. You then come to a hanging lawn,

which opens to the north and south, high ground coming close to it, on which there is an agreeable variety of wood, verdure, single trees and a clump of trees in the middle, and over it to the right is the wood near the castle. Crossing to the north or left the passage to the lawn and continuing along the walk we had left over the hanging ground and wood, you have on the right a narrow dale beautifully adorned with wood, and near the end of it through a visto is seen the statue of Apollo. This vale divides into two parts, that to the left pointing and soon terminating eastward as the other does to the northeast. This walk goes near the tent in the middle lawn mentioned at the entrance as to the left of this vale, and going on eastward leads to the furthest lawn on that side, having an alcove seat to the north before described. Returning back to a cross way, we went northwards to the heigth on which the rotundo is built with a dome supported by eight Ionic pillars; where, having a view of two lawns and two pieces of water between it and the rustick building, this latter appears at a much greater distance than the rotundo does from it, and I think is one of the most enchanting and singular views I ever beheld. I could not but give you this account, tho' very imperfect, of one of the finest and best improved spots I ever saw, and the finest ground, in which nature is only helped by art, with the greatest taste and in the most elegant manner, the whole consisting but of about 140 acres, and the great improvements in the middle do not consist of above 60 acres, being of an irregular figure. It is about two miles and a quarter round, and what adds greatly to the pleasure and conveniences of the park is, that any one can go under shade to almost every part of it. At a distance of four or five fields, not much above a quarter of a mile to the west, is another great beauty, which is Wichbury Wood, on a hill, where there is an ancient camp, the entrenchments of which stretch into the wood. This is cut out into ridings and affords many romantick and beautiful scenes within itself, as well as in the extensive views it commands. I cannot leave this place without giving you an account of the monument in the church

of a lady I had the honour to be acquainted with, who was the delight of all that knew her whilst she lived, and is remembered by them with the most melancholy regret. It is an urn on a pedestal, on the vase is a bas-relief, a lady on a couch with this inscription,

LUCIÆ.

A statue of a Hymen to the right of the urn kneeling on a torch extinct, wringing his hands and weeping. On one side of the pedestal her arms, on the other the husband's supported by a merman with his trident, the peculiar badge of this family, being a single supporter, under it:—Charles Frederick inv^{t}. F. L. Roubillac, Sculp^{t}.

On the monument are these inscriptions,

M.S.

Luciae Lyttelton
Ex antiquissimo Fortescutorum genere orta
Quae annos nata viginti novem
Formae eximiae, Indolis optimae, Ingenii maximi,
Omnibus bonis artibus, Literisque humanioribus
Supra aetatem et sexum exculti:
Sine superbia, Laude florens
Morte immaturâ.
Vitam pie, pudice, sancte actam
In tertio Puerpurio clausit
Decimo nono die Januarii
Anno Domini 1746-7
Fleta etiam ab ignotis.
Uxori Dilectissimae
Quinquennio felicissimi conjugii nondum absoluto
Immensi amoris ac desiderii hoc qualemcunque monumentum
Posuit Georgius Lyttelton
Adhuc Eheu! superstes:
At in eodem sepulchro ipse olim sepeliendus,
Et per Jesum Christum Salvatorem suum
Ad vitae melioris diuturniora Gaudia
Lachrymis in aeternum abstersis
Secum illa Resurrectionem Confidens.

To the
Memory of Lucy Lyttelton
Daughter of Hugh Fortescue of Fileigh
In the County of Devon Esq.
Father to the present Earl of Clinton.
By Lucy his wife
The daughter of Mathew Lord Aylmer
Who departed this life the 19th of January 1746
Aged twenty-nine.

Having employed the short time assigned to her here
In the uniform practice of Virtue and Religion,

Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes,
Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wise;
Polite, as all her life in Courts had been,
Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind
With greatest female tenderness combin'd;
Her speech was the melodious voice of love,
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind exprest
Her mind was virtue by the Graces drest.

Holyhead, June 17th, 1751.

On the 11th of July I left Hagley, and passed again through Sturbridge, leaving Kidderminster to the left, where I had formerly been. That place is famous for carpets made without nap, like the Scotch, but now they make the same as at Wilton, and it is said they are attempting to weave 'em in one piece. I went on to the northwest towards the Severn and the Wrekin. From Sturbridge we came immediatly into Staffordshire again. Our road was chiefly over some heaths, and at length it led us along a fine rising ground, like a grand terrace, which commanded a view of all the country round about, and we saw on the river a pleasant seat of the Lord Ward's. Descending from this country we soon came into Shropshire, a litle beyond the New Inn, having had a view of Gataker towards the Severn. We passed over the river Worfe, which falls into the

Severn near Bridgnorth, and, coming into a woody country, I went through a small village called Madely or Madely Wood. This parish extends to the Severn, and on the banks of that river is a considerable village, which extends up the steep cliffs over the river. I was here recommended to a gentleman who conducted me along the height over the river by the quarries of lime stone, and particularly by that hill which is called Lincoln Hill, and is most remarkable for figured fossils, which they find in all these parts, particularly the bivalve Conchae anomiae and others, coralline substances, large reeds, and barks of trees, cones of firr trees and plants inclosed mostly in iron stones and others, and the Eruca anthropomorphe, described at Dudley. I here saw Miss Ford's collection, and in it one of these in two faces of a stone which was broken in two, in which there is a plain appearance of legs spreading out, much like those of the millipedes. I saw one very different from the others and small, the head much like the head of a hawk and covered with litle nodules or knobs, as some of the spiculae of the echinus are, which have been found in chalk pits. At the iron works here I saw octagon ovens of cast iron from three to four feet long, and about eighteen inches diameter, to be put at the back of kitchen chimneys. Nothing can be imagined more romantick and beautiful than the views on the Severn, when one is on these heigths, which far exceed the prospects on the river; the ground being high and steep, varied with wood houses and the coal machinery, for the other side abounds much in coal. A rivlet runs down by the iron works at Madeley Wood, not represented in the map, and from the place where it falls into the Severn I went along by the banks of the Severn, up the river, 2 miles to Bildwas Bridge. On the other side is a monastery, formerly mentioned, and I only further observe that the windows were of the narrow Gothick kind. It was built in 1135 for the order of Savigny, afterwards united to the Cistercians; it was granted to Edward L[d] Powis. I travelled on towards Shrewsbury, not far from the Severn, having Wrekin to the left, a fine high green hill, beautified

with trees, and something like Mount Tabor. I was surprized with a view of a Roman building, and, enquiring the name of the place, found it was Roxetter, supposed to be the ancient Uriconium. It is of stone with Roman brick at the distance of every three feet, there being about five divisions now remaining above ground. There are four pilasters on the inside, six feet broad and twelve apart. This town was destroyed by the Danes, and Wrekin Hill near is thought to derive its name from it. Oken Yate, on the other side of Wrekin, on Watling Street, is thought to be the Us-ocona, being equally distant, and Penno [a] now [a] [a], as Antonine places it.

We soon crossed over the river Terne. On a rivlet that falls into it Newport stands, which is in the way from London to Chester. I came to Shrewsbury, the most pleasantly situated of inland towns, of which I have formerly given an account. There are several old hospitals here, and they had two collegiate churches, St. Chadd and one in the Castle, St. Mary's, and St. Alcmund's. There was an abby of Benedictine monks and an Augustinian Friary. It has a great market for Welch webs or blanketing, manufactured in Wales and brought here; the soldiers clothes are made of it.

On the 12th I set out, crossed the rivlet which rises out of Elsmore Water, formerly mentioned, and in about six miles came to Kynerly's Cave, which is in Nescliffe Hill, a rocky ridge of hills of the red sandy stone, which extends from north to south for some miles. There are remains of an old chapel under it near the road. There is an ascent to this cave of about twenty feet by steps cut out of the rock, which is here for some way a perpendicular cliff. It leads into a room about fifteen feet long and ten wide. There are several niches in it, and a chimney cut in the rock; and, from the ornaments of one or two of them, I concluded that it was a Roman work, tho' they mention its name as derived from some robber, but more probably from Kinersley Chapel, which is near it.

[a] Left blank in the manuscript.

We went on over the heaths, and passed by a remarkable square stone, called Wantone; and I was told of a mark near of an extraordinary leap made by an horse. I arriv'd a second time to Oswestre, and, going on, came into Montgomeryshire in Wales, and, crossing over two hills, came into the vale in which the river Dumway runs and falls into the Tanot, near Oswestry. We saw Llanvilling on the river to the right, and S^{r} Watkin William Wyne's house at a distance from it on the left; and, going along this pretty vale with high hills on each side, well improved towards the bottom, came to Llanwieder, a small town on this river.

On the 13th I went up the side of this river two miles to see a very fine waterfall called Pistel Raider, the river, as they told me, being called here the Pistel. The vale here is very narrow and the hills on each side high; and, going westward, you have a high hill before you, from which this river falls down before the rock, which is very near perpendicular, in two streams, one being, as I conjectured, two feet broad and the other six feet, farther to the right five feet broad. They do in reality joyn, but in so small a stream that it is hardly discernible, tho' I suppose, after much rain it makes one full stream. After falling about forty feet a stream divides from the right hand fall, and, winding round, has forced a way through the rock into a cavity which is open before, and one sees the stream coming in and running down. The other stream also falls into this cavity; and at length, coming out in one stream about 4 feet broad and eighty from the top, it falls about 40 more to the rocks below, and, running between the rocks about twenty yards, there is another fall of fifteen feet down through the rocks, and there are some trees beautifully interspersed. The place to see it is on the south side of the river, about 30 feet above it. On that side, about 100 yards to the east, a small rivlet falls down the deep declivity of the hill, and another on the other side from a rising valley which extends northward. We went winding up the hills to the west, and saw the river running down the rocks and the hills

rising gently on each side, probably between 2 or 300 feet higher. We went on by the river, and passed by some slate quarries. I was informed that Lord Powis had lead mines to the south at Llangunnog in the road from Llanraieder to Bala. We turned to the north up the Morassy Hill, and, descending for a great way, came to Llandrullow (the village of the three calves), on a rivlet which a litle lower falls into the Dee, that rises out of the Lake of Bala. In two miles more, descending with the stream, we came to Conait, and above a mile farther to Corwen.

Dublin, June 19th, 1751.

Corwen is a very poor market town, in a romantick situation, under the high rocky mountains on the Dee. Crossing the river I went up a hill which ends here, facing to the west: when one has gained the brow it rises with a gentle declivity, on which ground there is a very extraordinary ancient fortification called Caerdrouen. It is seen at a distance, and appears like the ruins of a circular wall, but is of an irregular figure of several sides; it is about a thousand paces in circumference, and is a rampart of loose stones, which at the lower part is above ten feet high; two natural hanging grounds cross it from north to south, the upper one is steep, and above that seems to have been the great strength of the place, and the ramparts are from fifteen to twenty feet high, and at the northeast part is a semicircular work, measuring about 100 paces, from which a rampart stretches to the northeast without the fortification, and there are two or three small circles of stones formed within it. This work, from the name and singularity of it, and apparent great antiquity, was very probably a place of the Druids. We went back towards Bala on the north side of the Dee, and crossed the river Aloan below Bettus, which falls into it, and leaving the Dee, we passed by Mr. Morris's house, son of the late Dean of Bangor, called, if I mistake not, Masma, and we saw to the southeast a litle hill called Kevin Creage, on which there is an old camp about a mile in circumference, and two cromlechs of stone; they have a

tradition that all this was made by the giants; they call it only two miles from Bala. Going on under the hill, on the other side of which is Llangum, we had to the right a small hill, on which are three stones set upon end, and one lying down, being probably an ancient sepulchral monument. This is called Gair Hill. We came into the valley to the north of Llangum, which is about half-a-mile wide and affords good pasturage: here we had another hill to the right called Pele Gair, on which there is a small camp not a mile in circumference, and a litle farther came to Kerig y dridgeon, a poor village but a good living, where I was very hospitably received by the clergyman, Mr. Wynne: I had been informed that there were remains here of a Druid temple, but I could find no marks of it, nor even those kiits which are mentioned in the editor of Camden and spoken of as prisons, but I suppose are ancient sepulchres. I could not find that anyone could conduct me to them; one is said to be in this parish, and another in a parish to the west.

On the 4th I crossed over the hills to the southeast to Bala, a small town situated near the lake of that name, out of which the river Dee rises; it is about a mile broad and three miles long, there is a bridge over the river, just as it comes out from the lake, which is called Pontmonoglatin, and near it is a large tumulus; there is another at the foot of the hill above Boilaclan, and one of the largest at the east end of the town of Bala; this is about 200 paces in circumference at the bottom and seventy at top, and may be forty feet high. A gentleman, at the request of a virtuoso, began to dig through it at the bottom on the east side, but the people did not like it, and so he was obliged to desist. These are thought to be Celtic tumuli, and seeing the chapel of S^{t} Fraid built on such an one near Holyhead, I thought that possibly they might be anciently places of worship. Bala has a weekly market, in which knit stockins are sold from ten pence to two and six pence a pair, sometimes to the value of a hundred pounds. This lake produces plenty of pike, perch, eel, &c., and a fish called guiniad, about the size and

shape of a herring, but I was informed that it is a coarse fish. Half-a-mile from Bala is Rhulas, the seat of a very worthy gentleman, Mr. Price, next of kin to the late Earl of Hereford. About two years ago they found a stone coffin among the hills to the north of Bala, in which there were bones. And I was informed that beyond the lake to the south west towards Dolgethle, at a place called Caderidris, there are ruins of some old castle. I went on westward from Bala, and ascending the foot of the mountains had a very romantick view of the country round, encompassed as an amphitheater with high mountains. We crossed between the mountains to the west, and came to a flat vale about half-a-mile broad, being fine meadows, and to a mountain and rivlet called Nignant, which I suppose is that which falls into the Derge at Dolgethle, and, crossing over another hill, had a view of the high mountains over Festiniog, and passing a small rivlet called Gam, which falls into the river below Festiniog, I came to that village, of all the places I ever saw the most extraordinary situation on hanging ground over the vale, in which there runs a small river, that rises near the river on which Conway stands. This valley is indeed full of litle hills, covered with wood; over it to the west very high steep rocky mountains; to the north of it, and also of this high ground, several high rocky hills, which appear very beautiful, especially one of them which is round at top. A litle below the town the rivlet called Gam rushes down between the rocks and hills covered with wood; a fine even narrow vale to the south, and the hills on each side covered with wood. Mr. Wynne's old mansion house, son of the late bishop of Bath and Wells, called Doulournore, which came to that prelate by a marriage with an heiress of the name of Lloyd; and Stanaboue, Mr. Griffith's, on the side of the steep hill towards the mouth of the river, are great additions to the prospect; and then farther south that bay of the sea between Harlech and Pulheley, with a view of the land to the west of it, altogether makes it a most extraordinary and curious scene. I here saw a long small fish with a greenish cast, in other respects like

other fish; they are about four or five inches long, have a fine flavour, and are called Welch Prawns.

On the 15th I went down along this vale for about a mile to the south, and going up between the mountains to the west, soon came to the rivlets which fall into the bay, crossing over high rocky grounds from one to another. Over several of these heights are roads made with stone steps. Camden observes, that this road is called Sarn Helen,—that is Helen's pavement; and it is certain that this artificial road is much like the way made up Mount Sinai, as it is said by the Empress Helena. When we advanced a litle into this country, which is to the north of the bay, for romantick views it exceeds every thing I ever beheld; with the greatest variety of rocks, wood, rivlets, mountains, sea to the south and land on each side of it, Harlech to the east, the head of land towards Pulhely and Bardsey Island to the west; that tho' the road was very rugged, and I was obliged to walk the greatest part of it, yet I was sufficiently recompensed. At length we came to the river Glaslin, and passed it on a bridge of one arch, called Pontaberglaslin, and here we went from Merionethshire into Carnarvanshire; and we had a stupendous high mountain to the right over the river, almost perpendicular, being called the mountain of Bethkellet, and winding with the river, we soon came to Bethkellet, where there are only two or three houses near the church; here, another river falls into the river Glaslin, called the Calwin, along which we went towards Carnarvan, having Snowden hills to the right, which is looked on to be the highest mountains in Wales. Giraldus Cambrensis saies they were anciently called Eryri, and in his time by the Welch, Roure, all signifying the Snowy mountains. He also mentions Traeth Maur and Traeth Vechan as a passage over the sea, I suppose to Pulhely, and that there are two stone castra there, and also Criketh Castle, built by Offa, and Clauth Offa a ditch made by Offa, between England and Wales, going through Flintshire, which ditch I saw in a wood near the road to the west of Oswestre. We

came to the lake out of which this river rises, and came so Bethkelet, and going over a low hill crossed a river which falls into the sea south of Carnarvan at a port called Before we came to Carnarvan I passed by the handsome Gothick church built like a small cathedral. Carnarvan is famous for its fine castle, and for being the birth-place of Edward II. of whom that story is related, that his father told 'em he would give them a prince borm in Wales, and that could not speak a word of English, which was a moving jest, when it was supported by force and submitted to out of necessity: here the Princes of Wales had all the publick offices for North Wales. Carnarvan is the ancient Segontium; I was straitened in time, that I could not go and see the remains of the old town, said to be about the chapel of St. Publicius; this place is about eight miles from Bangor ferry, and there is another ferry about half way to it; the ferry here is broad, and on market days they do not care to take horses directly from the town, especially if it is windy, so we forded at the mouth of the river, and went to a point about a mile to the west, where the passage is narrow, and crossed over into the Isle of Anglesea, the ancient seat of the Druids; in two miles came to Newboro' or Nunburg, which tho' esteemed the second town in Anglesea is litle better than a large village. I went four miles further to Aber-Fraw, finely situated on an eminence, and a pretty village: it was, saies Camden, the place of residence of the kings of Venodotia, or North Wales, called from their residence here kings of Aber-Fraw.

On the 16th, early in the morning, we went mostly over strands to Holyhead. Before I leave Wales I shall only mention two or three things remarkable which I observed in my journey as to their customs and other things. In these mountainous parts they have litle corn growing, but oates, rye and some barley; they live chiefly on oaten cake, rye bread, milk and cheese. They call goats' flesh mountain mutton, which they salt as bacon, and when they boyle it, make a bad broth of it. When a stranger of the country speaks to any one on the road, he calls him Cumry, that is Welchman,

which is I suppose an endearing apellation. I forgot to mention to you that at Llanrhaiadr Mr. Worthington lives, who is minister of the place, and has lately writ a treatise in 8vo. which is entitled An Essay on the Scheme, Conduct, Procedure and Extent of Man's Redemption.

I embarked at Holyhead on the 17th, and arrived at this place this morning

END OF VOL. I.

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

OF

THE CAMDEN SOCIETY,

READ AT THE GENERAL MEETING

ON THE 2D MAY, 1887.

The Council of the Camden Society have to regret the loss, by death, of the following Members during the past year—

LORD BAGOT.

J. T. GIBSON CRAIG, Esq.

Rev. W. HEPWORTH THOMPSON, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN, K C B.

IGNATIUS WILLIAMS, Esq.

The following have been elected Members of the Society during the past year:—

H. O. WAKEMAN, Esq.

THE MIDDLE TEMPLE LIBRARY.

Rev. JOHN OWEN.

EDWIN BERESFORD CHANCELLOR, Esq.

Both the volumes promised in the last Report have been issued during the year, and are in the hands of the Members of the Society. The portions of the Cartulary of Battle Abbey, edited by Mr. Scargill Bird, are interesting, as throwing light upon the condition of medieval land-

owning; whilst the volume edited by Mr. Warner contains a selection from the Correspondence of Secretary Nicholas which is of the highest interest for all students of the history of the Seventeenth Century. It is hoped that at no distant period Mr. Warner will continue his work, the documents to be published in the second and remaining volume being even more attractive than those already printed.

For the coming year the publications of the Society will probably be—

1. Visitations of Norfolk Monasteries. To be edited by the Rev. A. JESSOPP, D.D.

2. Notes of a Journey through England by Richard Pococke (the Eastern Traveller). To be edited by J. J. CARTWRIGHT, Esq.

By order of the Council,

SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER, *Director.*
JAMES GAIRDNER, *Secretary.*

BALANCE SHEET 1886-87.

We, the Auditors appointed to audit the Accounts of the Camden Society, report to the Society, that the Treasurer has exhibited to us an Account of the Receipts and Expenditure from the 1st of April 1886 to the 31st of March 1887, and that we have examined the said accounts, with the vouchers relating thereto, and find the same to be correct and satisfactory.

And we further report that the following is an Abstract of the Receipts and Expenditure during the period we have mentioned:—

Receipts.	£	s.	d.
To Balance of last year's account...	252	11	8
Received on account of Members whose Subscriptions were in arrear at last Audit	54	0	0
The like on account of Subscriptions due on the 1st of May, 1886.....	212	4	0
The like on account of Subscriptions due on the 1st of May, 1887.....	18	1	0
Three Compositions in lieu of Annual Subscriptions	30	0	0
One year's dividend on £466 3 1 3 per Cent. Consols, standing in the names of the Trustees of the Society, deducting Income Tax...	13	10	6
To Sale of Publications of past years.....	9	2	9
	£589	9	11

Expenditure.	£	s.	d.
Paid for printing 500 Copies Star Chamber Proceedings	106	0	0
Do. do. Nicholas Papers, Vol. I....	110	9	3
Do. do. Custumals of Battle Abbey	76	8	6
Paid for Paper	38	19	4
Paid for Miscellaneous Printing	6	2	6
Paid for delivery and transmission of Books, with paper for wrappers, warehousing expenses, &c. (including Insurance)	30	0	0
Paid for Binding.....	45	12	9
Paid for Transcripts	39	16	3
Postages, &c.	3	12	3
Clerical Assistance	6	6	0
	£463	6	10
By Balance	126	3	1
	£589	9	11

April 19, 1887.

(*Signed*) James Rae.
Wynne E. Baxter.

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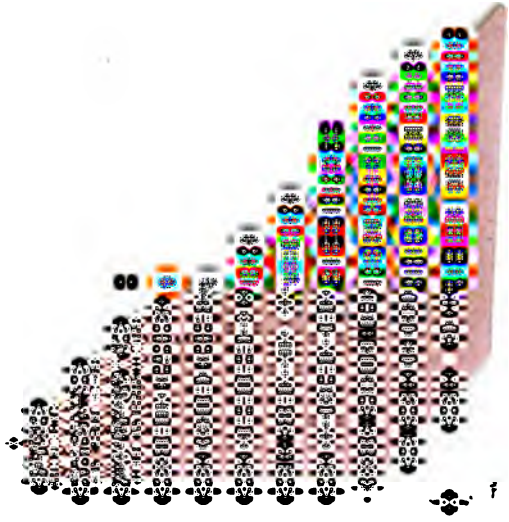
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